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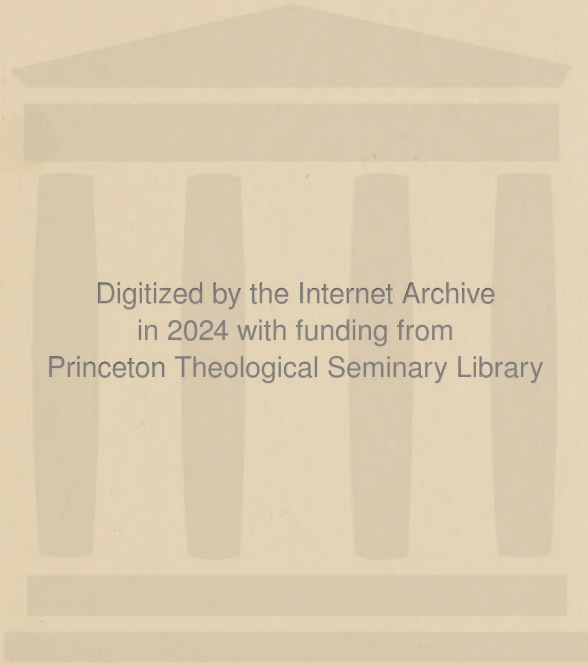

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John Ireland
Archbishop of St. Paul

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THE CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

BY

JOHN IRELAND
Archbishop of St. Paul

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THE FRIEND OF AMERICA

GILBERT MOTIER, MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE

THE statue of the Marquis de La Fayette, which graces the "Place du Carrousel," in Paris, was unveiled the fourth day of July, 1900.

The statue was an offering of the people of the United States, in token of their gratitude to France for the services given by that country to the patriots of the Revolutionary War.

The erection of the statue was first proposed by Mr. Robert J. Thompson, of Chicago. The project was warmly approved by Mr. Ferdinand W. Peck, General Commissioner of the United States to the French Exposition of 1900, who made it an important part of his work in Paris. A Commission, composed of distinguished American citizens, lent their willing co-operation to Mr. Peck. The burden of the details was borne by Mr. Thompson, who served as Secretary of the Commission. The sculptor chosen to design the statue was Mr. Paul W. Bartlett.

The cost of the monument was defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the children of the schools, public and private, of the United States, and by a generous appropriation from the National Congress.

Acts of the American Congress and of the French Chambers gave international dignity to the project.

A letter of the President of the United States approved the selection which the Commission had made of Archbishop Ireland as the speaker at the ceremony of the unveiling of the statue.

At this ceremony America was represented by her Ambassador, General Horace Porter. France was represented by her President, Monsieur Loubet, and by several of the ministers. Among notable personages holding places of honor at the ceremony, was Monsignor Lorenzelli, Nuncio of the Holy See to France.

General Porter and Mr. Peck spoke for America. Faithfully interpreting the sentiments of his countrymen, Mr. Porter said:—"This statue of La Fayette is a gift from the land of his adoption to the land of his birth. Its purpose is to recall the record of his imperishable deeds, to testify that his name is not a dead memory, but a living reality, to quicken our sense of appreciation and emphasize the fidelity of our affection." The address of Mr. Peck was in a similar strain:—"France, a great nation across the sea salutes thee to-day. Her children, bowed in gratitude, pay thee homage for the heroic deeds of thy countryman, who came with sword and treasure to succor a struggling people."

M. Loubet responded in the name of France:—

"GENTLEMEN: This magnificent monument consecrates the time-honored friendship and union of two great nations. In generous impulse the Govern-

ment of the United States, the House of Representatives, and the Senate have given adhesion to the ceremony which brings us here before the image of this common ancestor. But the initiative of this fête springs from the schools of youth nourished by the beautiful examples of history and the noblest traditions.

"I am happy to associate myself with the cordial thanks which the Chambers have already sent to the people of the United States, and which I renew in the name of entire France. The spectacle of these two republics penetrated this moment by the same emotions and animated by the same thoughts is not less a lesson than a fête. It shows that among nations, as among individuals, the calculations of selfishness are often more opposed to their interests than the generous impulses of the heart.

"When La Fayette crossed the ocean to help a distant people to win its independence, he was not the plaything of heroic folly. He served a deep political purpose. He was about to found the friendship of two peoples on the common worship of their motherland and liberty. This friendship, born in the brotherhood of arms, has developed and strengthened through the century which is ending. The generations which follow us will not let it become enfeebled. They will strive to multiply the amicable relations and exchanges of sympathy between the two shores of the Atlantic, and will thus give a precious pledge to the peace of the world and to progress and humanity."

In introducing Archbishop Ireland, Mr. Porter read the letter of President McKinley:—

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, June 11, 1900.

MOST REV. DEAR SIR: Within a few days I have approved a resolution of Congress which voices in fitting terms the profound sympathy with which our people regard the presentation to France by the youth of America of a statue of General La Fayette. It has given me much pleasure to learn that you have been selected to deliver the address on this most interesting occasion.

No more eminent representative of American eloquence and patriotism could have been chosen, and none who could better give appropriate expression to the sentiments of gratitude and affection which bind our people to France.

I will be grateful if you say how we honor in our national capital the statue of La Fayette, erected by the French people, and convey my hope that the presentation of a similar memorial of the knightly soldier, whom both republics are proud to claim, may serve as a new link of friendship between the two countries and a new incentive to generous rivalry in striving for the good of mankind.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

The Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul.

[1]THE FRIEND OF AMERICA

GILBERT MOTIER, MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE

TO-DAY a nation speaks her gratitude to a nation: to-day America proclaims her remembrance of priceless favors conferred upon her by France.

France! America salutes thee; America thanks thee. Great is her obligation; not less great her gratitude.

We speak in the name of America, under commission from her Chief Magistrate, William McKinley, from her Senate and her House of Representatives, from the pupils of her schools, from the tens of millions of her people, who to-day rejoice in the rich inheritance won in past years by the allied armies of France and America. We are bidden to give to France, in the hearing of the world, testimony of America's gratitude.

Once poor and weak and sorely in need of sympathy and succor, now the peer of the mightiest, asking naught save the respect and the friendship to which she is entitled, the Republic of the United States of America holds in fond remembrance the nation from which in days of dire necessity she received powerful and chivalrous support.

[1]Archbishop Ireland delivered his discourse in French.

Noble men, noble nations, forget injuries; they do not forget favors.

The fourth day of July of the year 1776, the American Colonies of Great Britain made proclamation of freedom and of independence. A nation was born—born in the name of manhood and citizenship, of civil and political liberty.

Rebellion of the Colonies.

The Colonists, at first, had contended only for such rights as were then enjoyed by the people of Great Britain. King and Parliament, however, had been obstinate; war had come, and with war came to the Colonists the resolve to win separation from the mother country and to found a republic.

Was the infant nation to live and grow in strength and power, or was it to die and bear into oblivion with its name and its memory the spirit of liberty, at whose bidding it had sprung into existence? This, the awful issue cast into the scales of destiny.

Bunker Hill, Trenton, Saratoga, Monmouth told the skill and the valor of America's warriors. What brave hearts and stout arms could do, Washington and his army were sure to do. But what hope could there be of the ultimate triumph of America? She had only a small army; she was without a navy; she was without money. Against her was arrayed a nation whose soldiers were legion, whose ships were upon every sea, whose resources were exhaustless. What could time bring to the Colonists but utter defeat and ruin?

Soon, despite early victories, America was made to understand the realities that confronted her; soon the gloom of despair was darkening her skies and benumbing the souls of her people.

Anxiously she questioned the nations. Where, if anywhere, were there hearts to beat in response to her heart? Where, if anywhere, were there hands to uphold her hand?

There is a land, above all other lands the land of chivalry, of noble impulse, of generous sacrifice, the land of devotion to noble ideals. The sons of this land, with souls attuned by nature to the harmonies of the true and the beautiful, leap into the arena at the call of high-born principles, resolved to die, if need be, that truth and justice prevail. The pages of its history glisten with names of heroes and of martyrs, of knightly soldiers of country's honor and of saintly missionaries of religion and civilization. It is of France I speak.

To France America spoke her hopes and her fears. Quick and generous was the response of France.

That it were mine, this morning, illustrious son of old Auvergne, to put into fitting words the sweet and warm love which a century ago was given to thee by America's Revolutionary sires! That it were mine, this morning, to pronounce thy name with such tenderness and reverence as Americans beyond the ocean wish me to pronounce it in the fair capital of France!

In America, two names are idols of national wor-

ship, the burden of fireside tales, the inspiration of poet's song and of orator's discourse: one, the name of the Father of his Country—George Washington; the other, the name of Washington's true and trusted friend—Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette.

Devotion of La Fayette to American Independence.

La Fayette loved America. "The moment I heard the name of America," he said, "I loved her; the moment I learned of her struggles for liberty, I was inflamed with the desire to shed my blood for her." La Fayette knew, as few others knew, the meaning of the war that was being waged in America. "Never," said he, "has so noble a purpose offered itself to the judgment of men." The struggle as he saw it was a supreme struggle for liberty. The defeat of the American cause would have left freedom without home and without hope. La Fayette's devotion to America was as unselfish as it was intense. "I offer myself," he wrote, "to serve the United States with all possible zeal, without pension or allowance.'

Wealth, rank, favor of court and king, distinction in the armies of France, endearment of wife and child—all that ambition longs for, all that heart's affection craves, the youth of nineteen summers resolutely put aside, to cast his lot with a strange people, with them to battle against fearful odds at a moment when their fortunes were at lowest ebb and hope had nigh abandoned their standards.

In his eagerness to serve America La Fayette set

no bounds to his zeal and generosity. The representative of America in Paris declared that he could make no provision to convey La Fayette and the other French volunteers across the Atlantic. La Fayette replied, "I will myself buy a ship and take your men with me." La Fayette bought the ship and defrayed all the expenses of the voyage.

A command in the Army of Independence was assigned to La Fayette. At all times he was the "preux chevalier sans peur et sans reproche." On the battle-fields of America, he revived the highest traditions of French chivalry. Roland, Bayard Duguesclin were again among the living.

Ever first in the charge, he was ever last in the retreat. When his horse was killed, he fought on foot. When soldiers quailed before overwhelming masses, he compelled them by his courage and example to hold their ground and turned defeat into victory. "The Marquis," says an official report, "is determined to be in the way of danger."

Bravery and military skill of La Fayette.

When fearlessness availed, he was fearless; when peril lurked in haste, he was slow and self-controlled. "This nobleman," wrote Washington, "unites to all the military fire of youth an uncommon maturity of judgment." Washington knew men and put his trust only where trust was justified. To La Fayette he confided enterprises most important and dangerous—tasks of which La Fayette acquitted himself with consummate ability. One is lost in amazement that a youth bordering on his twentieth

year could display such prudence and skill as characterized the operations that fell to his lot.

At Barron Hill, La Fayette's position was so hopeless that before marching against him General Howe had invited friends to meet at dinner on the coming evening "a captive marquis." At the time, however, named for the dinner, La Fayette was far away, and the angry and disappointed General was obliged to seat himself at table without "a captive marquis" as his guest.

The critical campaign of Virginia was put under the sole direction of La Fayette. The opposing forces outnumbered four to one those under the American commander; they were provided with abundant supplies and a perfect equipment; they were led by Philips and Cornwallis. "The boy cannot escape me," said Cornwallis. But the boy did escape him, foiling his plans, fatiguing and harassing his forces to such a degree that he was obliged to retire to the sea coast and to leave the American Army in peaceful possession of the whole inland territory. Then came the great opportunity of hastening the close of the war. La Fayette seized the opportunity. He drove Cornwallis into Yorktown and there held him fast, pending the arrival of De Grasse and Saint Simon by sea and of Washington and Rochambeau by land. It was La Fayette who made possible, and even easy, America's decisive victory.

La Fayette by magnanimity of soul and grace of

manner, no less than by military prowess, became the idol of the American army. He was an American in the inmost fibre of his heart, proud of America as were the proudest of her patriots. Of her honor and her name, on all occasions, whether among Frenchmen in France or among Americans in America, he was the dauntless champion. No patriot of America was more cheerful than he amid the hardships of camp and march; none more fearless than he on the battle-field. His devotion to America was limitless: more than once he pledged his family fortune to purchase food and clothing for her soldiers. "The soldiers' friend," the army called him. His influence was all-powerful; at a word of cheer from him drooping spirits were roused, at his word of command faltering columns rushed headlong into the fray. A French visitor to the American Army, the Marquis de Chastellux, wrote:—"La Fayette was never spoken of without manifest tokens of attachment and affection."

Chivalry of La Fayette.

Like every true soldier, La Fayette was ambitious of glory. But the path to glory he left to others, however brilliant the triumphs in sight, if the merest hint were given that the general welfare summoned him elsewhere. More than once, for the sake of harmony among officers, he surrendered his right of precedence and allowed others to bear off the coveted laurels. In the whole history of the war there is no other episode so radiant of grandeur of soul, so redolent of sweetness of heart, as that

which shows La Fayette at Yorktown, holding back his troops from the assault, patiently awaiting the arrival of Washington, to whom he wished to reserve the honor of the victory. Cornwallis, hemmed in by land and by sea, could neither escape nor be reinforced. La Fayette was in command of the American army; no directions from Washington hampered his movements; every rule of war counselled immediate action. De Grasse and Saint Simon were chafing under delay. Success was certain. It was an opportunity of supreme glory. But friendship and chivalry forbade the attack. La Fayette waited for Washington, and gave to Washington the palm of victory.

Great as were La Fayette's services in the field, they were the lesser part of his contribution to the cause of American independence. La Fayette served America best as "the link binding together America and France."

La Fayette—the link between America and France.

Most important, indeed, is the part that events allotted to La Fayette in maintaining the co-operation given by France to America throughout the Revolutionary War. At the beginning of the war, his enlistment in the American army, disavowed though it was at the time by the French court for reasons of policy, was a significant token of the sympathy with which men of thought and influence in France viewed the war, and it had the effect of widening and intensifying this sympathy among the whole people. When, at a later period, the gov-

ernment of France declared war against Great Britain, and Count d'Estaing's ships were sailing in American waters, there was for a moment serious danger of disagreement between the French and the American armies: La Fayette's tactful mediation averted the danger and preserved harmonious relations between the allies. Then came the critical year of 1779. In America all was dark. Utter defeat awaited the patriots unless further help were received without delay. La Fayette hastened across the ocean to lay before Louis XVI and his ministers America's piteous appeal. Patiently and eloquently he pleaded, now in the name of France herself, whose honor was at stake, now in the name of America, whose only salvation was in the hands of her ally. Success crowned his efforts. His enthusiasm swept away all difficulties, overcame all opposition. De Terney and Rochambeau were sent to America; America was saved. "It was well," said the minister, De Maurepas, "that La Fayette did not ask to be allowed to strip Versailles of its furniture for the dear Americans, for stripped Versailles would have been."

As long as the starry banner floats, so long shall the name of France be loved and honored in America!

As long as the starry banner floats, so long shall shall the name of La Fayette be loved and honored in America!

The value of the aid given by France in the Rev-

olutionary War I must not attempt to measure in words; I may only say that America owes her life and her liberty to France.

What France did for America.

France was the first to stand sponsor for America's nationhood. The Republic of the West took her place in the family of nations leaning on the arm of France, radiant with the splendor of France, strong with the strength of France. As Franklin, the envoy of America, entered Versailles, and as General de Raynevel, the envoy of France, saluted the American Congress, in Philadelphia, America thrilled with new life and vigor, and awoke to full consciousness of her dignity and her security. Washington, at Valley Forge, offered solemn thanks to the Heavenly Father, summoned his soldiers to forget forever past hardship and despair, and bade them march with resistless courage to victory. The country's lawmakers proclaimed that beyond a doubt America had come into the possession of independence, and refused a hearing to the delegates whom Great Britain had authorized to concede in plenary form the rights and privileges in defense of which the Colonies had at first broken away from the mother-country. A new sun illumined America's skies, dispelling clouds of gloom, shedding upon the new nation rays of hope and gladness.

France poured into America's empty treasury the vast sums of money needed to keep an army in the field. At the very outset of the war she placed a million livres at the disposal of the American gov-

ernment for the purchase of military supplies, and obtained another million for it from Spain. When she recognized American independence, request upon request went over to her for further grants; and in return millions upon millions of livres were sent across the Atlantic. At times the French ministers of finance made courteous remonstrance against "les immenses demandes du Congrès;" but "les immenses demandes" were always accorded. At last the exchequer of France was almost exhausted and could no longer endure the expenditures required by France's own army and navy and by America's ever increasing demands. But although there were limits to the French exchequer, there were no limits to French generosity. It sought new ways of serving America. Louis XVI, disregarding, it did seem, the voice of prudence, pledged the security of his government for the punctual payment of the interest upon a loan of 10,000,000 livres which America was seeking from Holland. In 1782, Franklin reckoned America's account with France.[2] He found that, besides the guarantee of the interest upon the Holland loan, France had made to America loans amounting to 18,000,000 livres—a sum augmented in the following year by another loan of 6,000,000 livres—and that in addition she had sent free gifts to the amount of 12,000,000 livres! "From those gifts," Franklin

[2]Bolles, The Financial History of the United States from 1789, p. 244.

wrote, "no returns but those of gratitude are expected. These I hope may be everlasting."

France sent to America the flower of her nobility and the bravest of her soldiers and seamen. The ships of France protected our coasts, kept our ports open to commerce and confined the British naval occupation to the harbor of New York. The soldiers of France, by their presence on American soil, were the means of sustaining the enthusiasm of the patriots and of bringing the government of Great Britain to a realization of the difficulties that confronted it in its trans-Atlantic warfare. The army and the navy of France, co-operating with the American army at Yorktown, gained the decisive victory of the war. It was the victory of Yorktown that won the independence of America. "It is all over," said Lord North, when the news reached London. To forget Yorktown, to forget the men who fought at Yorktown, to forget the banners that floated at Yorktown over land and sea, is to forget the very existence of America.

The victory of Yorktown.

Thou wert at Yorktown, banner of France, entwining there in folds of affection and of hope the banner of America! Ye were there, great-hearted De Grasse and De Barras, guarding against foemen's sail the waters of the Chesapeake! Ye were there, noble sons of France, bearers of names most illustrious in France's history, noblest of the noble, chivalrous Rochambeau, De Chastellux, De Lauzun, De Rouerie, De Dillon, De Viomenil, De Choisy, De

Deux-Ponts, De Laval-Montmorency and De Saint Simon: ye were there, vying in fondest devotion to America, with Lincoln, Hamilton, Knox, Pickering, Laurens and Von Steuben! Ye were there, valiant soldiers of France, men of far-famed battalions—Bourbonnais, Agenois, Royal Deux-Ponts, Saintonge, Dillon, Touraine, Auxonne, and gallant Gatinais, sworn to win back the coveted name of Royal Auvergne! Thou wert there, Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette—American no less than Frenchman—passionate in love for America and for France, passionate in ambition to bring to both undying honor! Yes, thou wert at Yorktown, fair, beloved France! Never, France, shall thy name be separated from the immortal memories of Yorktown!

It was France that made American liberty possible in the eighteenth century. This is the verdict of history.[3] Never could America alone have gained her independence in the war of 1776. Would she have gained independence at a later period? Who can give answer? Defeated in their first attempt, the Colonists, dismayed and disheartened, would hardly have dared again to venture upon rebellion. Great Britain would have lavished concessions upon them and, perhaps, moderated their aspirations. Without the aid that France gave a century ago, the world might to-day have to see an autonomous colony, where a majestic republic exults in freedom.

[3]Charlemagne Tower, "The Marquis de La Fayette in the American Revolution," Vol. 1, p. 316.

An independent dominion might have arisen: but would it be a republic? When the American patriots rose against Great Britain, the times were propitious for republican liberty, as, perhaps, succeeding times would not have been. It is well that the patriots triumphed; it is well that France came to their aid.

The friendship of France! The chivalry of France! They are sublime!

France maintained at her own expense her army and her navy while they were fighting for America. At the close of the war she asked no compensation for the part she had taken. Lest her singleness of purpose should be doubted, she forbade her military commanders to attempt the reconquest of Canada. Lest American pride or susceptibility should be hurt, she ordered that her veteran battalions yield precedence to America's volunteers, that her officers, survivors of historic wars, give way to American officers of equal grade, that the whole French force, on land and sea, be placed under the command of Washington, "the generalissimo" of the allied armies. Unto the end France was the loyal and chivalrous friend of America; never did she listen to overtures for peace until Great Britain had recognized and forever put beyond reach of peril the nationhood of the United States.

France! America thanks thee. America thanks the France of yesterday—the king, Louis XVI, and the ministers, De Vergennes and De Maurepas,

who espoused America's cause; the people who bore the burdens brought to them by the war of America; the soldiers and the seamen who shed their blood for America. America thanks the France of to-day—heir to all the rights and to all the glories of the France of yesterday. Rulers, soldiers, people pass away; the country they loved and served remains. Despite the changes of a century France remains. France, America thanks thee!

America's debt of gratitude to France.

The new nation had triumphed: the United States of America was in the world to grow and to prosper. But the founding of a mighty commonwealth was by no means the principal issue involved. This war was a war of exceptional grandeur of meaning: it was a war of deepest import to humanity. Liberty civil and political throughout the world was at stake. Such were the circumstances of the times that, if liberty were lost in America, it would, for a long time at least, be lost in the world.

Meaning of America's Revolutionary War.

In the name of manhood and of citizenship America made protest against arbitrary and absolute government.

There is only One who has of Himself the right to rule over men—Almighty God. Authority comes from God to the rulers of men: "By Me princes rule, and the mighty decree justice." There is, however, no direct or immediate grant of authority from God to individual rulers. The grant is to

the people, and through the people to rulers. The people choose their rulers and determine the form and conditions in which rulers shall exercise their power. The grant is through the people and for the people. Power is for the good of all, not for the good of the one or of the few. God considers the people and not individual rulers; rulers He considers only as His agents for the welfare of the people.

I state the plain teaching of reason and of religion on the origin and the purpose of civil authority.

This teaching dominated the minds of the American patriots when they entered upon the rebellion and, later, when they formulated principles and rules for their political guidance.

To make more manifest and more undeniable the principle that civil power is from God through the people and that it has for its purpose the good of the people, the American patriots inaugurated a republic.

We will not say that the republican form of government is the vital condition of a well ordered commonwealth, that under no other form are the rights of the people duly safe-guarded, nor that this form is for every people the best and most becoming. Which form of government a nation should adopt, is a question that rests with that nation, to be solved by its people according to their own needs and character. But we will say that the republican form of government is peculiarly expressive no less of the responsibilities and the limitations that bind

all who hold political power, than of the rights and the privileges that remain in the people over whom they rule.

The rebellion of the American Colonists challenged the attention of the world. It was a momentous event in the story of liberty's strugglings. Through its inspiration, peoples everywhere were quickened into a consciousness of their rights; rulers everywhere were brought, as never before, to understand that power is a trust for the welfare of the people.

In one form or another, democracy to-day enters into the life of every country of the globe. This is the consequence of the triumph of democracy in America. From America the spell went forth to the uttermost bounds of humanity.

The creation of the Republic of the United States inaugurated a new era in history—the era of the rights of manhood and citizenship, the era of the rights of the people.

This is the meaning of the American Revolution; this, the significance of the work done in America by the armies of America and of France.

The age of democracy.

The age of the people has come. It will remain. Each decade will mark a new advance in its triumphant march. Political movements do not go backwards. The people never abandon rights which they have once possessed, or powers which they have once wielded in defence of those rights. To seek arguments against democracy on account of its perils to society, is to waste time. These perils are

to be studied, but only in order to be averted. The progress of democracy cannot be stayed. Henceforward, he who rules must rule through the people. Henceforward, he who seeks influence in civil and political matters must go to the citizen, enlighten his mind, form his conscience, win his sympathy and co-operation. The time is long gone by when the multitude could be swayed by sword or by proclamation. Meanwhile manhood has grown, and all who love and admire manhood have reason to rejoice.

Why should one regret the coming of democracy? In ultimate analysis, democracy is naught else than the pratical assertion of the dignity which was indelibly impressed upon man, when man was fashioned in the image of the Creator. Democracy is naught else than abiding trust in the influence of truth and of righteousness, and in the readiness of the human soul to respond to these influences. The growth of mind and of will in man all they must hail who believe in human progress, and who have faith in Christian civilization. But as mind grows in man, there grows with it the consciousness of rights and power; there grows with it the resolve to uphold rights, to make use of power to resist irrational or unnecessary restraints upon either rights or power; and so democracy is begotten.

The mission of America and France.

Behold the ultimate result, the crowning glory of the American War! America and France are to-day the exemplars, the champions of the new age. Republics both—each a republic by the potent decree of the final arbiter of the political destinies

of nations, the will of the people! Republics both—each commissioned by its people to hold aloft before the eyes of humanity the standard of republican government!

America and France, know your destiny: know your responsiblity!

The fate of republican government in the world rests with America and France. If it fail in America, if it fail in France, slight hope awaits it elsewhere: if it prosper in America, if it prosper in France, its triumph elsewhere is assured. May all be well with America and France! Beneath their banners be there ever happiness and peace, power and glory!

America and France! Your ships of state are freighted with the hopes, with the destinies of humanity!

As in America, so in France La Fayette was the true soldier of liberty, its most loyal defender. Liberty was at all times the passion of his soul, the inspiration of his thoughts and actions. Liberty it was that put upon his lips words of fire in the halls of the States-General; liberty it was that led him to the prison of Olmutz. La Fayette understood liberty—none understood it better. What he loved, what he fought for, was the full enjoyment of one's natural rights together with a fitting regard for the natural rights of others: the full play of one's powers of mind and of heart, consistently with the public welfare and with social order. La Fayette hated

La Fayette the exemplar of true liberty.

equally absolutism and anarchy, both the enemies of liberty, both the destroyers of liberty, the one by its despotism, the other by its riotous excesses. He was the defender of the rights of man and of the citizen against absolutism; he was the defender of law and order against anarchy. He championed the French Revolution because it promised liberty; when it degenerated into passion and license, he resigned his leadership in its ranks and sought an exile's home. La Fayette was the foe of absolutists and of anarchists, of extremists on one side, of extremists on the other; he held ever the golden mean, the rule and the measure of true liberty. La Fayette was liberty's exemplar; the name of La Fayette is liberty's watchword.

America has spoken to France. But be it said to-morrow what is said to-day! Of this morning's meaningful ceremonies be there a lasting memorial!

Genius of art, America invokes thee! Give thou back, as thou mayest, Gilbert Motier, Marquis de La Fayette!

La Fayette, here take thy stand, in France's capital city, on Carrousel's historic field, amid its thousand glorious memories. Under commission from America, take here thy stand; speak adown the coming ages; speak in America's name; speak to France and to the world: speak of America's gratitude; speak of liberty!

Long live America! Long live France! Long live liberty in America and France!

JEANNE D'ARC

The Patron Saint of Patriotism

THE eighth of May, 1429, is a memorable day in the annals of France. On that day the English were forced to raise the siege of Orleans—a reverse destined to be the first of many disasters that were soon to follow and to result in their expulsion from all France.

For a hundred years war had been waged by England against France, with such success that in 1429 Orleans was the only fortress held by France north of the Loire, the last barrier to the invasion of its southern provinces and to its total subjugation by England.

The savior of Orleans, the savior of France, was Jeanne d'Arc, the maid of Domremy.

The victories that Jeanne gained for her country in days of dire distress, the knightly heroism, the angelic saintliness that characterized her personality, the poetry as it were of the skies that illumined her virtues and her deeds, won to her in an extraordinary degree the love and gratitude of France and made her name in the fancy of subsequent ages the symbol, no less of sweetest and purest womanhood, than of most sincere and most exalted patriotism.

The anniversary of the eighth of May, 1429, has long been observed at Orleans with singular solemnity, Church and State uniting to do honor to the memory of Jeanne, and to render thanks to the Almighty for the victory that brought salvation to France in the darkest days of her history.

In recent years a new aureole has been placed upon the brow of Jeanne by Leo XIII, who sanctioned the introduction of her name as a candidate for the honors of canonization. Jeanne is now a heroine of the Church as well as of her country, and the fervor of religion blends with the fervor of partriotism in honoring and venerating her memory.

The list of those who in by-gone years stood in the pulpit of the Cathedral of Orleans to repeat the old, but ever-inspiring story of Jeanne d'Arc, contains the names of some of the most honored priests and most brilliant orators of France.

In 1899 the panegyrist of Jeanne was the Archbishop of St. Paul. In inviting to the historic pulpit of Orleans a prelate from distant America, Monseigneur Touchet wished to recognize that patriotism and saintliness are the inheritance of all mankind, and that the glory of Jeanne d'Arc and the inspiration springing from her name belong not to France only but to the entire world.

JEANNE D'ARC

The Patron Saint of Patriotism

A STRANGER am I to France, and yet the privilege is mine to speak the praises of France's heroine, Jeanne d'Arc, on the soil of Jeanne's own France, in her own city of Orleans, amid the solemn festivities of her historic anniversary. If it is asked why such a privilege is granted to a stranger, I appeal to Jeanne d'Arc, I appeal to France.

There are glories in history so sublime that all peoples behold them, inspirations so potent that all nations thrill beneath their spell. Such, Jeanne d'Arc, the glory, such the inspiration of thy name. Thou belongest to France: thou belongest also to humanity. To thee all lands are indebted, and wherever celebration is held in thy honor no country can be accounted a stranger. Jeanne d'Arc, France must not claim thee for herself alone; thou art humanity's daughter, thou art humanity's queen.

There are peoples in the great family of nations whose destiny has been and still is to reach out far beyond their own frontiers in influence precious and fruitful to religion and civilization, and to bind to themselves in closest ties other peoples of the earth. Such, France, has been thy destiny in the

past, such is thy destiny to-day. Thou art a world-nation, and when citizens of other lands bear to thy shores hearts overflowing with affection and gratitude, they know that they are thy welcome guests bidden to take gladsome part in thy festivities.

Personal recollections of France.

I come from a distant land, from far-off America, to speak the praises of Jeanne d'Arc, to speak the praises of France. Jeanne d'Arc, I salute thee! France, I salute thee! Sweet is this moment to me. Prelate of Orleans, I thank thee for the joy that is mine.

In the days of blessed youth I lived within the walls of a cherished seminary in France. There, in prose and poetry, I often read of Jeanne; often from the lips of revered teachers I heard of her prowess and her holiness. Her deeds were the theme of my boyish essays; with my schoolmates I enacted in playful drama the story of her victories. The memories and the delights of youth are back again in my soul, fresh as if half a century of time had not since sped by. The honor is now mine that I never dreamed of then—the honor of speaking of Jeanne, in her city of Orleans, on the anniversary of her triumph.

In those days of long ago often did my thoughts turn towards Orleans. A great bishop lived there—Monseigneur, to your honor you have been chosen to wear his mantle. Dupanloup it was. Dupanloup's zeal for religion, his interest in education, his largeness of mind, his power of expression, his bold-

ness in action, entranced my youthful fancy and made my heart captive. Years have not wrested from me my respect and love for one whom I have always regarded as an ideal master of men. May I not rejoice that I stand in his pulpit, there to give expression to my admiration, and to deepen in my soul the impress of his magic power.

I speak to France! France is before me: her clergy, her army, her magistracy, her people are my hearers. I prize the opportunity of telling to France my gratitude and my love. I owe much to France. She was the country of my youth, the school of my soul. Under her skies I was fashioned to thoughts and impulses that have through long years dominated my mind and heart. France, I have never forgotten thee: I will never forget thee.

France and America.

I prize the opportunity of speaking to France as a citizen and as a bishop of America. My country will not gainsay the words I speak. To France I offer the homage of America. America does not forget the services rendered to her by France. Names borne by lakes, rivers and cities in America transmit from generation to generation the memory of explorers and missionaries who were sons of France. The star-spangled banner is witness that soldiers of France stood by the cradle of the Republic, that a Louis XVI, a La Fayette, a Rochambeau, were sponsors of American liberty. In the name of America I thank France. I pray that the friendship

which in the past has bound the two nations together may ever bind them together in the future.

To Jeanne d'Arc I offer the homage of America. This homage is neither an apology, nor a retractation. America was not at Rouen with a Bedford and a Cauchon. The homage of America is a tribute to innocence and valor, to patriotism and religion. To Jeanne I present America; to America I present Jeanne. America is in search of types of greatness and goodness; she would turn her vast material forces to the service of humanity's best and highest purposes. May the story of Jeanne be for her an inspiration, as she pursues down the ages the mighty destiny the Lord of Nations has assigned to her.

Sweet, indeed, to me is this hour; and yet the task it brings fills my soul with dread. To speak of Jeanne d'Arc, to speak of France! To speak of Jeanne and of France before an audience rightly jealous of the glory of Jeanne and of France! To stand in the pulpit of the Cathedral of Orleans where year after year have stood the most illustrious masters of oratory in the land of oratory! To speak to an audience in a language the music of whose accents is long unfamiliar to my lips! To speak to Frenchmen, long unused as I am to their ways of thought and their modes of expression, in peril of giving offense while my desire is to please, of wounding susceptibilities while my respect for them is supreme. I appeal to the courtesy of Frenchmen. My plea for their indulgence is the sincerity of my love for Jeanne and for France.

It was the early part of the fifteenth century, a period of extraordinary importance in history. Mighty events were in germination. Constantinople, the capital of Oriental Christendom, was tottering to its fall. Mohammedanism was girding its loins for a final effort to subjugate Europe and overthrow Christianity. Religious restlessness, ere long to culminate in the Protestant "Reformation," was already breeding discord in Germany and in England. Adventurous spirits were scanning stars and seas in the hope of discovering new continents. Immense empires were soon to rise from ocean billows and give to human ambition and human energy impetus and power never before known to humanity. A new and wondrous era was dawning upon the world. It was a time when the nation appointed by God to lead the world in religion and civilization should be gathering together its life's forces for the mighty work to be done.

Europe in the fifteenth century.

I believe in God's providence over nations as well as over men. Without His ordaining no nation is born or dies; no nation ever flourishes or decays. To every nation, as to every man, is assigned a mission, a work to be done along the highways of humanity's march. To some nations is assigned a higher plane of action than to others —a loftier participation in the counsels of the Supreme Ruler. History, the record of the struggles of mankind, is, also, the record of God's passage over the earth.

France was born to be a great nation. Her fields, her people bore within them the elements of greatness. To her was given for her home a land "flowing with milk and honey," rich in nature's choicest gifts, and so situated as to open to her commerce and her influence the populations of many countries. Southern and northern seas lave her shores; the countries of central Europe touch her eastern frontiers, while to the west the Atlantic links to her the islands and continents of remotest seas. In the mold whence was to come forth the people of France, varied races blent their several virtues—Celt and Roman, Frank and Northman were there; poetic exaltation, stateliness of thought, tenacity of resolve, restless aggressiveness wove themselves into the physical and mental fibre of a new people, the people of France.

Providential mission of France.

The designs of Providence towards France were revealed in the very beginnings of her history. Of the western nations France was the first to bow her head to the Christ of Galilee. Remy at Rheims poured the baptismal water upon the "proud Sicamber," and soon Clovis won for the new Christian nation the title of "Eldest Daughter of the Church." The power of her fresh life went out to do battle with barbarism and paganism, to civilize and christianize the peoples that she conquered. Even thus early it was written of her sons, "Gesta Dei per Francos"—"The works of God are done by the Franks." France's claim to those magnificent

words was vindicated by later centuries. Charles Martel pulverized, on the plains of Poitiers, the armies of the invading Saracens, and shattered forever the power of Asiatic despotism in Europe. Pepin and Charlemagne wrested Christian Rome from the domination of the Lombard, and endowed the Papacy with that temporal independence which enabled it during succeeding centuries to exercise without let or hindrance its spiritual sovereignty over peoples and rulers. When there came the struggle of three centuries to rescue the Holy Places from Mohammedanism, to save religion and civilization from the sword of Islam, France was the first to rush into the arena of blood, the last to leave it. The history of the Crusades from Godfrey to St. Louis is the history of France.

The Hundred Years War; the misery of France.

And now, it is the fifteenth century of the Christian era, the great era of modern history, and France is in the throes of death. When she should have been strong, she was weak; when she should have been throbbing with life and energy, her members were paralyzed in the stillness of despair, and over her countenance hovered the shades of death.

What, shall it never again be said, "Gesta Dei per Francos"? Is France now to roll up her scroll of glory, her scroll of mighty deeds for religion and for humanity, and bury it with her name in the silence of the tomb?

A neighboring nation, separated from France by

a narrow strait of water, had grown in pride and power, and had determined to bring France under her sway. For nearly a hundred years a war of conquest had been waged, and at Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, the banner of France was lowered in defeat, and her soil sodden with the blood of her chivalry. She lost her armies; she lost her courage; she lost her trust in herself; she lost her honor. Charles VI came to the throne. "The reign of this monarch," says the chronicler, "abounded in the saddest occurrences; it was a sepulchre of good laws and of good morals. The country was without leaders, and became the helpless prey of faction and internecine warfare." At one time it was Bourguignon against Armagnac; at another, it was Armagnac against invader and Bourguignon. "The streets of the cities," we are told, "were turned into streams of blood; he who traveled through them walked over the bodies of the slain." The provinces were pillaged; the soil no longer knew plough nor sickle. To make the ruin of France doubly sure, King and Queen entered into solemn compact with England to disinherit their son and to declare the English King heir to the crown of France: France was to be a province of England. Soon afterwards Charles VI of France and Henry V of England passed away, and at St. Denis, amid the tombs of France's ancient sovereigns, Henry VI of England was heralded King of France.

To Bedford was given the task of completing the subjugation of the country by bringing under the

English yoke such cities and provinces as still remembered Clovis and Charlemagne and still hoped for the deliverance of France. Easy seemed the task of the English commander. Not only was English sovereignty already recognized by Normandie, Bretagne, Picardie, Touraine, Maine, Anjou, Champagne, but in those provinces armies were being recruited to aid in subduing the rest of the country. Paris belonged to England; the Parliament of Paris was legislating in the name of England; the University of Paris—the University of France—was placing its name and its logic at the service of England. The Dauphin was in refuge at Chinon, far from the theatre of war. Helpless, without money, without arms, seeing the number of his followers diminishing daily, he was seriously considering whether he should not without delay seek an asylum in Spain or in Scotland. With truth, indeed, were voices from Heaven repeating to a maiden in the valley of the Meuse, "There is great misery in the poor kingdom of France!"

There remained to France the provinces south of the Loire—weakened and despoiled. There remained Orleans.

Orleans, the last hope of France.

Orleans, "the heart of France" thou truly wert in the darkest days of France. When the freedom of France and the patriotism of France sought their last refuge, their last hope, to thee, Orleans, did they betake themselves. In thy life, in thy death, were wrapt the life, the death of France.

Orleans was the sole fortress that remained to France north of the Loire. So long as France held Orleans, the armies of Bedford could not in safety cross the Loire, and there was still hope for France.

But how long could Orleans guard itself against the enemy? Bedford well knew the importance of this stronghold. Thither he ordered his "preux chevaliers," Gladesdale, Talbot, Suffolk and Falstaff. Siege was laid to the city. During seven months the English built "bastilles" and dug trenches. Valiant were the Orleannais, but what could they accomplish? A formidable army menaced them from without; famine menaced them from within. A desperate effort to cut in twain the besieging forces had failed. Hope was vanishing; the city seemed doomed—and then the south would be open to the invader, and all would be over with France. God of Clovis and of St. Louis, wilt Thou not in Thy mercy arise and save Orleans, save France!

The "Eldest Daughter of the Church" must be saved; Orleans will be saved.

Before the fifteenth century the story of France had been "Gesta Dei per Francos"; her story was still to be "Gesta Dei per Francos." Soon the Protestant "Reformation" was to sweep over Germany and England. As a province of England, France should obey the behests of England in religious as well as in political matters, as in later days the isles of Guernsey and Jersey have been compelled to do; and, then, not only would France herself be lost to the Church, but the way would be open for Protest-

antism to cross the Pyrenees and the Alps. Vast continents, too, were soon to be explored and colonized, and what country but France could be for them the apostle of Catholicism, as England was to be the apostle of Protestantism? And, in fact, without the missionaries of France, how much more narrow to-day would be the sphere of the Catholic Church in America, in Asia, in Africa, in Oceanica. Wherever went the "Fleur-de-lys," thither went the cross—indeed, far beyond the reach of the flag the cross went, borne aloft by the hands of the sons of France. It was France that gave to the world those wonderful congregations of women whose works of zeal and charity have so glorified the Catholic Church in infidel and Protestant no less than in Catholic countries. It was France that called into existence those stupendous organizations of Catholic munificence which alone give the means of life and of work to missionaries in every region of the globe. France, it is true, has had her short-comings and her aberrations; so had Israel of old. But, like Israel of old, France has been Jehovah's chosen servant and soldier.

So it was that God remembered France. To France, to Orleans, God sent Jeanne d'Arc.

Jeanne d'Arc; marvelous and mysterious Maid of Domremy.

Jeanne d'Arc! Sweet, beautiful, sublime Jeanne! Most sweet, most beautiful, most sublime figure of womanhood known to history, save the Virgin Mother of Nazareth alone! O that it were mine to speak of thee as thy glory demands, as my heart desires!

Until her seventeenth year Jeanne d'Arc was the peasant girl of Domremy. Poor and unlettered, she knew not "A nor B." She spun and weaved at her mother's side, or pastured her father's sheep in copse and meadow. A simple, guileless child, she played with other children around the "Fairies' Tree." Docile to her parents, she aided them in their rude labors. Tender-hearted and charitable to all, she was wont to put aside from her scanty store something for the relief of the needy more needy than herself. She was pure with the purity of an angel. She prayed everywhere—in the house and in the field as well as before the altar. So solicitous was she for the honor of religion that she chided the old sacristan when he was slow to ring the "Angelus," even offering him a reward to prompt him to greater punctuality. "The best child of the parish," the good old curé called her.

"I must deliver Orleans," Jeanne said, "and have the Dauphin anointed at Rheims." Often and often in her humble cottage, in the verdant field, in the village church, "voices most sweet and beautiful" had been heard by Jeanne—voices, Jeanne believed, of angels and saints. She was called by God, they told her, to save France. One day the voices gave the imperious command: she must at once take up her work. Jeanne goes forth from Domremy.

In her seventeenth year the little shepherdess is the counselor of king and princes, the leader of armies, the savior of her country.

At the Court of Chinon, Jeanne is graceful and

polished of manner, wise and prudent in counsel, bold and resolute in plans of war. She has come, she declares, to deliver Orleans, and to lead the Dauphin to Rheims there to be anointed king. She overcomes the vacillation of Charles, the treachery of La Tremoille, the subtleties of theologian courtiers.

In active campaign, Jeanne rides her war horse with soldierly ease and dignity, she who in Domremy was "totally unused to the saddle." Clad in armor, sword in hand, she distances the bravest, flies over fields, leaps across trenches, storms walls, and shames laggard and fugitive to deeds of valor and fearlessness. Her plans of march and of battle are the wisest. If they are rejected, they are soon again adopted as the surest means of success. Proud commanders of scores of battle-fields, La Hire, Thibaut, D'Armagnac, Xaintrailles, Dunois, D'Alençon, are amazed at her skill and bravery, and willingly obey her orders. This d'Alençon's testimony—"In matters of war Jeanne was most skillful in bearing the lance, or marshalling an army, in placing men in line of battle, or disposing artillery. All were astonished to see her displaying in war the wisdom and the foresight of a captain long practised in the art of war. She was especially admired for her skill in the use of artillery, wherein she showed her consummate ability."

Never was war so chivalrous, never soldiers so Christian, as when Jeanne fought for France. She wept at the sight of blood; battles were fought only

when battles were to be won. To the wounded, whether friends or foes, she was a tender sister; to prisoners she extended most gracious treatment. In the army under her command the laws of religion were supreme. "Often," she was wont to say, "battles were lost in punishment of sin." She forbade pillage; she barred from the camp all occasions of vice; she sternly repressed blasphemy; her chaplains were always at hand to celebrate mass and administer the sacraments to the soldiers.

While in council she was the thoughtful statesman and in battle the dashing knight, Jeanne was always and everywhere the maid of Domremy, gentle and humble, gay with the gaiety of childhood, witty and playful, loving the companionship of women and children, of the poor and the simple. And the saint, too, she ever was. The march, the camp, the battle only made more radiant the saintliness of the maiden—her purity of soul, her love of prayer. While Jeanne was near, the thought or language of sin was impossible even to the most reckless. She fasted frequently and often sought to hear mass and to receive the sacraments. She inscribed on her banner the names, "Jesus, Mary," and began all her undertakings with prayer to "the good God."

Marvelous, mysterious maiden, combining phases of character and action seemingly the most contradictory, each phase showing forth the perfection of its type, all the phases blending in exquisite harmony to form a figure such as never

before or since was seen or dreamt of. Alone and unapproachable thou risest on the horizon of history—alone in thy majesty, unapproachable in thy simplicity and grandeur, in thy sweetness and strength, in thy saintliness and audacity. Tell us, Jeanne, tell us, we pray thee, who art thou, whence thy virtues, whence thy gifts, whence thy mission?

At Chinon by order of the King an army is placed under the command of Jeanne, and she takes the road to Orleans. She enters the city, bringing with her, as she said, "the best succor that ever had knight, town or city, the goodwill of God, and succor from the King of Heaven."

Jeanne delivering Orleans.

The chief menace of Orleans was the "Bastille des Tourelles," a fort strongly entrenched and defended by the flower of the English army. The "Bastille" must be taken. Soldiers and chieftains shrink from the combat; the governor of the city shuts the gates. But Jeanne mounts her charger. "You have taken your counsel," she exclaims, "but I have taken mine, and, believe me, the counsel of God will have its fulfillment." She dashes through the Bourgogne gate, followed in hot haste by the army, now ashamed of their hesitation, and straightway she rushes upon the "Bastille." Fierce is the attack, desperate the defence. Jeanne is in the front of the fray. She leaps across the fosse and places a ladder against the rampart. She is wounded and falls to the ground. The leaders take fright, and in panic are about to give the signal for

retreat. "In God's name," cries Jeanne, "you will soon be within." With her own hand she snatches the arrow from her quivering flesh, and again storms the rampart. Her banner is on the parapet; onward rush her soldiers; the "Bastille" is taken. The English are dismayed; early the following morning they raise the siege and withdraw from Orleans. Seeing them depart, Jeanne hurries to the Cathedral and gives orders that the Te Deum be sung in thanksgiving for the deliverance of Orleans.

People of Orleans, time has not made you forget the great victory. With hearts overflowing in joy and gratitude you will repeat this morning, the four hundred and seventieth anniversary, in solemn chant, Jeanne's words of praise—Jeanne in the skies re-echoing your words before the throne of grace: "Te Deum laudamus, Te Dominum confitemur."

Rheims must now be reached. There since the days of Remy was the "Sainte Ampoule," with which every heir to the throne must be anointed before France receive him as her king. Unanointed and uncrowned the Dauphin was, in the eyes of the people of France, without regal dignity, without regal authority. His hold upon the affection and the allegiance of his subjects was daily growing weaker; to many it seemed that Heaven itself was withdrawing its support from the Dauphin's cause, and had willed the sovereign of England to be the sovereign of France

also. No delay must be allowed if France is to be saved. Jeanne remembers the "voices" of Domremy, and quickly sets out with her army from Orleans to wrest from the English the roads leading from Chinon to Rheims.

Jargeau, Meun, and Beaugency are taken, and a great victory is gained at Paty—the first victory won in open field by the French during the war lasting a hundred years. The English in dismay flee northward; the way is open to Rheims, and thither goes the Dauphin to be anointed and proclaimed king of France.

Charles VII crowned at Rheims.

On the seventeenth day of July, 1429, the Cathedral of St. Remy beheld a scene such as it never witnessed before or since that day—a young girl clad in armor, battle-flag in hand, standing within the sanctuary, nigh to the King's throne. The girl was Jeanne. Asked why she had brought hither her battle-flag, she replied: "It had part in the struggle; it must have part in the triumph." And so with Jeanne herself: she had part in the struggle; she must have part in the triumph. Yes, Jeanne, stand there, nigh to the throne, nigh to the altar; stand there, sweet and graceful, the maid, the saint; stand there, proud and dignified, the soldier, the conqueror. Stand there; who has higher right to be there? France triumphs at Rheims; France has once more a king; but it is through thee, Jeanne, that France triumphs; it is through thee, Jeanne, that France has a king.

France is once more a nation; once more she throbs with spirit and life. Now is the hour for a final effort to free her soil for ever from the English. Not until this had been done could Jeanne's work be complete. On her way to Chinon she had stated to Baudricourt what her mission was: "to raise the siege of Orleans, take the Dauphin to be anointed at Rheims, and drive the English from the realm." Before advancing upon Orleans she had written to the invaders: "The Maid cometh from the King of Heaven to thrust you out of all France." Jeanne's mission does not close at Rheims.

Mysterious, often, are the ways of Providence; but they are ever the ways of wisdom and mercy. It was Jeanne's mission to crown her triumphs of Orleans and Rheims by driving the invaders from all France, and from all France driven they were.[1] Not, indeed, in the manner that human judgment

[1]The question has been raised as to whether Jeanne's mission terminated at Rheims, or whether it included further operations, and of itself led her to captivity and death. In support of the opinion that the mission terminated at Rheims Jeanne's words, as reported by Dunois, are quoted: "How I wish that with God's pleasure I now were to return to my father and mother, and with my sister and brothers tend their sheep in the meadows." But such words, if at all authentic, may be taken as a wish of her girlish heart rather than as an announcement of what she believed herself called to do. On the other hand are the oft-repeated assertions of Jeanne that her mission included not only the deliverance of Orleans and the coronation of the Dauphin, but, also, the complete expulsion of the English from France. That her mission did not terminate at Rheims is the only conclusion to be drawn from the declaration and the career of Jeanne. And the testimony of events bore out this conclusion; the English were driven from France, and by Jeanne d'Arc—by her martyrdom at Rouen, no less than by her victory at Orleans.

would have marked out, not even in the manner that Jeanne herself would have chosen, was the great work to be accomplished. The drama of Rouen was first to be enacted.

Jeanne summons to battle the army of France. Alas for human baseness and human perfidy! Charles again hesitates; courtiers again plot in opposition; leaders of the army are jealous and even willing to connive at the Maid's defeat. Jeanne, however, takes the field. Her troops are repulsed at Paris; she is taken prisoner under the walls of Compiègne by the allies of England and sold to Bedford for ten thousand livres. She is put to death at Rouen.

Jeanne made prisoner at Compiegne.

No; history must not set down the battle of Compiègne as a defeat for Jeanne, nor her death at Rouen as a failure of her prediction to drive the invaders from France. Compiègne and Rouen were stages in her triumphant career—necessary, both, for her greater honor and glory—Compiègne preparing her for Rouen, Rouen bedecking her with the aureole of the Christian martyr.

Rouen! I kiss with reverence the stones of thy "vieux marché." I am not angered by its memories. I see there only the glory of Jeanne. Bedford and Winchester, I condone your decree that the Maid must die. Bourgogne and Luxembourg, I condone your baseness in selling Jeanne to the enemies of France. Charles and La Tremoille, I condone your

Jeanne, the martyr of Rouen.

forgetfulness of Orleans and of Rheims. Cauchon and D'Estivet, I condone your cruel tortures, your shameless calumnies. Bedford and Winchester, Bourgogne and Luxembourg, Charles and La Tremoille, Cauchon and D'Estivet—you were all needed in the drama of Jeanne's glorious martyrdom. It is well that you all acted out your parts, though heavy rests upon you the condemnation of the world.

Jeanne was not twenty years of age; and yet, what wisdom echoed in her words, what power revealed itself in her constancy and courage! Whence, Jeanne, we pray thee came this wisdom, whence came this power?

Never upon lips of Christian martyrs were wiser words, never in their souls was mightier power.

The invaders were at last masters of the day. They were in full force at Rouen; and Jeanne was alone, without friend to cheer her, without knight to break a lance in her defence—alone and in chains. How they hated her! They remembered their disgrace, their defeat in battle after battle, defeat from the sword of a girl. They must have vengeance: they will put her to death as their enemy, as the enemy even of France; and that their defeat in battle may no longer be their shame, they will prove, if they can, to the world that Jeanne was also the enemy of God, a sorceress and a heretic, an agent and messenger of Satan. Jeanne, now invoke thy "saints"! Give ear now to the music of thy

"voices"! From Heaven only canst thou now receive strength and comfort.

A score of theologians, with a bishop at their head, are assembled to condemn Jeanne. They are the abject servants of the English commander, ready to do his bidding at any sacrifice of honor or justice. Basest passions rule their counsels: treachery, avarice, ambition, pride, vindictiveness. Over these passions they draw the cloak of orthodoxy. The Maid of Domremy, the savior of Orleans, is accused of magic, superstition, schism and heresy. In such matters accusers and judges are at home. To find Jeanne guilty on any or all of these charges, they ply a subtle dialectic that would extract heresy and superstition from the words of apostles and doctors; they bring into play wiliest arts of deceit; they put abstruse questions in theology with intent to mislead and entrap; they torture direct and candid speech into false and perverse meanings. Jeanne is a prisoner, bound in chains, watched night and day by conscienceless mercenaries. She is wasted in strength; she is without friend or counselor; she is forbidden to hear mass or receive the sacraments. She is tortured by insidious interrogatories, and pursued by spies and traitors into the privacy of her prison cell. She is threatened with rack and stake. But Jeanne is ever tranquil of soul and serene of countenance. She tears asunder the sophistries of her enemies, evades their ambushes, confuses them by the acuteness and the appositeness of her replies, protests against the violation of judicial forms, and,

with calmness that never wavers, maintains her innocence of the charges and her belief in the reality of "the voices" of Domremy.

"Do you know whether you are in the state of grace?" A "yes" or a "no" will entangle her in the meshes of theological sublety. "If I am not," replies Jeanne, "may God put me in it; if I am, may He preserve me in it." "Does God hate the English?" The wretches hope that in her love of France she will not refrain from an instant "yes," whereupon they will accuse her of impiety. Jeanne answers: "Of the love or the hatred of God for the English I know nothing. All that I know is that God wills to drive them from France, except such of them as may be buried there." Accusers and judges are open partisans of the schism which has for a long time desolated the Church. They ask: "Whom do you believe to be the true Pope?" "Are there two Popes?" is the quick and ingenious reply. An argument repeatedly used against her is that she does not submit herself to the Church in the matter of her visions. Jeanne sets this charge at naught by appealing to the Sovereign Pontiff: "Bring me before the Pope and I will say to him all that I ought to say. I refer all things to God and to the Pope."

But all in vain. Jeanne must die. Vengeance must be taken for her services to France. She is led to the stake. On her head-dress are inscribed the words, "Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolator." The torch is lighted. Once more Jeanne professes

her innocence; once more she invokes her "angels and saints;" she kisses the cross and dies. "We are lost," exclaimed one of the executioners, "we have burnt a saint." Winchester and Cauchon burst into tears.

Jeanne dies: but the cause of France is not lost. "I am come," Jeanne had written to the invaders, "to drive you from all France." At Rouen, the English thought their cause victorious, and heralded the words of Jeanne as proof of the falseness of her pretensions: France was in their hands, and Jeanne was a deluded visionary. But even amid the flames of the fagots Jeanne's confidence in her mission did not abate. "Before seven years," she had declared to her accusers and judges, "the English will suffer greater loss than they ever yet have suffered in France." And in seven years the English lost Paris and were driven from France.[1]

Fulfillment of Jeanne's mission.

France was saved, as "the voices" of Domremy had promised; and France was saved by Jeanne. The victories of Orleans and of the valley of the Loire, and the coronation of Charles reawakened in the heart of France confidence which was not again to be forsworn; the fires of Rouen stirred in the French people an exalted sense of patriotism that

[1] Cf. Powell and Tout, History of England, p. 318:—It was, indeed, the example of Joan that overthrew the English rule, for all over France people now looked forward to the sure defeat of their conquerors, and plots and risings in Normandy and north France seconded the raids and attacks of Charles's captains.

rendered their arms invincible, and Jeanne's prayers in Heaven brought new blessings upon France. France was saved and saved by Jeanne.

Not always are God's promises fulfilled as men anticipate; but they are ever fulfilled, and in a manner that gives glory to His name and honor to His servants. Better far is it for Jeanne that the drama of Rouen was enacted. Jeanne, the Maid of Domremy, the deliverer of Orleans, would not have been the heroine that history knows and reveres, had she not also been the martyr of Rouen. With Rouen, the manner of Jeanne's death was worthy of the manner of her life; the Maid of Orleans, the martyr of Rouen, became the immortal Jeanne d'Arc of history.

Jeanne sent by Heaven.

And now we ask, whence the mission of Jeanne? Whence the wisdom that lit up her mind, the power that gave strength to her heart and her arm? Our answer is: from Almighty God.

Recall Jeanne at Domremy, a maid of seventeen years, a peasant girl, unable to read or write, ignorant of aught save what villagers in the valley of the Meuse were wont to talk of. Recall Jeanne at Chinon and at Orleans, the counselor of king and princes, the leader of armies, the savior of her country—and Jeanne only a maid of seventeen years. Recall Jeanne at Rouen, the bravest of the brave, the wisest of the wise, the heroic martyr—and Jeanne not past her twentieth year. Shall we say that the maid of Domremy could of herself be the

heroine of court and battle-field, the martyr of the fires of Rouen?

Whether in the village of Domremy, or in the armies of France, or in the prison of Rouen, Jeanne was the saintliest of the saintly. God usually chooses as agents of His wisdom and power weak ones in whom no human gift obscures the divine, but He wills that those whom He chooses be pure and holy. Jeanne was the feeblest of the feeble, but she was amongst the purest of the pure, amongst the holiest of the holy. Shall we not say that Jeanne was a fit agent to be taken into the counsels of the Almighty?

France had been the "Eldest Daughter of the Church;" she had done great things for religion and civilization; she was needed for religion and civilization in ages to come. Shall we not say that when powerful enemies stood by, ready to take her life and blot her name forever from the list of nations, it was meet that Heaven should come to her rescue? Shall we not say that France merited the mission assigned to Jeanne by "voices of angels and of saints"?

Jeanne bears witness of herself. We believe Jeanne. Her saintliness forbids the very thought of deceit; her intelligence, her strength and acumen of mind, her prudence, her courage, her calmness, her constancy forbid the very thought of hallucination. Let Jeanne speak. Jeanne declares her mission is from God. In peace and in war, in triumph and in sorrow, in presence of most cruel death, Jeanne's testimony is unwavering: her mission is from

God. "The voices of angels and of saints," voices most sweet and beautiful, heard many a time in cottage, in meadow, and in church, told her that God called her to save France. One day the "voices" commanded her to take up her task, and she took up the task. Obstacles affrighted her not: her "voices" had said that she would overcome all obstacles. With consummate skill she tore asunder the subtle arguments of accusers and judges: her "voices" put wisdom and prudence into her mind. Death she faced with sublime courage: her "voices" bade her have no fear. No ordeal, no threat of death caused her to swerve in her belief in the reality and the divine origin of the "voices." I shall not examine the so-called "abjuration" written down in the "procès-verbal" of her trial.[1] On that "procès-verbal" history has passed judgment. Jeanne's authentic words before judges and accusers are these: "If I were at the stake, and saw the fagots burning and the executioners ready to cast me into

[1]The act of "abjuration" found in the procès-verbal of Rouen is clearly spurious. Among other evidences of this we may quote the testimony of Jean Massieu and Nicoles Taguel, one an usher, the other a notary of the tribunal of Rouen. This testimony was given before the court organized in 1456, by order of Pope Callixtus III to review the judgment of Rouen. Both witnesses deposed under oath that the document actually signed by Jeanne consisted only of six or eight lines, and was totally different from that which afterwards appeared in the procès-verbal. Moreover, whatever the document was that Jeanne signed, it was of no value, as her assent to it was given under such stress of physical pain that it cannot be taken as a free and deliberate declaration. When confronted later with her so-called "abjuration," Jeanne cried out: "I never intended doing or saying such things," and again and again she exclaimed: "Yes, my voices were from God."

the fire, I should maintain to my death what I have heretofore said. If I said that God did not send me, I would damn myself; the truth is that God did send me." And at the stake, as the last moment came, Jeanne cried out, "Yes! my voices were of God: they have never deceived me." Jeanne, we believe thee!

Signs and wonders bore out Jeanne's testimony of herself. She revealed to the Dauphin a secret of his soul, known only to himself: she had, she told him, a book to read which no one else did have—"The book of our Lord God." "Bring me to Orleans," she said, "and I will show you signs that I am sent. Give me as few men-at-arms as you wish; I will go to Orleans." Counselors of the Dauphin and veteran commanders of armies declared that the deliverance of Orleans was a feat beyond human power; and all the circumstances attending the undertaking were such as to vindicate their judgment. Yet Jeanne went to Orleans and delivered the city. Signs and wonders, surely, were Jeanne's intuition of secrets of souls and her knowledge of events that no human wisdom could foretell. Do we not find, too, in Jeanne's life, in Jeanne's career, a sign, the greatest and most undeniable of all signs? Yes, Jeanne's mission, we shall ever proclaim, was from God. Angels, indeed, it was who spoke to her; saints, indeed, it was, Michael and Catherine and Margaret, whose "voices" bade her go forth from Domremy. Jeanne was sent by God to save France. France, give praise to the Lord! "He

hath not done in like manner to every nation; and His judgment He hath not made manifest to them." France, God's chosen nation thou hast been—God's chosen nation mayest thou ever remain!

Interpositions of Providence in any age teach humanity in all ages. It behooves us to ask reverently what lessons Jeanne gives us for our instruction and guidance.

Lessons taught by Jeanne.

Jeanne was the embodiment of patriotism and of religion. Her life and her death spoke love of country and love of Church.

Country and Church—one symbolizing the interests of earth; the other, the interests of Heaven! Country and Church—both so beautiful, so sublime, that a soul capable of loving one must needs love the other! Country and Church are from God, country through the ordinary laws of nature, Church through the direct dispensation of divine mercy; both demand from us in the name of the Most High tender affection and loyal service.

Love of country! To-day, with the lowering of exalted ideals which are the springs of disinterested and generous enthusiasm, love of country is in peril of losing its fervor and power of sacrifice: cold, calculating selfishness, masking itself under a vague humanitarianism, is striving to take its place. To-day, love of country needs a solemn consecration. A solemn consecration it will receive in the canonization of the Maid of Orleans; henceforth patriotism will have its patron saint—Jeanne d'Arc.

Love of country.

How Jeanne loved her country! Her heart melted in pity for the sorrows of France; her soul exulted in the thought that she might one day be the deliverer of France. Upon the altar of France she made the fullest sacrifice of herself. She loved France; she suffered for France; she battled for France; she died for France. Never has the world seen love of country so pure, so ardent, so sublime.

What inspirations there are in the memories of this morning! Who, under the spell of the name of Jeanne d'Arc, does not feel his love of country exalted and strengthened! For my own part, I thank thee, Jeanne, I thank thee, Orleans: because of the memories of this morning, I go back to America more American than before, resolved more firmly than ever to love and serve America; resolved to labor until death as citizen and as priest for its welfare and its honor.

Frenchmen, Jeanne is your sister. How potent upon you should be the spell of her name! Frenchmen, love France as Jeanne loved it. France, land of history and of destiny, land of exalted thought and of generous impulse, land of richest possibilities in the service of God and of humanity, worthy art thou of love. Mayest thou ever be the idol of the hearts of thy sons!

People of France, guard well your country; guard it for yourselves, guard it for God and for humanity. Have trust in France. The glory of tomorrow is hers, as the glory of yesterday was hers. Her native resources, material, moral and intellec-

tual, remain; and God remains. Naught is needed save that the people of France do their duty to their country. Frenchmen, be faithful to France. Be faithful to her by personal righteousness, by the practice of the great moral and social virtues without which no country lives, no country prospers. Be faithful to her by an intelligent and devoted citizenship. Relegate to oblivion personal interests and personal opinions. Be mindful of your responsibilities; be proud of your right of suffrage and use that right as conscience commands. And, I pray you, for the sake of France, give unstinted allegiance to God's Holy Church—the Church of France. In France to lower the cross is to lower the banner of France. In France religion is the only living social power that will hold in harmony and unify and develop the various elements of national life. From religion France must draw in the future, as she has drawn in the past, her highest aspirations and her noblest ambitions.

Love of Church

Love of Church! The Church is the country of souls, the kingdom of Christ on earth. To create it, "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." It holds within itself "the promise of the life that is, and of the life that is to come." By what it is, by what it has done, by what it stands ready to do, it deserves boundless devotion and unswerving loyalty.

Jeanne loved the Church with all the might of her affection, and to its service gave all the energies

of her soul. She lived, the faithful child of the Church; she died, its faithful martyr. The heroine of the country, she was a saint of the Church.

To love the Church is the duty of all men, of all peoples; it is a duty especially incumbent upon Frenchmen. The historic mission of France is religious; the historic glory of France is her service in the cause of religion; the historic soul of France is essentially religious. Tear from France her deeds for God and for Church, and you rob her annals of their most glorious pages. By nature and tradition the mind and the heart of France are so attuned to the influences of religion, that they lose their sweetest music and their mightiest power when they no longer vibrate in harmony with its inspirations. With religion, France is great and accomplishes great things; without religion, she is robbed of moral life and goes down to decay and death. Without God and His Church, there is no France; there is no French people. To be the "Eldest Daughter of the Church" is the glory of France: it is also the strength of the nation. For Frenchmen, country is Church—to love their religion is to love their country.

Needs of the Church at the present time.

The Church is in need of soldiers who will work for her, who will combat for her. God, indeed, reigns and works—the action of God is a living incessant force in the affairs of men. In all our undertakings for His glory and our welfare we must look to Him and invoke upon our efforts His bless-

ing and grace. The history of Jeanne d'Arc bears out this truth; but it bears out, also, the truth that human activity must do its part in co-operating with the divine will. The co-operation of man is the condition of success ordained by God Himself. This is an age of activity such as the world has never seen, in things material, in things social, in things intellectual. And yet, where the most sacred interests are at stake, there the most profound inertia is often to be remarked among those to whom such interests are entrusted. We are timid and indolent; we even disguise our timidity and indolence under the form of trust in God. There are men who make of their listlessness a religious doctrine. Accustomed to do nothing, they have come to believe that to do nothing is the will of God, and that to censure those who do something is true religion. The question was put to Jeanne by the theologians: "Jeanne, you ask that soldiers be given you, and at the same time you say that it is God's pleasure to drive the English from the kingdom of France. If such is God's pleasure, you do not need soldiers, for God can, alone, defeat the English and drive them back to their country." Jeanne answered, "Soldiers will do the fighting in the name of God, and God will give the victory." The maxim ever on her lips was, "Let us work, and God will work." Christians, ours be the faith, ours be the zeal of Jeanne.

To-day, a great work is to be done for the Church. A mighty cycle of history is upon the world: it is our duty to win it to the Church. It

is the task of the age that is before the soldiers of Christ. The new cycle has its ideals—science, social progress, liberty, moral and intellectual growth—and the enemies of the Church openly proclaim that in the Church and through the Church those ideals cannot be attained. To prove to the age that its ideals are the ideals of the Church, and that only through the Church they can be realized, is the task that confronts the children of the Church.

It is a crusade for all the faithful of all lands: it is in a special manner a crusade for the sons of the "Eldest Daughter of the Church." War is waged against the Church; but it is in no small degree a war based on misapprehension. The world and the Church are in conflict, not because the world and the Church hold different ideals—the ideals of the world are the Church's own ideals: knowledge, liberty, social progress—but because the world does not understand the purposes and the intents of the Church, and because anger and recrimination, begotten of suspicion and strife, keep the world and the Church apart. What, then, is the need of the hour? It is to do away with misapprehension and mistrust; it is to show to the age the Church as it truly is, to put before the world the doctrine, the purposes, and the expectations of the Church such as they truly are, such as God wills them to be, freed from all that is mere human tradition or human devising, so that the age may see in the Church "its unknown deity," of whom it has been dreaming, for whom it has heretofore been seeking in vain. The need of the hour is to win to the Church the heart of the age by kind-

ness and fairness, to speak to it the language of sympathy and love, to compassionate it in its toils and sufferings, to honor it for the good that it has, and for the good that it wishes to have. Thus will kindness beget kindness, and fairness beget fairness; thus will the age draw near to the Church in sympathy and love, rid itself of hatred and suspicion, and lend an attentive ear to the message of which the Church is the bearer, in the name of Christ, the Savior of mankind.

As Jeanne was wont to say, "Let us work and God will work." Let us work, and the new age will be won to Christ. Let us work, and in the centuries of the coming cycle the Church will lead in all that is good, in all that is great; and the world will love it and serve it, and in loving and in serving the Church, will save itself, and lift itself to heights to which otherwise it would never attain.

To love country and Church with undying affection, to serve country and Church with unreserved and tireless energy, this, the lesson taught to France and through France to the world, by the Maid once sent by God to save France, the immortal Jeanne d'Arc.

Monseigneur, to your comprehensive mind and heart the memory of Jeanne d'Arc appeals not in vain. Well and wisely do you read the signs of the times. You are of your age: you would fain heal its ills and have it realize its noble aspirations. You understand France: you would fain hold

Monseigneur Touchet of Orleans.

France to its historic role—in the front rank of the army of religion and civilization. You understand the Church: you would fain witness once more the mighty deeds and the glorious triumphs to which its mission and the will of its Founder pledge it. To Jeanne d'Arc you turn for inspiration and for guidance; and you do well. The spirit of Jeanne d'Arc, living again in Frenchmen and in Catholics, will bring victory to France and to the Church; and France and the Church inspiring and dominating the age, the age will see all its hopes realized and will serve earth and Heaven as no other age has served them. Hence it is, Monseigneur, that you honor Jeanne, duly solemnizing in your Cathedral the memories of the eighth of May, 1429, as have your predecessors for long centuries, and even seeking each year to invest the great day with new and unwonted splendor.

This year, Monseigneur, you have invited to Orleans a bishop of America, to take part with you in honoring Jeanne d'Arc. By this act, Monseigneur, you have made Jeanne d'Arc better known and better loved by millions in remotest lands: you have shown her to be the saint of patriotism, the exemplar of religion, not to France only, but to all Christendom. Furthermore, Monseigneur, by inviting to Orleans a bishop of America you have done honor to America; you have done your part to strengthen the bonds of amity which have long linked together France and America.

I invoke the prayers of Jeanne d'Arc for the blessings of Heaven upon the faithful now gathered around the altars of the Cathedral of Orleans, upon the City of Orleans, upon France, and—I give voice to my heart's imperious bidding—upon the United States of America.

WAR AND PEACE

In 1898, soon after the close of hostilities between the United States and Spain, the city of Chicago held a "National Jubilee of Peace" in token of the gladness and gratitude of the nation that peace had come, and with peace the glory of victory.

The festivities opened in the Auditorium Hall on the morning of October 18th, in the presence of the President of the United States, William McKinley, and members of his cabinet. More than five thousand people were present. The Chairman was Hon. George R. Peck, of Chicago. The speakers were Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Judge Emory Speer, of Atlanta.

WAR AND PEACE

WAR has passed; peace reigns. Stilled on land and sea is the clang of arms; from San Juan to Manila floats, fearless and triumphant, the star-spangled banner. America, "be glad and rejoice, for the Lord hath done great things." America, keep with heart and soul thy jubilee of peace, thy jubilee of victory.

Welcome, sweet, beloved peace! Welcome, glorious, honored victory!

Peace, Heaven's own gift art thou to men! When the Saviour was born, the skies rang forth, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Through Christ peace was offered to the world. Where the spirit of Christ reigns, there reigns peace—peace among men, peace among nations.

Blessings of peace.

Peace—so blessed art thou, that the rule of peace is the fondest dream of humanity.

Pagan statesmanship, speaking through pagan poetry, exclaims: "The best of things which it is given to men to know is peace; better than a thousand triumphs is the simple gift of peace." The regenerated world contemplated in loftiest vision by Israel's seer is a world where "nation shall not lift

up sword against nation, neither shall they be exercised any more in war."

"O first of human blessings and supreme![1]
Fair peace, how lovely, how delightful thou!
* * *
O peace, thou soul and source of social life,
Beneath whose calm, inspiring influence
Science his views enlarges, art refines,
And swelling commerce opens all her ports!
Blessed be the man divine who gave us thee!"

The highest praise of peace is this, that men profess the establishment of peace to be the sole justification of war. "Pacisque imponere morem" — "to enforce the rule of peace"—such the only reason for war, valid before God and before men.

Horrors of War.

War—how dreadful thou art! I do not declare thee to be always unnecessary, always immoral; but always accursed thou art. I must not arraign thee in words that will mete out condemnation to the history of nations, to the history of America; but ever dreadful I must declare thee, ever cruel, ever barbarous.

War—is it on thy part artful design, cunning attempt to conceal thy horrid mien, that pomp and circumstance attend thy march, that poetry and music set forth in gorgeous panoply the heroic deeds which thy terrors perforce evoke, that history weaves with threads of richest hue the story of the virtues and the woes of the victims of thy rage and fury?

[1] James Thomson: "Britannia."

War—stripped of show and tinsel, what art thou but the slayer of men?

With steady purpose and relentless energy, tasking science to utmost ingenuity, and human strength to utmost endurance, nations work day and night to fit themselves for slaughter—this, the preparation of war. Armies meet in the shock of battle; shot and shell rend the air; men reel and fall like leaves in autumnal storm, bleeding, dying; the ground is red with gore—this, the actual conflict of war. Homes without number plunged into agonizing grief, mourning for husband or father, for son or brother, who fell beneath the foeman's steel or perished in fever tent, or who, surviving battle and disease, bore back to their loved ones maimed and shattered frames—this, the result of war.

Be the sacrifice on the field of battle but a single life: some one has died, some one is bereft.

> "Only one killed!" the head lines read.
> The glad news spreads.
> The newsboys cry, "Killed only one!"
> "He was my son!
> "What were a thousand to this one—
> "My only son!"

They who know war best hate it most. "Take my word for it," said Wellington, "if you had but seen one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again." "The sight of the battle-field after the fight," said Napoleon, "is enough to inspire princes with a love of peace and a horror of war."

War, be thou gone far from my soul's vision!

I praise and thank the great and good God that thy ghastly spectre no longer affrights my brothers and fellow-countrymen of America, my brothers and fellow-men of distant Andalusia. War, when will humanity rise to such heights of reason and of religion that thou shalt never more plague the world? When will the time come when stories of battle-fields will be only the wild, sad echoings of a barbarous past never again to be known on earth?

War sometimes necessary

But, while we await that blessed day, from time to time conditions more repellent than war will confront a nation—conditions which only the mandate of war can alter or remove. When the life of a nation is at stake, when the integrity of its territory is menaced, when its honor is assailed, when within the shadow of its ægis grievous wrong is done, defying argument or diplomacy, what remains to a nation that is not so base as to court death or dishonor, but to take sword in hand and do battle, while strength is left, for the cause of justice and righteousness?

War, indeed, is dreadful; yet, occasions arise when both reason and religion sanction it. Then let war come. War is dreadful, but war is necessary. Even though the heavens fall, justice and righteousness must prevail. War is no longer a repudiation of peace; it is the sole assurance of peace—of the only peace that a self-respecting people may covet, peace with honor.

A just and necessary war is holy. The men who obey its call are the country's heroes; the sword that it unsheathes is the token of valor and sacrifice; the flag that it unfurls is the emblem of patriotism; the shroud that it spreads over the dead is the imperishable mantle of glory.

Happy the nation that has the courage of a just war no less than that of a just peace, whose sons are able and willing to serve with honor alike in war and in peace! Thrice happy the nation whose jubilee of peace, when war is over, is a jubilee of victory!

"We love peace, not war; but when we go to war, we send to the field the best and the bravest of the country." So spoke a few days ago the Chief Magistrate of the nation. The words embody a vital principle of American political life.

Patriotism of America.

Six months ago the Congress of the United States declared that in the name of humanity war should be waged in order to give to the Island of Cuba a stable and independent government. Sublime the patriotism of America! Instantly the people of America rose in their might. They argued not; they hesitated not. America had spoken; theirs not to judge, but to obey. In a moment the money of America, the lives of America, were at the disposal of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. America had spoken; at once partisan politics and sectional disputes were stilled beneath the majesty of her voice. Oft it had been whispered that we had

a North and a South; when America spoke, we knew that we were but one people, that all were Americans. It had been whispered that social and economic lines were hopelessly dividing the American people, and that, with the growth of class interests and of class prejudice, patriotism was declining; when America spoke, it was made plain that in the whole land there was no one who was not a patriot. The artisan dropped his hammer; the farmer turned from his plough; the merchant abandoned his counting-room; the millionaire closed his mansion. However Americans differed from one another, all were Americans in love of country and in resolve to spend themselves in its service; all with the same promptness and the same ardor rushed forward at country's call to danger and to death. Who will henceforth doubt the patriotism of the people of America, or the power that this patriotism puts into the hands of the Republic of America?

Who henceforth will doubt the wondrous power that lies latent in the bosom of the Republic, ready in an instant to leap into life and action? When war was declared, so small was the army of America, so small her navy, that for a moment her own citizens stood aghast at the thought of the coming conflict, and foreign nations smiled in derision at her presumption. But the President of the United States waved his wand and immediately, as by magic, soldiers and ships sprung into being. Within a few weeks hundreds of thousands of men stood

in battle array; ships of war covered every sea; in most remote regions battles were fought and won. I know in history no parallel to such achievements. What if, in the bewildering rush of a nation to arms, one department or another of the national administration was unable at once to put into order sundry details which complete a vast and perfect military equipment? The wonder is that the country could have done what it did, and that it could have done it so quickly and so well. The wonder is that the sudden creation of such a vast military force as the country put forth in so short a time was possible in America.

Prowess of American soldiers and seamen.

What an army, what a navy were created in a moment! Consider the wisdom in planning, the skill in executing, the prowess in fighting! Magnificent the sweep of Dewey's squadron into the harbor of Manila! Magnificent the broadsides of Sampson's fleet upon Cervera's fleeing ships! Magnificent the charge of regiments of regular infantry and of Roosevelt's Rough Riders up the hills of Santiago! Never daunted, never fearing defeat, every man knowing his duty and how to do it, every man determined to die or to conquer, the soldiers and the seamen of America were invincible. Armies and fleets vanished before them as mists before the morning sun. The nations wondered. The power of America was revealed. What America did, told the world what America is capable of doing.

And throughout, ennobling and sanctifying valor

and patriotism, there was the high-minded, unselfish motive of the war. In the eyes of the people of America the war was a duty, a duty to fellow-man. The people of America had heard the story of the dire sufferings, of the long and helpless struggle for peace and liberty in a neighboring island. The sole remedy was war—war waged by America. Then, it was said, let America make war; whatever the cost, whatever the sacrifice, Cuba must be free. No gain for themselves did the people of America covet; theirs was the highborn ambition to save and aid a suffering people—that and nothing more.

Motive of war with Spain: the freedom of Cuba.

Surely, if a people may ever be proud of war, the people of America may be proud of the war that has liberated Cuba—a war sacred in the motive that inspired it, splendid in the achievement that it evoked, more splendid yet in the results that it brought to America and to the world.

War has passed; soon a treaty of peace will be signed by America and Spain.

What the provisions of this treaty should be, it would ill become me to suggest. I stand in the presence of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. To him, by right of office and of personal wisdom, it belongs to prescribe what shall be, and what shall not be, demanded from or conceded to Spain. To his patriotism, to his sense of justice, America will without fear confide her safety and her honor. When to the treaty with Spain there is subscribed

Results of the war: America's future place in the world.

the name of William McKinley, America will be satisfied; the world will be satisfied. The name of William McKinley will be to America proof that her interests have been well guarded, and to the whole world proof that high-mindedness and generosity belong in peace, where valor belongs in war.

What I may be allowed to speak of on this occasion is a result of the war, a result manifest even at this hour to America and to the world, a result that transcends all other results, and possesses for the world and for America a significance far mightier than commercial advantage or territorial expansion.

To accomplish great things, to meet great responsibilities in a fitting manner, a nation must be conscious of its dignity and its power. The consciousness of what she is and of what she may be has to come to America. She knows and she feels that she is a great nation. The war did not impart to her the elements of greatness. The war revealed to her the presence of these elements and made more manifest to her their full significance.

To take and to hold its place among the nations, a nation must be known as it really is. America is now known by the nations; her greatness and her power are known. She is respected by the world. Heretofore, remote and isolated, neglected, if not despised, to-day America is the majestic queen of the West; she moves as becomes her mighty stature; she speaks as becomes her mighty soul. The

world accepts her for what she is and for what she is to be.

All this does not come to pass by chance or accident. An All-ruling Providence directs the movements of history; what we behold is a momentous dispensation from the Master of men and nations. "Magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo"—"with the revolution of centuries there is born to the world a new order of things."

No longer is America to be isolated from the world around her. She is a world power. To her no world-interest is henceforth alien. In all things that concern the general welfare of nations, America must and will take her part. The place of America in the hegemony of humanity is marked out for her by accomplished facts; from that place she must not, she will not recede.

The voice of America, then, will be heard afar; the spirit of America will travel across seas and mountain-ranges to most distant continents and islands. And the voice of America is the voice of freedom; the spirit of America is the spirit of freedom. With the voice and the spirit of America there will go far and wide what America in her grandest ideal represents—democracy and liberty. Americanism this is, far more than the expansion of American territory, or of American commerce, far more than the victories of American soldiery. All humanity will pulsate anew beneath the inspirations of liberty, because America will be better

known, and in her victories the world will behold the victory of liberty.

The triumph of America is the triumph of liberty; the jubilee of America is the jubilee of the world.

If it was ever allowed to a nation to rejoice over the results of war, America may rejoice to-day. Shall we then chant the praises of war, and make of this jubilee a glorification of the battle-field? Heaven forbid!

"We love peace, not war." The greatness of America makes it imperative upon her to foster peace—peace to-day, peace to-morrow. Her mission as a world-power demands that she be the harbinger, the advocate of peace before the world. Fain would we make America's jubilee of peace a jubilee of peace for all nations.

That from war great and good things do sometimes proceed, we must admit; that they come through war, and not through the methods of peaceful justice, we must ever deplore.

The hope of universal peace: an international tribunal of arbitration.

We say in defense of war that its purpose is justice. But is it worthy of Christian civilization that there is no other way to vindicate justice than war, that to vindicate justice nations are forced to stoop to the methods of the jungle and the forest? Time was when in the name of justice individuals challenged one another to battle in the arena of blood; those were days of social barbarism. Tribunals have since taken to themselves to adjudicate

between man and man. How much better this is for the reign of justice in the world! It is force or chance, not right, that decides the issue of a battle. Amid the din of arms the voice of justice is not heard. May we not hope that with the widening influence of reason and of religion, the day is close at hand when justice shall be enthroned upon an international tribunal, to speak to peoples in the majesty of reason and the calm splendor of peace, to make war forever unnecessary and impossible? Say what we will, our civilization is a vain boast until the poet's vision has become a reality:

"The war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law."

Already upon the horizon there are signs that what has hitherto been a poet's dream may ere long be a fact of history. A mighty ruler of men has written to the nations: "The maintenance of general peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world as an ideal towards which the endeavors of all governments should be directed." The Czar proceeds to invite the nations to send representatives to an international peace-congress, in which the question of reducing the armaments of the several countries of the world and of preparing

plans for the prevention of war may be discussed. The Czar further declares that in making this proposal he is moved by the miseries that accompany war, and by the distressing drain which preparations for war entail upon the wealth and the energies of peoples. The militarism of Europe in days of peace is a curse hardly less to be dreaded than the terrors of actual war, and an effort to reduce its burdens in any degree is deserving of the co-operation of all the friends of God and of man. If we cannot at once put an end forever to war between nations, let us at least do gladly and quickly whatever can be done towards rendering preparations for war less onerous, and the actual conflict of war less cruel and barbarous. Be this ever so little, it is a blessing to mankind, and a step towards what should always remain the ideal of our thoughts, the final goal of our endeavors—the reign of universal peace among nations.

Will not America send to the Czar a message of goodwill, a promise of earnest co-operation? America can afford to speak for peace. A message from her will be the more generous, the more opportune, as those who do not know her say that, maddened by recent triumphs, she is now committed beyond recall to militarism and conquest. Let her prove to the world that, however ready she may be for war when war is inevitable, she honors and cherishes peace; and that, when she takes up arms, she only seeks through measures of war what she

would prefer by far to secure through methods of peace.

America, the eyes of the world are upon thee. A new era of history is dawning for thee in brightest splendor. In thee are centered the hopes of the future. Thy greatness and thy responsibility overpower me—I should say, affright me. Thou failing, liberty and democracy are doomed. In this the day of thy triumph, be mindful of what it is that safeguards liberty and democracy. Not commerce and industry, not ships and soldiers, but intelligence and virtue, build up and preserve nations. Material wealth and victorious armies, alone, bring corruption and hasten ruin and death. This is true of all nations; it is especially true of nations whose flag is the banner of civil and political freedom; it is in an eminent degree true of thee, America.

Americans, be our land the land of intelligence and virtue. Far beyond our borders let error and ignorance be banished. Let virtue be fostered and practised. Let America be the land of honesty and justice, of social purity and temperance, of honor and faithfulness, of self-restraint and obedience to law. Even more than intelligence, virtue is needed that a nation live and be great.

And now, America, the country of our pride, of our love, of our hope, we remit thee for to-day and for to-morrow into the hands of the Almighty God, under whose protecting ægis thou canst not fail. To Him give thanks for thy victories. May His blessings be thine abiding inheritance!

CONSCIENCE: THE MAINSTAY OF DEMOCRACY.

On the evening of May 13, 1897, the Chamber of Commerce of the city of Cleveland celebrated by a public banquet the forty-ninth anniversary of its organization. The guests, who numbered over four hundred, were representative of the enterprise, the intellect and the citizenship that have placed the city of Cleveland in the ranks of the foremost cities of America.

The programme of addresses was:

1. The Cleveland Chamber of Commerce: The Past and the Future. Mr. W. B. Warner, President of the Chamber of Commerce.
2. The City of Cleveland: Its Commerce and its Industries. Senator Marcus A. Hanna.
3. The New Century. Rev. Charles F. Thwing, D. D.
4. An Economic Outlook. Mr. G. A. Cowles.
5. Conscience: The Mainstay of Democracy. Most Rev. John Ireland.

CONSCIENCE: THE MAINSTAY OF DEMOCRACY.

THE greatness of America is her democracy. Above all other nations, America honors manhood, consecrates its rights, and endows it with the freedom that it needs to develop its inborn power and satisfy its loftiest ambitions. America is a country of the people, governed for the people, by the people—a country where to become a citizen it is enough to be a man, where no civil or political privilege is reserved for the few, no civil or political inferiority is allotted to the many. Throughout the long ages of history the few ruled, the many served; of itself manhood was no title to equality of rights with other men. But the triumph of manhood was destined to come. It came when Providence had prepared a country to be the home of democracy. Exult, America, not in thy wide domains and mighty seas, not in thy fertile fields and salubrious air, not in thy populous cities and world-wide commerce; exult in the manhood of thy sons, in the liberty they enjoy; exult in thy democracy.

But is the greatness of America to endure? Is

democracy in America to be permanent? There are those who declare that democracy is a government fit for gods, not for men. It is to put too high an estimate on manhood, they maintain, to entrust the people with their own destinies, to believe that they would not make a fatal abuse of political power confided to their hands. Even at the present day, with a century of the history of American democracy before them, not a few political writers in Europe assert that democracy is not a form of government that will endure, and that in America itself its ultimate failure is inevitable.

Perils besetting democracy.

Dogmatize as such political pessimists may, they do not take from us our faith in democracy. They do, however, give us warning that democracy is no creature of common growth, and that under penalty of losing its freshness and vigor, even under penalty of final decay, it must not be left alone to struggle with the passions and the prejudices of the race.

The question, then, is asked, and asked in deepest anxiety—what is it that will give vigor to democracy, that will secure to it the promise of undying life?

We answer, conscience—conscience animating and inspiring the souls of the people, who have chosen democracy to be the guardian of the destinies of their country.

Conscience the Safeguard of democracy.

Conscience is the deep, abiding sense of righteousness, the inflexible determination to follow the voice of righteousness

whithersoever it calls. It is the holiest, the noblest thing in man. It differentiates him from lower orders of beings; it nurtures within him a divine life; it makes him a child of the skies walking upon earth. It is God's direct creation, God's most precious gift to men.

> "And I will place within them as a guide,
> My umpire, conscience, whom if they will hear,
> Light after light well used they shall attain,
> And to the end persisting safe arrive."[1]

"Est Deus in nobis"—"it is the Divinity within us."[2] Conscience is the voice of the Lawgiver of the universe proclaiming the eternal law of righteousness and summoning men to obey it. It is the voice of the mighty Guardian and Avenger of the moral law, the voice of Him whose rewards and punishments are meted out as surely as His justice is never thwarted or defeated. It is the voice of the Living God, and "no witness is so terrible, no accuser so powerful as the conscience that dwells in the breast of every man."[3]

Righteousness is the vital element in the rational and spiritual nature of man. Without it, man is little better than the brute that knows no other impulse than selfish instinct, no other purpose than selfish pleasure.

Where righteousness decays and perishes, whether in the individual or in the social organism,

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[1] Milton, Paradise Lost, Book III.
[2] Ovid, Fasti, Book VI.
[3] Polybius, Reliquiae, Chapter XVIII.

human life decays and perishes. And, on account of the supreme need of righteousness, the sense of it is planted deep in the human soul. The mind perforce hears its mandates, the heart perforce thrills beneath the power and splendor of its beauty. Throned in the very soul of man is the spirit of righteousness, and before its authority, whether we will or not, we bow in homage.

Conscience! Behold the source of the life and strength of democracy. From conscience will come to the people the virtues, social and personal, which are the web and woof of the pure and unselfish citizenship that renders self-government possible and permanent. From conscience and from conscience alone can come to democracy the vigor of life immortal.

Civil society is an institution of rights. Its function is to protect, severally and collectively, the rights of its members. To do this, society needs titanic power. Against society the passions of man rise in fiercest war—passions that recognize no rights and suffer no control, passions that are so mighty in their fury that, if not restrained, they break down all barriers and reduce all citadels to ruins. Wherever men are there are passions; in the bosom of human society there is ever slumbering the menace of revolt and anarchy.

Democracy proposes to itself the most arduous of social problems—it aims to build up a government that will hold in check the passions of the people while it entrusts to the people the right to

control the government. A paradox this appears to be—so hard is it to believe that the multitude will combat the passions raging within their own breasts, and enforce against themselves the empire of righteousness. Well, indeed, may we ask in wonder and anxiety, what is it that democracy relies upon for its strength and permanency?

Physical force, law, education not sufficient.

Shall democracy place its reliance on physical force, and call to its support soldiers and police? Then it is no longer democracy. Democracy may have soldiers and police to repress passion, when passion dominates only the few. When passion sways the multitude, physical force is of no avail. The multitude are the masters, and it is theirs to decree how they shall be governed. Speak, if you will, of physical force to empires and to monarchies, where the supreme power is vested in one or in the few. Speak, if you will, of physical force to a Napoleon. Napoleon made use of physical force; but Napoleon put no trust in the ability of the people to govern themselves. It was Napoleon who said: "You cannot act upon a very highly civilized people by an appeal to generous sentiments, which perish with religion and public morals, nor by an appeal to illusions, which enlightenment dissipates; they must be governed by an authority the force of which is evident and ever present." Upon this maxim he consistently acted: "With the armies of France at my back, I shall be always in the

right." But democracy can have nothing to do with a Napoleon.

Shall democracy place its reliance upon laws and lawgivers? Laws, indeed, have their function in a democratic regime; but laws can never be the mainstay of democracy. In a democratic regime, laws do not restrain the multitude. Laws embody the will of the multitude; they reflect the thoughts and the whims of the multitude. Legislatures are the creatures of the people; to a greater or less degree they will be docile to the behests of the people. If the people are corrupt, good laws will not be executed and evil laws will be enacted; the power of framing laws will be only an instrument of corruption and of anarchy. "Quid leges moribus vanae proficiunt?"—"what purpose do laws serve which morals do not vivify?"[1] What was true in Rome ages ago is true in America to-day.

Shall democracy place its reliance on education? Is not education the panacea of society's ills? Is not society safe in America where the school-house bedecks every vale and every hill-top? Our answer is: Education will not save democracy if education means only the training of the intellect. Intelligence is, assuredly, an essential element of good citizenship, and not for a moment should we dream of relaxing our efforts in fostering it. But, by itself, the training of the intellect develops power while leaving it without direction. Mighty is the

[1] Horace, Odes III, 24.

power of the mind when virtue guides it. More disastrous is it, more harmful far than simple ignorance, when it is controlled and swayed by evil appetites.

Finally, shall democracy place its reliance on that sense of selfishness on which a certain school of modern thought lays so much stress—a school which holds it safe to entrust government to the multitude, on the ground that each one will be willing to see in the welfare of all the welfare of himself, and will be ready to sacrifice his own interests to the interests of the commonweal? Alas, however much a philosophy of this kind may appeal to the cultured few, it has but little weight with the masses of the people. Under the domination of passion the multitude will not await remote results; they demand prompt and immediate satisfaction. If society bids them delay, however alluring be the promise of enjoyment in the future, they declare society their enemy, and, in their impatience, plot to compass its destruction. Philosophers of the utilitarian school fail to read aright the hearts of men.

Power of conscience.

Wherein, then, is to be found safety for democracy? Nowhere if not in a force that resides within the citizen himself, that takes hold of his entire being, fostering what is good, repressing what is evil, and bringing all his energies into subjection to the Supreme Ruler and Master of the world. Naught else but conscience can save democracy.

Conscience alone can subjugate passion. Always and everywhere civilization was primarily and vitally ethical. It flourished with virtue; it decayed with vice. Rome had its armies and navies, its orators and philosophers, its palaces and marts. Yet Rome perished. It perished when the daily cry of the multitude was, "Panes et Circenses"—"Bread and Games;" when, as Marcus Aurelius could say, "Faith, reverence and justice fled from earth to Heaven." Rome would have lived through long ages had she learnt better the lesson of her poet: "Moribus antiquis res stat virisque Romana"—"Rome endures with the morals and men of days of old." As Rome sank into death, so will every nation sink into death, where virtue loses its grasp upon souls. Especially is this true of a nation ruled by democracy. There the people have the entire power in their own hands, and, if not controlled by the moral law, they yield it up to passion and to the anarchy of passion. For democracy there is no salvation except through the moral law deeply engraved in the souls of the people.

Few writers have understood so profoundly as De Tocqueville the principles and the requirements of democracy. "How is it possible," he wrote, "that society should escape destruction, if the moral law be not strengthened in proportion as the political tie is relaxed? What can be done with a people who are their own masters, if they be not submissive to the Deity?"[1] When morality has de-

[1]Democracy in America, Vol. I, chap. 27.

cayed in a people, that people is no longer capable of self-government; society then clamors for a Napoleon—only a dictator can save it from itself.

> "Because right is right, to follow right
> Is wisdom in the scorn of consequences."

This, the principle that must ever guide Americans if the democracy of America is to endure. The righteous man will always be the righteous citizen. The ten commandments are the surest foundation of civic as well as of personal virtue.

While conscience is supreme, the citizen, when exercising his right of suffrage, will spurn as a deadly insult the proffer of a bribe. He will cast his vote for good and wise men, men to whom the life and the interests of the commonwealth may be safely confided. When invested with legislative or executive power, he will remember that such power is a sacred trust, to be used only for the welfare of the country, not for the gratification of his own ambition, nor for the aggrandizement of friends or followers. While conscience is supreme, no Jugurtha will say, "Here all things are purchasable;" no Cæsar will wrest from the Republic its life or its liberty. While conscience is supreme, Americans will be law-abiding, because they will regard the law of the nation as the law of the Master of nations. They will respect the rights of one another, because for them God is the guardian of rights. They will labor with earnest zeal to promote the public welfare, and secure to the nation

peace and prosperity, because civil society is the ordinance of the Creator, and to serve society is to serve God.

We dread social war; but if conscience is supreme, we need have no alarm. There will be, indeed, differences of talent and strength among men; and differences, therefore, in the conditions of society. But there shall be peace: the divine law of justice and charity will prevail. They who give labor will give it honestly and faithfully; they who receive it will give in return honorable treatment and just wage. Poverty will retain its self-respect; wealth will be mindful of its duties as well as of its rights. All will be fellow-men and brothers; all will be the children of the Heavenly Father.

There are moments when thoughtful men stand horror-stricken at the thought of what must happen should Americans betray their conscience and their citizenship.

It is election day—in a few hours twelve million voters pronounce judgment upon the affairs of the nation. As they decide, so shall laws be enacted and enforced in city, state and nation; so during coming years, for life or for death, shall the destinies of the nation be swayed. Take conscience away, bid voters scramble for loaves and games, as did once the populace of Rome—the days of democracy are numbered. Either an "imperator" will trample upon liberty, or anarchy will light its lurid fires. But let us have no fear: conscience is on guard.

A crisis arises, such as the enemies of democracy have long predicted for America, such as Macauley foreshadowed when he wrote: "The peril from which democracy cannot escape will befall it in a season of hard times, when the masses of the people will make use of their political power to despoil the rich and disrupt society."[1] Let the crisis come. Solemn as may be the moment, much as there may be at stake, there is naught to fear: conscience is on guard.

A nation without a conscience is a nation without a soul: the sooner the earth is rid of it, the better for humanity. From it nothing good or great can come. "Without virtue there are no great men," writes De Tocqueville, "and without virtue there are no great nations." Where passion dominates, where sensuality and greed are the common motives of action, minds are narrowed and hearts are withered. Each one sees but himself and works but for himself. No heroic deed is done for country; no beneficent deed for fellow man. "Personal interest," it has been well said, "begets only cowardice." The power of sacrifice is the very condition of great thoughts and great deeds, and the power of sacrifice springs from conscience. The brightest pages of our history were dictated by conscience: deeds of valor in days of war, deeds of charity in days of peace, were inspired by conscience. It was conscience that impelled Americans to redden hundreds of battle-fields in order to keep America one and undivided, and to

[1] Letter to Henry S. Randall.

make the flag of America the flag of freedom for all the sons of her soil. It is conscience that will lead Americans to watch with jealous care over the weal of the country, to nurture social peace and happiness, to make America the best, the fairest of nations.

How precious is conscience! How much we should treasure it! With what diligent care we should enlighten and strengthen it in ourselves and in our fellow-citizens!

How conscience is fostered in a people.

Especially should we see to it that conscience be fostered in the souls of the youth and grow there into such abiding power that it will hold them ever steadfast in the path of duty. The boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow. As the rising generation is, so will be the future citizenship of the country. Let us not shut our eyes to facts: tens of thousands of the children of the land are growing up with little or no moral training. We should know that very little is done for youth when they are taught to read, write and cipher. Far more necessary for them than proficiency in literature and in science is proficiency in the practice of virtue. Day by day should the youth be taught to be honest and honorable, pure-hearted and charitable, capable of sacrifice and self-control. Day by day, should the commandments of the Almighty be impressed upon their minds; day by day should the love of righteousness be instilled into their hearts, and the practice of it made to run through their thoughts, their

words, their acts, even as the life blood courses through their physical frames. Otherwise, how will they be able, in maturer years, to cope with the manifold temptations of evil which are sure to assail them?

A mighty agency of moral education is the public press.[1] It has been recently said, and not without good reason, that the press is the modern Established Church. To-day the newspaper is read everywhere and by everybody, in city and village, by rich and poor, by young and old alike. Fearful the responsibility that rests upon the press. O for the moral press, that records virtues only to extol them, and vices only to condemn them, that never panders to the tastes of the depraved, that ever aims to improve and uplift the morals of the people! Sensational journalism is a standing menace to virtue; it should receive the stern condemnation of all who have at heart the highest interests of the country.

By the silent power of example every good man is a teacher of morals. The more conspicuous a citizen is by office, wealth, or social position, the greater is his obligation to be a pattern of virtue. A single glaring deed of profligacy or dishonesty done in high places relaxes the moral tone of un-

[1] "The man who writes, the man who month in and month out, week in and week out, day in and day out, furnishes the material which is to shape the thoughts of our people, is essentially the man who more than any other determines the character of the people and the kind of government this people shall possess."—President Roosevelt, April 7, 1904.

counted thousands. The salvation of the country is an exalted public opinion that is quick to reward with praise or to punish with opprobrium. A sound public opinion is the country's supreme court of good morals. With it tens of thousands are preserved from evil; without it tens of thousands rush headlong into moral ruin. We should strive with all our might to form and maintain in America a high moral public opinion.

And then, above all, let religion reign supreme in the land. Without religion, whatever else is done to build up and strengthen conscience will fail of its purpose.

Conscience, we have said, is the voice of the Mighty God speaking to the soul in solemn proclamation of the law of righteousness. Only when the voice of conscience is recognized as the voice of God has conscience authority to command and to enforce obedience to its mandates. And religion it is that binds the soul to God, bringing down to the soul the sense of the love and the power of God, and lifting up the soul into the embrace of God, into the participation of the very life and blessedness of God. A people without religion is a people without God, a people without God is a people without conscience, and a people without conscience is a people incapable of the sacrifices that sincere and earnest patriotism imposes. Even pagan Rome understood that country and religion stand or fall together. Its battle-cry was "for altars and hearthstones"—"pro aris et focis." Profoundly true are

the words of the Hebrew prophet: "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish" —words on which all history is a commentary.[1]

Religion and conscience.

If ever the crisis of democracy comes, it will come with the crisis of religion. Let us be on our guard. There is need that we be vigilant. Evil are the days when agnosticism and materialism are preached through the land; when man is told that he is but a piece of mechanism, with no free will in control, a grain of dust tossed up for a moment from the common heap into the air, a being without responsibility and without hope, save such as belong to the clay and stone around him. Allow such teachings to prevail and all is over

[1]Japan is often pointed to as proof that religion is not essential to the welfare of a nation, and the indifference of that progressive country to religion has been the subject of much surprise and criticism among western peoples. Of late, however, there are many indications that Japanese statesmen are coming to recognize the absolute necessity of religion for national welfare. A few months ago Count Okuma, formerly President of the Cabinet, in a discourse that attracted much attention in England and in America declared that religion is indispensable to a people, and that the Christian code of morality is superior to all others. Similarly, another minister of state, Baron Macsima, gave expression to the same thought in words which deserve to be quoted: "I am deeply convinced that both as a nation and as individuals we need religion as the foundation of our prosperity. We have a great army and a splendid fleet, but unless we place justice at the basis of our national existence we can never attain the highest glory. When I look around for a religion upon which our national well-being may most safely rest, I arrive at the conviction that among all religions the religion of Christ is most replete with vitality and most surely holds the promise of the future." Count Okuma and Baron Macsima are only two among the many public men of note in Japan who hold that no enduring national greatness is possible without religion.

with democracy, all is over with America. Fortunately, the instinct of religion lies deep in the heart of the American people. Americans will never believe that the world is not ruled by an Infinite Intelligence; they will never permit the Lord's Day to be wrested from them, nor silence to be imposed upon the music of their church bells. Our hopes for America rise from our trust in the religious convictions of her people. The enemies of God and of religion are the worst enemies of country and of democracy; be there no place for them in America.

America, know thy needs; know whence comes to thee salvation!

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: THE IDEAL EMBODIMENT OF DEMOCRACY

On the evening of October 7, 1899, a banquet was given by the Marquette Club of Chicago in honor of the President of the United States, William McKinley.

The programme of addresses was as follows:

Chairman's Address.....Herman B. Wickersham.
"Old Chicago".....Addison Ballard.
The American Republic.....Archbishop Ireland.
Address.....President McKinley.
The American Soldier.....
Elihu Root, Secretary of War
The Present Administration.....
Senator C. W. Fairbanks.
Republicanism in the South.....James E. Boyd.
Patriotism in the West.....Judge H. J. Hamlin.

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: THE IDEAL EMBODIMENT OF DEMOCRACY

THE American Republic! We salute her with exulting pride. We pledge to her undying love and loyalty. God of nations, we pray Thee that she endure and prosper.

The American Republic! Liberty's own creation: living symbol of human rights and of human dignity: guardian of justice and of freedom: inspiration of hope to all peoples on earth—she deserves unbounded admiration, unbounded devotion.

The American Republic! Prize of the valor and self-sacrifice of our forefathers, idol of generations of Americans—she is ours to cherish and defend, ours to guard for future ages in undiminished power and splendor.

The American Republic! May Americans ever know the fullness of her beauty and greatness, ever serve her with the loyalty and energy to which her grandeur entitles her.

The Republic of America is democracy—democracy in bounteous beneficence—democracy in stately and imperishable form. As such, she wins the fondest love and deepest homage of her sons; as such, she rivets upon herself the attention of the world. The glory of America is her democracy.

Democracy, the spirit of liberty incarnate! Often in times past did the fair vision flit across the minds of peoples. For long it was as a creature of the skies, something too ethereal to make its home on earth. Now and then it seemed to come near, more radiant in form, more terrestrial in habiliment; men hoped that it was about to abide with them; they heard the whisper of its voice, they touched the hem of its garment. But, again, it would flee their embrace and return to the skies. With the passing of ages, however, men's souls were waxing stronger; more and more they were being leavened by the teachings of the Prophet of Galilee, and farther and farther they were reaching out in quest of right and justice. At last, the tokens were unmistakable; democracy was in truth passing over peoples, seeking a dwelling place upon earth. At that moment a new nation was to arise, whose territory would be unencumbered with traditions, and whose boundless resources would hold out the promise of pre-eminent power and influence. There democracy found a fitting abode, and stood forth upon the earth in all her beauty, in all her majesty. Democracy was the Republic of America.

Democracy, the sovereignty of the people.

Democracy is the sovereignty of the people. Democracy not only grants to the people what is theirs by inalienable right—the primary custody of the sovereign power delegated to civil society by Almighty God—but it also confides to the people the immediate and direct exercise of that power.

The welfare of the people, the uplifting of the people, the preservation of the natural dignity and rights of the people—such is the exalted mission of democracy.

The dignity of manhood.

Democracy recognizes and consecrates the dignity of manhood. Under other forms of government, civil and political rights are the privileges of birth or of station; under democracy they are the dower of manhood and of manhood alone. Manhood is the sole condition of citizenship, the sole title to all its rights and privileges. Universal suffrage is the fullest expression of social rights, and universal suffrage democracy bases upon manhood. When the citizen stands at the electoral urn, all else but his manhood is forgotten; he is an equal among equals; he understands and feels the dignity of his manhood, and others see and understand it.

Equality of rights and opportunities.

Democracy guarantees equality of rights and of opportunities. "All men are created equal"—so is it declared by the most authoritative document of democracy. All men are created equal, not, indeed, in natural endowments, but in the rights that are guaranteed and the opportunities that are afforded by the laws of the nation. Under the reign of democracy, one man is not born a patrician or a feudal lord, and another a plebeian or a serf; every one is born a man. Office and dignities are not the exclusive appanage of a family or a class; they are the common inheritance of all. He who to-day is the

poorest and humblest of citizens may to-morrow be the highest and most honored in the nation. Under the reign of democracy a man is what the gifts of the Creator and his own energy and wisdom make him, not what human ordinances entitle him to be.

Civil liberty.

Democracy is civil liberty. Liberty is the ownership of one's self, the right to dispose of one's self and of one's power of action as one chooses and wills, save only inasmuch as reason imposes restrictions in the name of liberty itself. Restrictions that are thus imposed upon liberty in order to save society from chaos are restrictions in seeming only —they are in reality safeguards of liberty, even as the restrictions imposed upon individual men by the laws of their physical and moral nature are safeguards of their personal life and health. Liberty is abridged only where it labors under restrictions that are not called for by the needs of society, and that have for their purpose the advantage of the few, not the good of the many. Restrictions such as these democracy does not tolerate, for democracy vindicates for every member of the community the fullest liberty compatible with the welfare of all.

Political liberty

Democracy is political liberty. It places in the hands of the people the government of the community: the people, as far as the requirements of public order allow, make the laws and administer the affairs of the nation. The people themselves judge what restrictions upon liberty are needed for

the general welfare, what restrictions would infringe their natural rights. Political liberty is the palladium of civil liberty; the very restrictions which civil liberty demands are willed and ordained by the people themselves in the free and untrammelled exercise of their natural rights. Political liberty is the crowning gift of democracy, the guardian of all the other blessings with which it enriches a nation.

Perils of democracy.

Need we wonder that men prize democracy—a polity that, as no other, elevates human dignity, allows full play to the human mind and will, and bears with it the promise of liberty in richest beneficence? Need we wonder that the Colonists were willing to face the tremendous task of organizing democracy, when the fortunes of war entitled them to establish on the western continent a new and independent nation? Tremendous was the task that confronted the Colonists: to organize democracy, to avoid its perils and yet to possess its blessings, to establish the reign of liberty and yet to build up a firm and effective government, to give liberty to the multitude and yet to safeguard social order. Democracy, with all the blessings that it brings, brings, also, difficulties and perils—difficulties and perils that spring from the very prodigality of its beneficence. It makes the multitude the masters: will not the multitude become the prey of passion and use their liberty for the destruction of society?

The multitude heretofore had been regarded as the untamed and untameable mass; to bid them be free, it had been thought, was to unchain unreasoning and uncontrollable passion; to bid them build was to invite anarchy and chaos. And, now, the multitude were to become the masters, and yet order must be secured; the multitude were to build, and yet the social edifice must rest upon enduring foundations.

The convention of 1787.

In organizing democracy the Colonists were forced to rely upon themselves and their own wisdom. History offered no precedents for the task, experience afforded no guidance. It was a mighty problem that confronted the Convention of 1787, and mighty were the issues which it involved. Not only the life of the new-born nation, but the very possibility of democracy itself was in the balance. If democracy were to fail in America, no other people would dare put faith in it for long years to come. Well did the Convention understand how fateful was the hour. With a voice that trembled with emotion Franklin declared that the guidance of Heaven must be sought, and that prayers imploring divine light should be offered daily during the sessions of the Convention. And well did the Convention do its work; it organized democracy and gave to the world the ideal republic.

Liberty in order and order in liberty—such, the Republic of the United States.

The constitution of the United States safeguards liberty; it establishes on a secure and enduring basis the sovereignty of the people. Officials, indeed, there must be to make and to enforce laws—tasks which, in the nature of things, the multitude cannot execute. But the provisions of the constitution are such that at all times the people remain the masters, and officials, whether legislative or executive, are only the representatives and agents of the people, whose will they cannot frustrate or set aside. Officials are chosen by popular vote, and their tenure of office is made brief, a plain warning to them that their authority is from the people, and that, if they be faithless to their trust, they will soon be commanded to lay it down. While in office they are controlled throughout by the constitution—the enduring embodiment of the will of the people—which limits their sphere of action to well-defined lines, and makes careful provision to hold them within those lines. The natural interdependence of the two branches of government is such that neither can venture beyond its legitimate sphere without the consent and connivance of the other; and, should it ever happen that both branches agreed to the transgression, there is a Supreme Court—the watchful interpreter of the constitution—to hold them within the bounds of their commission.

The constitution secures liberty.

While making liberty secure, the constitution

of the United States makes order secure. Under its provisions the powers delegated to President and Congress are amply sufficient for all purposes of government. President and legislators are free from restraints other than those imposed by their consciences and by the constitution of the country. Their scope of action is broad: the authority of the President is certainly far wider than that of rulers of constitutional monarchies in Europe. Members of the government, moreover, hold office for a time sufficiently long to enable them to form and mature plans of administration and to submit them to the test of experience. Their tenure of office, too, may be prolonged, if, at the expiration of their term, the people deem such an extension of favor to be for the welfare of the nation.

The constitution secures order.

A tenure of office, not too brief and yet sufficiently brief, and independence of action granted to ministers of the government, render possible the legitimate exercise of popular liberty while they obviate the perils of popular fickleness and instability. It is the serious and abiding resolve, not the momentary outburst of excitement, that is to be taken as the will of the people. The founders of the constitution knew human nature: they knew when human nature is truly itself, and when it is the prey of sudden ebullitions of feeling which it quickly disowns on its return to its normal self-possession. They held, as De Tocqueville holds, that "the majority obey justice and reason," but they were

also aware that the majority are not always or necessarily free from excitement and passion, and that at times they must be saved from the danger of rushing headlong into imprudent and disastrous measures.

Liberty in order and order in liberty—such the ideal which the founders of the constitution kept steadily in view—such the ideal which they embodied in concrete and durable form. This, indeed, is the singular feature of political wisdom in the constitution of the United States: its exquisite balancing of measures which are to guard liberty and of measures which are to guard order—so admirably combined and interlocked are they one with the other that they form one harmonious legislation, in which no jar or separateness is perceptible and by which, nevertheless, effects so seemingly contradictory and discordant as liberty and order are secured and made permanent. The constitution of the United States is the masterpiece of thought and skill in the annals of human legislation.

That in the course of time conditions may arise which were not foreseen by the founders of the constitution is a possibility that no one denies. For such contingencies the remedy is at hand: the constitution may be amended; the people may order changes in its articles. But as the power to amend the constitution is a dangerous power, to be used only on rarest occasions and with most vigilant care, before any alteration can be made due time for calm and thoughtful reflection must be allowed, and an

overwhelming majority of the citizenship of the country must have spoken. In this way, habit of continuity is combined with sobriety of freedom; the ship of state is safe, whether its course lies over placid waters or through troublous seas

Comparison with Great Britain and France.

A passing glance at other governments may serve to give us a better understanding and a higher appreciation of our own polity. In the monarchy of Great Britain one branch of the government, the legislative, is practically supreme—to all intents and purposes it is the whole government. The King never dares to interfere, whatever in theory be his right to do so, and, even if he did interfere, it would be in the name of the Crown, not in that of the people. Nor is Parliament itself wholly representative of the popular will, since a seat in the House of Lords is the exclusive privilege of nobility or of ecclesiastical preferment. Furthermore, Parliament is independent of all restrictions or limitations: no written constitution holds sway over it; whatever force there be in the unwritten traditions of the country, an act of Parliament can overrule and disregard them. How different is all this from the spirit and workings of the American constitution!

In the Republic of France the Senate and the Chamber constitute practically the entire government—the President, as a matter of fact, exercising little or no authority. Members of both bodies are elected for long terms and are thus allowed to be less regardful of the popular will. Indeed, whether

for this or some other reason, the legislature in France is as autocratic in its acts and as heedless of public opinion as was ever the monarchy of Louis XIV.

Neither in Great Britain nor in France—in no country, indeed—is there a tribunal similar to the Supreme Court of the United States. To the Supreme Court both branches of government are amenable if doubt arises as to whether they have violated the nation's Magna Charta. Of all the measures of the Convention of 1787, perhaps the wisest was the institution of the Supreme Court—a tribunal as independent of President and of Congress as it is of popular clamor, as independent in its decrees as truth and justice are in theirs, the guardian of the constitution and of the life of the Republic, the custodian of political and civil liberty. In authority and grandeur the Supreme Court of America stands out without parallel among the tribunals of the world.

Divine Providence, surely, directed the men who founded the constitution; wisely did they build. They gave to the world the American Republic—the ideal republic, respecting the sovereignty of the people, potent to maintain and to promote the growth and the prosperity of the nation.

The American Republic! Time, the unchallenged witness of worth, has pronounced upon her.

The test of a century.

The Republic has seen a century of years; how noble to-day her mien, how majestic her march! When she took her place among the nations, many

were the predictions that she was doomed to a brief and inglorious career. Have the prophecies been fulfilled? As years came and went she waxed stronger, shone with more resplendent beauty, gave forth richer promise of benediction, and spread over broader territory her influence and her name. Behold her to-day—the envied, the admired of nations!

The constitution of the United States has in all its essential features remained unaltered—and this, during a century remarkable in history for its revolutions and organic changes of government. The few changes which were made served only to embody in clearer form its original spirit and intent.

The people of America have enjoyed without stint the blessings of democracy; no right of citizenship has been abridged, no privilege has been curtailed, no opportunity denied to some and granted to others. Dignities and honors have fallen impartially to the lot of men in all stations of life. Religious bigotry has been steadily frowned upon and banished forever from the land. America is freedom's own country; there every man is a man, there all men are equal before the law and share equally in the sovereignty of the people.

The population of America has spread from ocean to ocean. Multitudes born under governments most dissimilar have come to her shores, but they have been fashioned into true and loyal citizens. Wars have been waged with foreign nations, but they have always brought victory to America. Civil strife attempted to rend the nation

in twain, but the banner of America has remained untorn and unstained. The unity of the nation is to-day firmer than ever; the splendor of the nation's glory shines more dazzling than before; the hearts of the people thrill with deeper love for their country, and are pledged more steadfastly to serve and defend it. A century of years has given us the United States of to-day, the American people of to-day.

Nor has there been wanting in America anything that makes a people prosperous. The material greatness of the country is the envy of the world. A republican regime is shown to be not only no obstacle to the prosperity of America, but even an important factor in her wondrous growth, by the impetus which it affords to individuality and personal initiative, by the sense of dignity and power which it fosters in men's souls, and by the equal distribution of opportunities among the people without regard to birth or rank. America is prosperous; her mines yield richest treasures; her factories throb with ceaseless life; her manufactures fill the markets of Europe and Asia; her fields teem with fairest harvests; her prairies send food to all parts of the world. In no other country is wealth so widely distributed, labor so generously requited; in no other country is the home of the working man so comfortable and so refined.

Some fifty years ago a Mill and a Carlyle taunted America with knowing nothing of the higher life that finds expression in literature and art. These

critics were too hasty in their judgment; they should have given America time to grow. The first task of the American people was to build homes and subjugate the land. Having done this, they harkened to other demands and inspirations. What they are doing for culture, what they promise to do, proves that democracy is no enemy of the higher life, and that America will in due time contribute her full share to the intellectual and artistic work of the world. Already she has her poets and her orators, her historians and her philosophers, men whose names other nations are not reluctant to inscribe on the rolls of fame. American painters and sculptors win renown in the "salons" of Europe. American students throng the art schools of Rome and of Paris, and masters praise their taste and talent. American museums and libraries gather richest treasures from all parts of the world. American universities win the world's admiration, not only by their daring ambition, but also by the valuable results which have already rewarded their researches. America, surely, belies the charge that under a republican regime literature and art languish from lack of encouragement. In a progressive and enlightened democracy the people are the princely patrons of intellect, and, as America testifies, the richer the citizen the richer is his tribute to talent and genius.

Nor has there been in America a deterioration of national character, a lowering of the standard of public or private life. In America the general tone and trend of social life make for honor and honesty, for truth and morality. Public opinion metes out

stern condemnation to wrongdoing, and unstinted approval to righteous conduct. The typical American home is the shrine of domestic virtues. Religion is held in high honor. The number of men and women earnest in toiling for suffering humanity, ever ready to sacrifice time and money in uplifting the masses, is legion. Generous, large minded, public spirited, Americans yield to none in the characteristics of a great people. Surely democracy in America is no unmaker of manhood or citizenship. Moral sores and delinquencies, no doubt, there are in America; such things are everywhere the miserable accompaniments of humanity, under monarchies and empires no less than under the freest republican regime.

And, surely, there has not been in America a deterioration of patriotism. Where is the nation to whose call citizens respond with such promptness, with such self-forgetfulness, and in such numbers? Men ready to die in defense of their country are never few in America. Conscription is not needed to fill the ranks of army and navy. And what valor, what skill, the soldiers of America display in battle! They know not defeat. Defeat! they will never know it.

America is not, indeed, without her faults; perils not a few lie in wait for her peace and life. But the evils are not so grave that democracy may not avert them. We must, however, be on guard and at work. Be there always among us the spirit of righteousness, the love of religion, the disinter-

Trust in the American Republic.

estedness of purest patriotism. Let every one who puts his trust in the Republic foster in his own soul the virtues of unblemished citizenship, and then, with unabated energy labor to foster the same virtues in the souls of others. Let every effort be made to build up and maintain an enlightened public opinion in favor of truth and justice, of religion and morality, and America is safe, and with America democracy is safe.

Have I fear for America? I have no fear. I know America and her people; I see her in the history of a century; I see her in her aspirations and her resolves. It matters little to me what the difficulties are that may confront us, be they political, social, or industrial. I have trust in the good sense of the people, I have trust in the power of public opinion. I have trust in the freedom of the Republic and in the healthful discussion which it allows. I have trust in American justice. I have trust in American democracy and in the civic virtues that are begotten of its life and inspirations. Perils have arisen and perils will arise; America has overcome those of the past; she will overcome those of the future. I have no fear.

The American Republic! She lives and liberty lives with her. Whither the flag of America goes, thither liberty goes. We watch to-day with straining eyes and throbbing hearts the journeyings of the American flag to distant islands. We pray for its safety and its honor; we proclaim that in Asia no less than in America the flag means liberty, and

bears in its folds all the blessings of liberty. There are those who fear that in the Philippine Islands the American flag is the repression of liberty. God forbid! In the Philippine Islands, as in America, it must and will be the flag of liberty. What the flag is doing to-day in the Philippine Islands is to make possible the enjoyment of liberty, by establishing civil order, so that America may know who constitute the people of the Philippine Islands, who there have the right to speak for the people, and to tell what are the rights which the people demand and which they are fitted to exercise. Before aught else is done, order must be restored in the Philippines. This duty the fate of war has imposed upon America; this duty done, the flag of America may be trusted. The flag will be in the Philippines what it is within the borders of America, the harbinger of liberty, the guardian of the rights of the people.

The American Republic! She lives and liberty lives with her.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE SAVIOR OF THE UNION—THE EXEMPLAR OF DEMOCRACY

THE address on Abraham Lincoln was delivered at a banquet given by the Lincoln Club of Chicago, on the evening of February 12, 1903.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE SAVIOR OF THE UNION — THE EXEMPLAR OF DEMOCRACY

THERE came upon the Republic of the United States a time of awful portent. Clouds were lowering dark and heavy around her brow; storms were beating with wildest fury against her breast. Her life-strings were snapping and the palsy of death was benumbing her limbs. The nation stood aghast; whither to turn, what to do, she knew not. It seemed as if all was over, as if the aspirations and the hopes of the people of America, the hopes of humanity itself, were doomed to go down beyond recall to deepest oblivion.

Crisis of the Republic.

Fourteen states were in open rebellion; others were in fierce turmoil, debating what course they should follow. Soon guns were to be trained upon the star-spangled banner; soon war was to be waged against the life of the Republic.

The South was ready for the direful work. Faithless officials of the national government had placed arms and ammunition under its control, and experienced officers of the army and navy, holding the claims of birthplace to be paramount to those of the

Union, stood ready to unsheathe their swords and further the cause of disintegration.

The North was unprepared to meet the danger. Worse, it was torn asunder and weakened by division of sentiment and of purpose. The vast majority of the people were, indeed, devoted to the Union and counted no sacrifice too heavy to save it. But there were those who either proposed dangerous compromises and concessions, or gave their sympathy to the insurrection, and invoked victory upon its banners.

Beyond the ocean, the governments of England and of France rejoiced to see the Republic of America in the throes of civil strife, and were impatient to set the seal of their approval upon the new-born Confederacy. To monarchies and empires the Republic was a reproach and a menace; some of them were but too willing to compass the ruin of a nation that was the harbinger of political liberty to the world.

The national government was still in existence in Washington; but its army and its navy were little more than a name; its coffers were empty; its officials were frightened and divided in counsel, some even covertly leagued with the enemy. At any moment the troops of the South might cross the Potomac and plant their standards upon Capitol Hill.

It had come to this, that the newly elected President of the Republic had to make his way into the city in the darkness of night and to surround himself

with guards lest while he spoke his oath of office he be stricken down by the dagger of an assassin. It had come to this, that as the newly elected President threw out his tall form above the surging throngs, the hearts of the most loyal quailed, and the question forced itself upon them: Is this man to be the last of Washington's successors, the last President of the United States of America?

Yes, the fateful question was asked: Is the Republic doomed to death? And with this question there rose up others no less terrifying: Must democracy be deemed a Eutopia? Is popular sovereignty only such stuff as dreams are made of? Is the ownership of man by man to be sanctioned in America and allowed to endure there for ages? Is civil and political liberty to be forever homeless and hopeless in the world of men?

From the gloom, from the storms and fears of 1861 turn, fellow-citizens, to the peaceful days, to the splendors and the hopes of 1903.

The Republic of to-day.

Behold the Republic of America! Saved from death and oblivion, she rears her beauteous form over the Western Continent, radiant beneath the effulgence of liberty's golden sun. A mighty nation among nations, strong and prosperous at home, honored and respected abroad, she fulfills all the promises of her natal day, she unfolds before the eyes of the world all the blessings that hopes of men and smiles of Heaven entrusted to her keeping. The faithful guardian of liberty, she holds its

gifts secure for all her people, and whispers its hopes to all mankind. The Republic of the United States! Salute her, fellow-citizens, in exultant acclaim; with pride and gladness pledge to her your undying allegiance.

Behold the flag of America, the star-spangled banner! They glitter upon it, one and all, the stars that of yore lit it to glory, and new stars are there to add new brightness to the cluster. The old flag! It rose without stain or blemish from the ordeal of a hundred battlefields; it never knew disgrace; its every fold palpitates with victory. It floats to-day on the oceans of both hemispheres, and in both hemispheres it is honored and respected. The old flag! Hail it, fellow-citizens, vow to it unswerving loyalty and devotion.

Lincoln, the savior of the Union.

And who is he to whom we are indebted for the Republic of to-day? Who is he that rescued her from death and oblivion, staunched her bleeding wounds, nursed her back to health and beauty, breathed into her new life and new enthusiasm, and set her forth on her triumphant march towards the heights of power and majesty where she lives and reigns to-day? Who is he that with his strong hand caught up the old flag when enemies sought to trail it in the dust, and saved it to America and liberty, making it immortal in life, imperishable in glory? Who is he? Him shall we hold in sacred remembrance; to him shall we rear a shrine in the

heart of the country, where shall burn forever the incense of love and veneration. His name—be it spoken with reverence and affection—is Abraham Lincoln.

This will be for ages to come the testimony of America—Abraham Lincoln saved the Republic.

Lincoln's faith and courage.

Fear and uncertainty paralyzed the country; the bravest were on the brink of despair; the wisest knew not what to do or what to counsel; everything depended on the newly chosen leader of the nation. Were he, even for a moment, to show signs of weakness or vacillation, the country would be stricken with panic, and before it could gather its life-forces to stem the incoming billows, it would be engulfed in the tide of war. But, were he to speak promptly and act decisively as if discerning rays of bright sunshine amid parting clouds, the nation would rise to confidence in itself and the tide of ruin would be stayed. Lincoln was the man of the hour. With the oath of office there rang out in clarion tones his watchword: the Union must be saved, the Union will be saved. Full of hope and power the watchword sped through city and hamlet, over mountain and plain, and everywhere it evoked instant response. The Union must be saved, the Union will be saved, was Lincoln's cry; and borne on every wind came back the people's cry: the Union must be saved, the Union will be saved, and to save it we are coming, Father Abraham, a hundred thousand strong. The North was on its feet to con-

quer or to die. It was Lincoln's faith and courage that aroused it and inspired it. Once on its feet, the North was sure, sooner or later, to put down the rebellion.

What he was in the first hour of the war, Lincoln remained while the war lasted. Never did he relax his faith or his courage. It was a mighty task to preserve the Union, far mightier than at the beginning it had seemed to be. Obstacles of all kinds impeded the movements of the national government; disaster met its armies on their march to Richmond and in front of the mountain citadels of Fredericksburg; foreign countries lent sympathy and support to the enemy, while discord at home threatened to dishearten the men in the field, and to defeat the measures of President and Congress. But Lincoln never wavered; his faith in the Union, his confidence in the All-ruling God, could not be shaken; and as he bore himself so the people bore themselves. The country made every sacrifice; money poured into the national treasury; men by hundreds of thousands rushed into battle; every call to arms met with an immediate response. Lincoln was loved and trusted; he held the North in his hand. Under the spell of his voice such was the uprising of the people that the North was invincible; however determined the South might be, victory was sure ultimately to light on the banners of the Federal armies.

Lincoln's consecration of himself to his task was

absolute and unceasing; it was worthy of a great leader and of a great cause. Devotion such as his could not fail to insure success, if success were at all possible. It drew his counsellors and helpers into his own sweep of generosity and disinterestedness, and brought to the work of saving the Union all the resources of the country's talent and the country's power. Lincoln's single, all-controlling thought during his entire administration was to preserve the unity of the nation—that, and nothing else, that, at all times and above all else. He labored day and night; no one ever was so unsparing of time and strength. His heart and soul were in his work. He thought of nothing else, he dreamed of nothing else. Personal interests and personal predilections he set aside; the weal of the nation alone was his supreme thought, his supreme desire. It mattered not whether men were opponents or allies, enemies or friends, if only they were devoted to the cause of the Union, their counsel was sought and welcomed by him. Plans of campaign at variance with his own he readily adopted if they seemed more likely to promise success. His election to a second term of the presidency he considered a matter of insignificant importance and entirely conditional on the great question, how should the Union be more surely saved? Slavery he abhorred; but even slavery he would have tolerated if the continuance of slavery within constitutional limits could avert the rebellion and hold the states together. The

Lincoln's devotion to duty.

question that always occupied his mind to the exclusion of every other was the salvation of the Union. In the thought of the Union all else was forgotten; into work for the Union his whole soul was thrown with all its energies. If ever leader deserved success, Lincoln deserved it; and Lincoln achieved success.

Lincoln's administrative ability.

Lincoln had to a remarkable degree the comprehension of the task to which he was appointed and the administrative ability required in the execution of it. The task was never in its mightiest grandeur too great for the reach of his vision, nor too complex for his power of penetrating analysis. He had his counselors, men of eminent ability and of unflinching devotion, but he never accepted their judgment until he had reasoned himself into adopting it as his own. Not rarely, when questions of vital importance were under consideration, he turned from the advice given to him, and found in his own counsel the wiser solution. It was not his cabinet officers that held the reins of government; it was the President, Abraham Lincoln. To commanders of the army he granted due latitude of action, but, map in hand, he followed their strategy closely, at times suggesting modifications in their plans, at times even substituting new plans; and whenever Lincoln took to himself the direction of military operations, no mistake was made. During the anxious years of his administration, the whole sphere of government, in matters military as well

as civil, foreign as well as domestic, was continuously watched by Lincoln's all-surveying eye, and thoroughly understood by his all-embracing mind.

Never before in history was so much tact, patience and courage required, as the task which lay before Lincoln demanded. Other rulers called upon to avert national catastrophe were, at least for the time being, autocrats; they spoke and all listened, they decreed and all obeyed. But Lincoln was dealing with democracy. It was persuasion, not force, argument and enthusiasm, not the will of the master, that were to bring the country to co-operate with him. Every day, every hour, most perplexing problems confronted him—counsels that must at least receive a hearing, enmity and antagonism that must be conciliated, opposition that must be quietly borne, personal interests, pride and ambition that must be humored and placated. It is not too much to say that in the Civil War more skill was required to bring into harmony the wills of the people of the North and hold them to concerted action, than to subdue the South, immense as were the difficulties which this task presented. But Lincoln toiled on ceaselessly and stubbornly, his courage never flagging, his mind ever growing in strength and power as new obstacles were encountered, as new problems arose to interrupt his march; and onward he went, year after year, carrying out his resolve to save the Union, convinced that in the counsels of the Almighty the Union was destined to be saved.

At last, one day, a tall, gaunt man, his face fur-

rowed by care, his eyes betraying a soul used to anxiety, yet now glowing with the enthusiasm of new visions and new hopes, walked, almost unattended and unnoticed, into the Capital of the Confederacy. It was Abraham Lincoln. The war was over; the Union was saved.

All honor to the loyal soldiers who suffered or died on wearying march or gory battlefield. All honor to the dauntless commanders who again and again marshalled the nation's patriots to victory. All honor to the noble statesmen who planned and toiled with tireless energy and unrivalled wisdom for the nation's honor and safety, as counselors and co-laborers of its chief magistrate. All these will America remember in gratitude and praise; all were necessary; all did well their part; without them the great leader would have been powerless; without them the Union could not have been saved. But, what were they all—soldiers, commanders and statesmen—without the great man in Washington who, throughout the long and dreary years of war, was ever thinking, ever praying, ever working, that the Union might be saved. Him will America ever hold in supreme reverence as the man who above all others saved the country. Of all the defenders of the Union Lincoln was the leader. Lincoln it was who summoned them to their work, who inspired them, who directed them. Lincoln it was whose faith was theirs, whose courage was theirs, whose wisdom was theirs, whose genius was the soul of their counsels and their movements. Lincoln it was

whose hand swayed the nation into daring and victory, who, first and foremost, was the agent of the Almighty in the preservation of the Union. Abraham Lincoln! As long as America lives, thou shalt live in the hearts of the people of America.

And now, let us ask, what was the early story of this savior of his country, Abraham Lincoln?

Lincoln, child and exemplar of democracy.

To answer this question would be to make still more conspicuous the greatness of Lincoln. Wondrous, indeed, was his power of soul, for it was of himself without aid or favor that he rose into towering eminence; imposing, indeed, his strength of character, for it bore him to such heights of greatness despite surroundings most adverse and obstacles apparently insuperable. Not, however, in order to give further glory to Lincoln do we now touch upon the story of his early career: rather is it to glorify what was ever so near and so dear to Lincoln's heart—the democracy of America, of which he, in a most signal manner, was the child and the exemplar as well as the defender and the savior.

Abraham Lincoln is the savior of the Union; fortunately for America, he is, also, the exemplar of American democracy.

As savior of the Union Lincoln would surely have been placed upon a pedestal so lofty that all succeeding generations would see him and admire him. How important it was that the man to whom America was to give supreme honor should be the impersonation of the very life of America! How

important it was that while paying homage to the hero all should feel they were being made truer Americans, and that the homage which they rendered should return to themselves in inspirations and lessons of highest and purest American patriotism! And so the guardian spirit of the country, consciously it would seem and with a set purpose, watched over Lincoln, fashioned him from his earliest years, inspired him, guided him to the end that he be, not only America's national hero, but, also, the embodiment of the ideals that make America what it is.

America in its vital elements is democracy; its government is a government by the people; its aim is the uplifting of the people. The spirit that animated the founders of the commonwealth was the spirit of democracy; the aims and the purposes assigned to the new nation were the aims and purposes of democracy; the form impressed upon it, the powers invested in it, were the form of democracy, the powers that issue from democracy. Democracy, then, must be the eminent characteristic of him who is to be the country's idol; it must be stamped on his every feature, it must breathe through his every word, it must be crystallized in his every act, so that America can no more forget democracy than it can bury in oblivion the hero whom its very life forbids it to forget. And all this Abraham Lincoln is—the ideal embodiment, the ideal exemplar of American democracy.

Lincoln was the American democrat, to the man-

ner born, to the manner bred, as instinctively representative of the realities and potencies of democracy, as he was strenuous in upholding its principles and purposes.

The son of poor and unlettered parents, growing up into boyhood and early manhood amid hardest toil, he was without instruction, save what he gleaned now and then in precarious intervals from itinerant teachers, in log schoolhouses. Entirely self-instructed, entirely self-made, he was without guidance or impulse save what was given by his own kindly nature and his own ardent soul.

Opportunity for all, simply on the ground of manhood, is a cardinal principle of democracy. A conspicuous proof that America adheres to its professions is found in Abraham Lincoln. He rose from lowliest rank to highest station: no feudal classes were there, no inherited birthrights, no legalized privileges to hamper his ascent. The sole cause of his advancement was the personal force within him, the steadiness of his vision of things good and great, the energy and perseverance of his indomitable will.

To be of the people, to be in touch with them, to work for their welfare, to believe that one's interest is their interest, that one's happiness is their happiness—this is democracy; and this is what Lincoln was during his whole career, in the White House at Washington, as well as in his father's cabin at home, and in the lawyer's office at Springfield. At all times and in all stations, Lincoln was

the plain, unassuming citizen, the kind-hearted neighbor, the friend of the poor, the counselor of the widow and the orphan, the devoted server of his fellow-man whosoever the fellow-man might be.

The democratic Lincoln, the very exemplar of democracy! As we contemplate him in this role, we admire, we love the very excesses of his democracy—his exceeding plainness of manner and of address, his unconscious disregard of social forms, his neglect of the formalities of official dignity. These features of Lincoln's character we must not regard simply as inevitable survivals of the backwoods and the prairie. Painters often heighten their hues to bring out more clearly the meaning of their penciling. So also, in fashioning her heroes, nature's purposeful hand allows itself at times to run into seeming excesses of noble characteristics in order that those qualities be the more distinctly brought out and the more surely admired. It is not essential that every American at some time or other of his life should have steered a flatboat on the Mississippi, or split rails in an Illinois maple grove; it is not essential that every American should take with him into high station the rural manners of Sangamon County or the familiar jocoseness of the circuit-riding lawyer. But it is essential that every American deem the humblest place in the social edifice to be no less honorable than the highest, if only the duty attached to it is well done; that he deem the lowliest position to be no bar to the highest, if only true worth adorn the occupant; and it is essential that, whatsoever place he may hold, he

sincerely believe himself to be the servant of his country, the servant of his fellow-man. This is what is needed in a democracy; this is what must be inculcated upon all whose honor it is to be citizens of a democracy; and it is well that the history of America should ever keep before its citizens an exemplar of those vital virtues of a democracy, an exemplar, which because of the grandeur of its figure can never be lost to view, can never cease to be the inspiring symbol, the potent teacher of the lessons of democracy. Such a symbol, such a teacher, America has, and always will have, in Abraham Lincoln.

The principles of Lincoln, the principles of democracy.

The political principles of democracy were the principles of Lincoln, ever sacred to him, ever inviolable. Never were these principles so clearly defined as when they were enunciated by Lincoln in the pithy words that have since become the formulas of democracy all over the world. Democracy, as Lincoln defines it, is "a government of the people, by the people, for the people." The groundwork of democracy is trust in the people. "The whole people may be wrong a part of the time; a part of the people may be wrong the whole time; the whole people will not be wrong the whole time." What Lincoln believed, he carried out in life and act, both as private citizen and as public official. To him the serious and abiding will of the people was the supreme law, which should never be disobeyed, never thwarted. It was permitted to the chief magistrate to form and direct public opinion,

to aid the people in building up their conviction; to do this, he assumed, was, at times, even the special prerogative of the constituted leader of the nation, whose high position enabled him to see farther and judge more surely than others. But, this done, whether the people accepted his views or held to their own, the people were in his eyes the supreme court whose verdict their highest representative had no more right to overlook than had the lowliest citizen in the land. Days of terrible trial for the Republic were those in which Lincoln held the reins of government. The Republic was on the verge of ruin; the methods of the dictator would have been for the moment tolerated, and the most violent measures would have been easily condoned if only they gave promise of salvation. But never did Lincoln dream of setting aside constitutional restraints, however burthensome and hampering they might be. Slavery itself, the vital cause of America's calamities, he respected scrupulously as long as the constitution shielded it. Only when, as a measure of war, emancipation was legal, did he proclaim emancipation. Never was democracy committed to more faithful hands than when in her days of sorest distress America confided her destinies to Lincoln.

Lincoln, the martyr of the Union.

The exemplar of American democracy Lincoln certainly was; the guardian spirit of America was watching over him, at every step of his career, to fashion him to be the hero that all must see and know. In order that beyond all doubt the fancy of ages should play around his figure, and the

love of ages go out to him in unreserved effusion, there was needed for Lincoln as the crowning of his career a befitting departure from the arena of his labors. This came to him in his martyrdom. The man who dealt the fatal blow saw in Lincoln the symbol of the Union, the symbol of America's life and hopes: in striking at Lincoln, he struck at America. And thus Lincoln died, as the hero of America should die, a victim for his country, purpling her story with his blood, and by the dramatic grandeur of the sacrifice compelling the love of Americans to entwine itself around his memory and around all the principles that his memory symbolizes.

Democracy, the life and strength of America.

The Republic of America! Since the days of Lincoln she has grown, and as she grows, the more beauteous she becomes, the more winning in her graces, the more entrancing in her claims to our love and devotion. So is it with the noble tree of the forest; all that it is when its mighty branches spread wide their shade and the birds of the air hasten to find rest and refreshment amidst its blossomings, that it was in days of yore, when, a tender sapling, it timidly lifted its head above the ground. But so much that was then latent in it is now made manifest, so much that was then only a germ is now in the fullness of its mature form: it unfolds its inner life because it grows in accordance with the laws of its nature. The Republic is what she is because she has remained what Washington intended her to

be, what Lincoln bade her to be—a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. This she must remain, if she is to live and prosper.

The vital principle of democracy must ever animate the Republic. Every man must be equal before the law with every other man in civil and political rights. It matters not what his place of birth, his religious creed, his race or color, if he is an American citizen, the laws of the land must shield him, the favors of the land must flow upon him. To declare, for instance, that a man of negro race must not cast a vote nor hold a political office under the government, is to make war against the institutions of America. To keep peoples in perpetual tutelage, whether within our own borders or in lands beyond the sea, is to subvert the principles for which Lincoln lived and died. Often, indeed, delay is counseled, and often delay is necessary, for peoples who are not capable of self-government must not be allowed to govern themselves. But, as soon as a people has ripened into self-governing manhood, the right of manhood must be theirs. The day must come when, under the American flag, all dependent territories will be crowned with the rights and privileges of statehood. Dependencies can never be the abiding appanage of a democracy.

The flag has gone far beyond the frontiers that Lincoln knew. This is as it should be. A great nation must grow; opportunities come to it that compel it to grow. And it is for the weal of mankind that freedom-giving republics do grow. I

rejoice in the territorial expansion of America, and no fixed limits would I put to yet further expansion. But, always and everywhere, I must hold out to new friends and new brothers the hope and the promise that, in due time, fullest civil and political equality with myself and my fellow-citizens shall be the reward of their intelligence and self-control.

We are keeping with our fellow-Americans throughout the land Lincoln's day. What purpose should we have in view when commemorating the memory of Lincoln? This, and this only—to imbibe the life and the spirit of Lincoln, that we become Americans even as he was American. Heroes need not our honors; we need the inspirations of their deeds. As Lincoln thought and spoke at Gettysburg of the nation's soldier-martyrs, so must we this evening think and speak of Lincoln himself. It is not for us to dedicate, to consecrate the memory of Lincoln. Nothing that we can say or do can make his memory more sacred, more hallowed. It is for us to be dedicated to the ideals which that memory holds out, to be dedicated to our duty as Americans, that we may take increased devotion to the cause for which he gave the last full measure of sacrifice, that we resolve that he shall not have lived and died in vain, that this nation shall not have come forth in vain from the terrible ordeal of the civil war, that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

DEVOTION TO TRUTH: THE VIRTUE OF THE TEACHER

THE address, Devotion to Truth: the Virtue of the Teacher, was delivered in Minneapolis, on the evening of the ninth of July, 1902, before the National Educational Association of America assembled in annual convention.

DEVOTION TO TRUTH: THE VIRTUE OF THE TEACHER

WERE I asked to choose a device to adorn the classroom and to inspire teacher and pupil in lowliest rural schoolhouse or in stateliest university pile, the motto should be this: Devotion to truth for truth's own sake.

Devotion to truth! It is the very breath of intellectual life. It must be the dominating passion in the pupil, if the pupil's search for knowledge is sincere and earnest. It must be the dominating passion in the teacher, if the teacher is loyal to duty and understands the dignity and holiness of his task. Truth is the life of the mind; where truth is not, there is error, and error is the death of the mind.

And devotion to truth must be for truth's own sake. Truth is a jealous and imperious queen—so sublime is her majesty, so rapturous is her beauty, she must be served with heart undivided, with mind unbiased. She scorns the wooer whose homage is not unreserved, and veils herself indignantly from his gaze.

What is truth? Philosophy gives answer: Truth is that which is. Truth is reality—reality in actual existence, reality in cause, reality in effect—

the thing itself, exactly as it is in itself and in all its bearings.

Questioned further, bidden to declare what truth is in its primal nature, philosophy soars to loftiest altitudes and declares that truth is divine: it is God's essence, or an image of God's essence. Truth is reality. Truth in its plenitude, like reality in its plenitude, is the infinite essence of God. Truth in participation, like reality in participation, is the externalization of ideas eternally resplendent in the divine essence. Created realities are the products of divine omnipotence: they have their archetypes in God, and they are realities only inasmuch as they conform to those archetypes. Every created reality, then—and consequently every created truth—mirrors an eternal archetype, and in that measure mirrors the divine essence. Thus is truth ever divine, be it in its eminent entity, be it in its lowliest form.

Truth, a thing divine.

God is truth, and everything that has being outside of God is truth. The grain of sand on the seashore and the mighty sun in the firmament, the smallest insect and sovereign man, all, whatever it is that has being, is truth. Every act of infinite God, every act of finite creature, is truth. Every fact or incident that marks the flight of time is truth. And where truth is, there is the divine.

Hence the reverence and love due to truth; hence the sacrilege of error, the illusory phantom that would usurp the place of truth. To love and rev-

erence truth is very religion: it is to love and reverence what is divine. To do violence to truth, to add to it or to take from it, to dim its lustre or to tarnish its beauty, is very sacrilege: it is to profane what is divine.

Truth in the human mind.

Mind, the faculty that knows truth, makes man like unto God. God, infinite mind, knows universal truth. Man, finite mind, knows truth in part. So far as man knows truth, so far is he like unto God, and so far does he partake of the life, the beauty, the power of God. Mind it is that brings out in the soul of man the image and the likeness of God.

Mind is the noblest and sublimest thing in creation. Through mind man comes to the knowledge of himself and of things outside of himself. Ranging far and wide through the universe, he grasps and appropriates the truths which its vast realms contain; he rises beyond the world of matter into the regions of ideas and principles, even unto the bosom of the Infinite—the First Cause and the Final End, the Alpha and the Omega, from Whom all truth comes, to Whom all truth leads. Mind is the glory of man; mind is man's true kingship.

Now, truth is the life, the beauty, the strength of the mind. It has all the value that mind has, it deserves all the reverence that mind deserves.

Truth is the life of the mind. As the mind possesses truth, it possesses life; the more bounteous its draught of truth, the more rapturous its joys.

Truth is the light and the beauty of the mind,

Every ray of truth lends to the mind new effulgence. As ray follows ray, as the first slender shaft cleaving the darkness widens into the luminous flood-tide of radiance, the mind glows in brilliancy, and in its own splendor reflects the splendor of the Infinite.

Truth is the strength, the power of the mind. Every particle of being seen and understood, every particle of truth caught up and absorbed, infuses new strength and power into the mind. As mind passes from being to being, from truth to truth, assimilating force after force, it grows in grandeur and rises to the full exercise of its mission, which is to dominate the world around it and to make man the lord and master of the created world. As mind grows, man grows in all his faculties: strength to his mind is strength to his whole being. All that is in man is dependent upon mind. The several energies through which he works and conquers move at the bidding of the will. But the will of itself sees not whither it should tend; it needs light from the mind; and the more brilliant that light, the more ambitious is the will to command, the more ready is the whole soul to obey. The possession of truth is power; it is the condition of all movement, of all progress. Hence it is that the nation that lives and seeks to go forward is ever striving after richer knowledge, ever laboring for the wider diffusion of knowledge, and is ever eager to count in its ranks minds that are pre-eminent, minds that rise from plains to peaks basking in truth's most lustrous sun, whence they will reflect over lower

levels something of the radiance that they themselves have caught.

Since truth it is that gives to the mind life and beauty, power and grandeur, should we not be most generous in opening to it the treasures of truth? And since error it is that despoils the mind of brightness and vigor, and benumbs its energies in death, should we not be incessant in effort to guard it against mistake and deception. To let darkening clouds veil its vision while it craves for purest light, to nurture it with vile husks while it hungers for the bread of Heaven, is treason and sacrilege against what is highest and noblest in man.

This, then, the device of every class-room, the inspiration of every teacher and of every pupil, the religion of every sanctuary of learning: Devotion to truth for truth's own sake.

The duty of devotion to truth appeals with special insistence to the conscience of the teacher. The dignity of the teacher! It is expressed when we say that the teacher is the apostle of truth, the guardian of the mind. The dignity of the teacher! It is proclaimed when we say that the search after truth is the search after the divine. The dignity of the teacher! The office of the teacher is the priesthood of truth. Where speaks the teacher, there is a sanctuary of truth: the sense of the divine should permeate its atmosphere.

Dignity of the teacher.

It was a great French writer who said: "Study the sciences in the light of truth, that is, as before

God; for their function is to show the truth, that is to say, God everywhere. Write nothing, say nothing, think nothing that you cannot believe to be true before God." Beautiful words of the illustrious Joubert! They are an admirable commentary upon our motto: Devotion to truth for truth's own sake.

Is there need to urge faithfulness to truth? Is not truth ever and everywhere sought and revered as it deserves to be? Do not its native charms suffice to open every pathway to its advance, to remove all obstacles that might retard its march? Alas! we need only to look around us to see that the rights of truth are often denied, and that, where truth should reign supreme, error and falsehood often hold sway.

Mental inertia, a foe to truth.

Many are the enemies of truth: at times it is inertia of mind and will, shrinking from the labor that devotion to truth demands; at times it is prejudice, rendering impossible the impartial study of men and things; at times it is passion, distorting the vision of its votaries and condemning them to hopeless deception.

Truth is frequently difficult of attainment: it surrenders only to toil and patience. Not truth, but error in the guise of truth, do they win who are slaves of inertia, who fain would conquer without a struggle.

When, for instance, it is proposed to study a foreign country, a few months or even a few weeks are often thought sufficient for the task. The

greater part of this short time is spent in hotels, which in no manner are representative of local thought or custom, and whose ciceroni are adepts in the art of flattering the national prejudices of guests. Nevertheless, in due time the volume appears, depicting the entire life of the country, its moral and intellectual condition, its religion and politics, its commerce and industries, usually concluding with positive predictions as to its coming greatness or decadence, or with abstruse philosophical disquisitions on nations and races in general.

From history is woven the texture of our thoughts and of our philosophy of life; yet what often passes as history is nothing more than superficial statements uncontrolled by prudent criticism, unauthorized by verified facts. What writers of yesterday said, writers of to-day repeat: so it was said, so it is accepted. And readers are only too prone to give credence to the first book that falls into their hands. In this way egregious errors pass from one generation to another, doing grave injustice not only to individual names but even to entire peoples. Surely the first duty of writers of history is to go to original sources and to study each question in the light of the epoch to which it belongs. The first duty of readers is, likewise, to consult writers who are known for their erudition and impartiality, and who, especially in controverted matters, have given attentive hearing to witnesses on both sides of the question.

Happily, in the methods of historical study there may be noted during recent years a wonderful im-

provement for which all lovers of truth cannot be too grateful. To-day no one is reputed a historian worthy of the name who has not taken to the examination of sources the utmost patience and diligence. Luster of name and beauty of style no longer win confidence unless they are accompanied by evidence of sound erudition and of absolute honesty of purpose. The world demands facts, and to-day more than ever before the world is tireless in the search for facts. In this quest of historical truth governments are giving valuable assistance to scholars. Secret archives are thrown open to investigation, and treasures of knowledge that for ages had lain mouldering in dusty obscurity are made to shed light upon the course of the world's history.

As a conspicuous instance of the liberality of governments, I take pride in recalling the act of Leo XIII, who, twenty years ago, opened to the scholarship of the world the archives of the Vatican. Those archives are exhaustless mines of the world's truest story—for ages the Vatican more than any other center of human activity drew to itself the records of the thought and action of Christendom. To-day the only condition necessary to gain access to these treasures is the wish to read and to learn.

Are we earnest seekers after truth? Then, let us see to it that our judgment be not warped by prejudice. Prejudice is more common than mental inertia and is more fatal to the interests of truth. How much prejudice we find in the judgment of one people regarding another, in the judgment

Prejudice, a foe to truth.

of one religious body regarding another! And how much harm is done thereby not only to truth, but to social peace and to the friendly spirit that should bind together the members of the one human family!

An English philosopher tells us how widespread prejudice is, and how cautious we should be lest we suffer our whole life long from its pernicious influences:

"There is no one who has not grown up under a load of beliefs—beliefs which he owes to the accidents of country and family, to the books he has read, to the society he has frequented, to the education he has received, and, in general, to the circumstances which have concurred in the formation of his intellectual and moral habits. These beliefs may be true or they may be false, or, what is more probable, they may be a medley of truths and errors. It is, however, under their influence that he studies, and through them, as through a prism, that he views and judges the objects of knowledge. Everything is therefore seen by him in false colors, and in distorted relations. And this is the reason why philosophy, as the science of truth, requires a renunciation of prejudices, that is, conclusions formed without a previous examination of their grounds."[1]

In seeking to free ourselves from the insidious influence of prejudice, we must not, however, be too radical in our measures. We must not set aside as untrustworthy judgments and opinions simply

[1] Quoted by Hamilton, Lectures on Metaphysics, Lect. V.

because we have not subjected them to examination and discussion. Such judgments and opinions are in possession, and we owe it to them to leave them undisturbed until an adverse claim is well established. What we should be ready to do, what the exigencies of truth require us to do, is to give a fair hearing to judgments and views differing from our own when they are presented to us and bear credentials of weight. What is really fatal to intellectual life is the disposition to hold fast to what we have once heard or believed simply because we have so heard or believed, and to reject everything to the contrary simply because it is opposed to what we have heretofore accepted. Experience teaches us how much we have had to revise in our judgments on matters scientific and historical, and in our opinions of men and of institutions, when we were brought into closer contact with them and came to know them more fully. The impartial mind and the sincere heart will always be ready to embrace truth whencesoever it comes and to uphold it at whatever sacrifice it entails.

But more baneful and still more bitter than mental inertia or prejudice is the war which passion wages against truth.

Passion, truth's worst foe.

There are men whose pride is wounded by truth, whose gain it is to combat truth. An opponent who stands in their way must be overthrown; a cause in which they have a personal interest must be upheld. What then? All the arts of sophistry, all the resources of calumny are called into play. What-

ever favors the opponent is kept out of view, whatever damages his cause is dragged into the light of day. Facts are distorted; motives are misconstrued; deceit and falsehood are invoked. One's chosen side must be defended, and defended it is by any and every means—"per fas et nefas." It is no longer a question of truth, or of charity, or of justice, but of pride, or of vindictiveness, or of ambition; and before the passion for victory all else is lost sight of.

I am of those who see in the late Spanish-American War the guiding hand of Providence and the outburst of forces long gathering in the bosom of the Republic, forces that sooner or later were to break forth into resistless self-assertion. But I will not condone the exaggeration, the calumny, the ceaseless appeal to reckless passion to which certain journalists and other manipulators of public opinion shamelessly had recourse with a view to hasten the war and render hopeless all attempt to settle by compromise or peaceful parley the disputes that had arisen between Spain and the United States. How could I condone, for instance, the instructions which I know for certain to have been sent from the office of an American newspaper to its European correspondent—"Wire whatever makes for war, nothing that tends to prevent or delay war." The graver the reasons that impelled the country to involve itself in war and the stronger the provocation that aroused the anger of the nation, the more disgraceful was it to make use of other arms in advocacy of the war than of those of honor and truth,

as though honor and truth were not sufficient for the defense of the American cause.

Quite recently several Catholic journals raised the cry that in the schools of Manila proselytism was the order of the day—that the chief officials of the Department of Instruction and several of the teachers of the Normal School were ministers of Protestant denominations who divided their time between teaching the multiplication table and distributing anti-Catholic tracts. On investigation it was proved that the chief officials of the Department of Instruction and the teachers in the Normal School were not ministers, and that their own good sense, as well as the rules of the Insular Government, confined their work to secular instruction. The newspapers that opened their columns to the erroneous reports have since repudiated them, but commendable as is the apology, far more commendable and far more advantageous to the interests of truth would have been the diligent inquiry and careful sifting of evidence, that would have rendered impossible the wide publicity given to wild and sensational rumors, and obviated all the bitterness and excitement awakened in this manner throughout the country.

There is a sphere where, if anywhere, minds should be most serene, and hearts most kindly. It is the sphere of religion. But even there passion does not fear to enter.

The *odium theologicum*—the most baleful of hatreds—the direst of all the foes of truth!

Religion is another name for peace, and yet, how often in the name of religion are families and communities disrupted and whole nations embittered one against the other! How often in the name of religion is such passion engendered that religion itself suffers disaster and the pursuit of religious truth is made utterly impossible!

Religious controversies.

May religious bitterness be banished forever from the land. Differ we do, differ we most likely shall, in matters of religion. Need we, on that account, be at war with one another, and forget the duties imposed by justice and charity, by the requirements of social peace and the welfare of the community? Why not assume that others are as honest as we are, and as loyal to conscience as we are? And if we pass judgment on their principles and tenets, why not beforehand guard our conclusions from the very suspicion of bias and partisanship, by making a fair examination of the case, not only as we see it, but, also, as they see it? Never should we aggravate religious differences by misconception and misrepresentation; never should we attribute to others thoughts that they disavow, sentiments that they abhor. Never should we do unto others what we would not wish others to do unto us.

And, then, while we differ in religion, should we not be desirous to discover common ground upon which we may meet with all due regard for conscience, and there together serve morality and education, charity and social progress, country and hu-

manity? Of such common ground much more there is than we are at times disposed to believe: we should earnestly seek it, and, when it is found, earnestly hasten to meet upon it. Fortunate is the land where men ever remember that true religion begets warm charity and that, though divided in religious faith, we are always fellow-men and fellow-citizens.

Truth in journalism.

I have spoken of the classroom, and of the duty of teacher and pupil to truth. If I were to look beyond the classroom and say where the general welfare of humanity demands that truth should prevail, I should name the newspaper. The newspaper is to-day the mentor of the people. All read it; nearly all believe it. Its influence is paramount, its responsibility is tremendous. The province of the newspaper is to narrate facts—to set forth the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—to allow both parties to a controversy to be heard; never to palliate or to distort; never to omit anything that might be a factor in the formation of public opinion; never to publish as certain what is doubtful, or as reliable news what is mere gossip; never, above all, consciously and deliberately to lead its readers into error and falsehood. Having given facts, a journalist is, of course, at liberty to deduce from them arguments in behalf of his own views; but, even then, through limpid lines there should ever appear in undimmed radiance the love of truth, never the mere wish to extol sect or party. Honest and honorable journalism is one of the nation's most

precious inheritances; journalism that puts pelf and notoriety above truth and virtue, and the startling sensation above the calm statement of facts, is one of the worst calamities of a nation. To promote a high standard of journalism is a plain and pressing duty of conscience and patriotism. Of this duty may Americans be ever mindful.

But why do I speak to American teachers of the perils that beset the pathway of truth? Do I not know the love that my hearers bear to truth, and the sacrifices they make in pursuit of truth? All this I do know; and for all this I honor the teachers of America. But I have in mind to lay deepest stress upon the importance of truth, that they may take all possible care to instill into the souls of their pupils their own love of truth, their own devotion to truth.

The school-room of to-day, the world of to-morrow.

Truth is not loved and served as it should be in the world of to-day. How shall truth fare in the world of to-morrow? The answer is in the hands of the teachers of to-day. The classroom of to-day is the world of to-morrow. As the children of to-day are fashioned in mind and in heart, so will be the men and women of to-morrow; and the children of to-day are fashioned in mind and heart by the teachers present or represented in this assembly. Each pupil is the Parian marble, rough-hewn and unformed, and every word, every act of the teacher is the stroke of the chisel falling upon the animate block to reveal in it the glory of the angel. No Michel Angelo ever

had vocation so noble, so blessed, as he who moulds the youthful soul. Let the teacher do his duty well; let the pupil be properly fashioned, and great will be the America of to-morrow, great will be America's devotion to truth.

Foster, I pray you, in the souls of your pupils a passion for truth; extol before them its beauty; see that they make consecration of themselves at its shrine. Tell them that their souls are noble and grand only when no clouds of error darken them, only when truth takes such complete possession of them that their minds are transfigured in the beauty of truth. And tell them that the truth which is in the mind must adorn their lips, when their lips part in speech, must adorn their pens when their pens move in writing. Teach them that the falsehood, spoken or written, is more baneful, more shameful, than the falsehood that lurks in the mind, for from lips or pens it goes forth to darken and pervert the minds of others.

Christ and truth.

Truth! So beautiful, so God-like it is! When Christ, God Incarnate, walked on earth, He robed Himself in truth, as the fitting ornament of visible divinity—"He was seen of men full of grace and truth;" and, in token of His heavenly origin, He called Himself truth—"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

Truth! So beautiful, so God-like it is! It leads to God: it purifies the soul and sanctifies it.

Christ's prayer to the Father for His disciples is: "That they be sanctified in truth."

May Christ's prayer be fulfilled in us—may we be sanctified in truth!

The intellectual grasp of truth will not, indeed, suffice unto our full sanctification. There must be, also, the grasp of truth by the heart, the active union of the whole soul with truth. But so potent is truth, so all-pervading, that once thoroughly possessed by the mind, it easily diffuses over the whole soul its sweetness and its vivifying energy.

The words of Christ, it may be said, bore directly on such truth as belongs to the supernatural life. I fear not to say that they may be applied to truth in every order. For one form of truth is akin to another, the spirit of one is the spirit of another, the essence of all is the eternal archetype in the divine mind itself. Moreover the soul that loves truth under any form will love it under all forms; and even if it reaches not unto all truth, it will at least be truth-like in its affections, worthy one day to possess all truth in Heaven.

Truth, whether in the smallest pebble or in the tiniest herb, on the earth or in the mightiest star of the firmament, is everywhere divine; and they grow into likeness with the divine who seek it when it is afar, who embrace it when it is near, who follow it, know it, love it wherever it is found.

LEO XIII

On the death of Leo XIII the Archbishop of St. Paul was invited to contribute to the North American Review an article on the work and influence of the great man for whom the world was mourning.

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LEO XIII

Two American journals, the Pioneer Press of St. Paul and the Tribune of Chicago, both bearing date, July 20, 1903, the day following the death of Leo XIII, are upon my table. They are, each in its way, illustrative of the tone and spirit of the entire American press of the same date. The Pioneer Press places over its editorial article on Leo the caption, "The World's Loss." The Tribune honors the memory of the Pontiff by bearing upon its front page a symbolical impress—the globe girdled in mourning. The press of America voiced the thoughts and the sentiments of the people of America.

The world mourns for Leo.

We have witnessed an extraordinary, an unparalleled occurrence. He who was dead had lived and wrought in a distant and foreign land. He had been the Pontiff of a church to which the very large majority of the American people refuse allegiance, to which, indeed, a great number of them professed in the near past, if they do not profess to-day, positive opposition. Yet, as the electric flash sped across the continent announcing that Leo XIII was no longer among the living, all were startled,

and there broke forth a universal chorus of sorrow and eulogy. The President of the Republic telegraphed across the Atlantic noble words of condolence. A former President of the Republic, judges of the Supreme Court, statesmen, scholars, men of affairs, spoke with reverence the praises of the dead. Cities and universities lowered their flags to half-mast. Protestant ministers in their temples and Jewish rabbis in their synagogues paid sincere tributes of speech and heart. America mourned for Leo.

And what we have witnessed in our land, other peoples have witnessed in theirs. Czars and Kaisers, rulers of monarchies and presidents of republics, told their regrets, and the multitudes responded in prompt and sorrowful echo. It was not a country mourning for an illustrious representative nor a church mourning for a supreme pontiff; it was mankind mourning for a great and good man.

Note should be taken and remembrance kept of what occurred on the death of Leo XIII; the universal tribute of sorrow and praise which his death evoked does honor to our common humanity and our common civilization. It was a wondrous manifestation of the world's highmindedness and generosity, of the elevation of soul to which it attains more particularly in these modern days. Differ men do, differ they will, in many of their ways of thinking and of living; differ they do, assuredly, in matters of religious belief and conduct; nevertheless,

they are mindful of their brotherhood and of their membership in the great human family, and they are capable of forgetting all lines of separation to acknowledge that richness of gifts in one is the inheritance of all to be cherished and admired by all alike.

On the third day of March, 1878, Joachim Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia, was elected into the Roman Pontificate. Leo XIII was before the world, upon its highest pedestal, thence for five and twenty years to teach and to work for the Church and for mankind.

The Roman Pontificate; its sphere of action.

Sublime, indeed, is the position into which the Roman Pontiff is lifted. No other such opportunity is given to greatness. The field open to him is the world. His immediate subjects, the soldiers of his cause, approach in number three hundred millions. The duties of his office bring him into contact with nearly all human interests. The innumerable intellectual and social problems that vex men's souls are before him for thought and solution. Arms of power, most potent and most far-reaching, are in his hands, the immortal arms of truth, justice and charity. Around him, as nowhere else, surge inspirations that make for greater things—whether they spring from the faith within him that he holds in his hands the keys of Christ's Kingdom, or from the memory of illustrious predecessors who in one age or another so wrought that they wove their history into the history of their times, and inscribed

their names ineffaceably on the world's scroll of glory.

Let it not be said, however, that the Roman Pontificate creates greatness; it reveals greatness, if greatness is there, as it reveals littleness—and with a vengeance—if littleness is there.

The Church at the time of Leo's election.

In the lifetime of the Roman Pontificate periods occur when he who guides its destinies is tested to the inmost chords of his soul, and is threatened with signal failure if he do not possess such vision of mind and force of character as are rarely accorded to the workers of history. One of those crucial periods stood out, in all its exacting fury, before Leo XIII as he ascended the pontifical throne.

The nineteenth century, humanity's new age, had risen high on the horizon. We know the bold promises of the age and its bolder menaces. The past was to be no more; a new world was to be created. Revolution was everywhere—in science and in history, in civil society and in religious belief. Much, indeed, there was in the age worthy of approval—noble discoveries and inventions crowning its audacious industry, lofty ambitions and ideals inspiring its strugglings and its dreams. But there were also in the age excesses and extravagances. It was impatient of measure; it courted extremes. It disdained all tradition and declared the past to be its enemy. The Catholic Church represents the past, as no other institution wishes to do, or can pretend to do; upon the Church the age turned in anger, resolved to relegate it to obscurity, if not to

remove it altogether from the living world. Between the Church and the age there was open war.

The first instinct of the Church, as is natural in conservative organisms conscious of their inborn strength, had been to recoil upon itself and to concentrate its energies more closely around the olden landmarks, sternly refusing to parley, even under flag of truce, with the advancing enemy. In the encyclicals of Gregory and of Pius, notably in the "Syllabus," it hurled against the age doctrinal definitions, but showed little willingness to inquire what the age really demanded—whether the age held in all cases for new principles, no less than for new forms, or whether, in some cases at least, it demanded simply new forms that were only the normal vesture of old principles in new seasons and situations. Such tactics on the part of the Church stirred the age to fresh anger and infused into the battle fiercer passion.

In non-Catholic countries the age was reinforced in its hatred of the Church by sectarian prejudices, the survivals of animosities of former generations. In those countries the Church was still in the eyes of many the foe and perverter of the Scriptures, and the Pope, if not the Anti-Christ, was a fair image of the apocalyptic monster.

There was, too, at the time of Leo's election a war of governments against the Church. For one reason or another, the relations between Rome and European governments were unfriendly. There was mistrust or aversion where there was not open

warfare. In Germany the Kulturkampf was at its height, and the conqueror of Sedan—so it was declared—was not a Henry IV to betake himself to Canossa. In Russia the Uniate subjects of the Empire were being driven with the bayonet into jail or into schism. In France Catholics were hostile to the Republic and the Republic was hostile to Catholics. In Spain the Church, the ally now of Carlists, now of Alphonsists, was divided, and in serious danger of losing its peace and vigor. Little Switzerland had to be in the fashion and, in defense of a new schism styling itself "Old Catholicism," was hurling defiance across the Alps. Even Austria, loyal as was its Emperor to Rome, was permitting the virus of Josephism to permeate its parliaments, and no one could tell what at any moment it might say or do against its historic Church. In Italy the soldiers of Victor Emmanuel, crossing the Tiber, had shattered with cannon the walls of Rome, and Italian law had declared the Roman Pontiff the subject of the Italian government.

To many the loss of the temporal sovereignty of the Papacy seemed the climax of tendencies and events hastening the doom of the Church—it was taken to indicate that Heaven, no less than earth, was abandoning the Church. The temporal power, it had been thought and said, was the one buttress upholding the tottering columns of the Papacy, and now the temporal power was gone.

Catholics themselves were in dismay. Their faith, indeed, taught them that, however high rolled

the billows of the ocean, the Bark of Peter could not be overwhelmed beyond recovery. But, for the moment, so furious was the storm that they stood aghast, not knowing what course to pursue or what measures to adopt. Patient inactivity was the doctrine advocated by many, and these folded their arms and waited. To others, combat was still the duty of the hour; but it was a combat with affirmations and anathemas, rather than with arguments and measures of conciliation. The times were solemn. A French writer, Vicomte de Vogüe, with the full import of the period upon his mind, was present in the Sistine Chapel at the ceremonies of the coronation of Leo. He wrote: "The darkness of the place, the limited company, the air of effacement and almost mystery—everything lead our thoughts back to the first enthronement of Popes in the Catacombs. Pius IX had left an abounding fame and a great void: the despoiled Papacy seemed to have been engulfed with him. The heir without a heritage who was shown to us had a look of weakness, and his title to renown was still discussed. His coronation seemed a simulacrum of vanished realities, the elevation of a phantom. And these were the years when the shadow of the cross on the world was growing less."

Such the Church, such the world, when Leo was elected Pontiff. To be the Pontiff of the hour, Leo must needs have within him the elements of greatness; to meet the exigencies of the hour he must

needs gird himself for the accomplishment of great things during his pontificate.

A man rare among men was Leo XIII. With Leo on her scroll, Italy may well resume her Virgilian boast, "The mighty mother of men!" Had the poet of Avon known Leo, he would have sung of him: "The senate-house of planets did all sit, to knit in (him) their best perfections."

The great mind of Leo.

What dominated in Leo was mind. Such a mind as Leo's was—so lofty in its sweep, so far reaching in its range, so rapid in its flight, so piercing in its intuition! It went straight to the heart of every problem, and at once divined the solution. I marvel now, as I recall my audiences with Leo. He would talk; he would give free play to the floods of light within him; and, as he talked, discoursing of Church and of nations, of present and of future ages, of high destinies and of noble ambitions, I felt like one sitting at the feet of a Scriptural prophet, and, in amazement I would exclaim to myself: What a wonderful thing a great mind is! Once, elsewhere in Europe, I was in the presence of a mind that seemed an image of Leo's—not so resplendent as Leo's, but yet akin to it in grandeur: it was when I sat with Manning at Westminster.

The quick, subtle penetration of Leo's mind! This was of immense value in his work; it explains how he was able to accomplish so much in a quarter of a century. I have in memory questions most complicated—hopelessly complicated, it would have

seemed, for one forced to view them from a distance and outside their local circumstances. With them officials of high renown had been struggling, and in vain. A brief exposition of them was set before Leo; soon the matter was clear, and the answer was given in terse, comprehensive formula. "You wish the question to be quickly understood," once said Cardinal Satolli to me, "speak with Leo."

Leo's was a mind richly stored with knowledge, refined and elevated by careful culture. Long years of retirement amid the hills and vales of Umbria had been put to profit. Not only had Leo, as his sacred profession demanded, given deep and continuous attention to philosophy and theology; he had also roamed far and wide through the fields of history and literature, of science and sociology, of law and diplomatics. His reading, too, had kept pace with the movement of modern thought and investigation. The prelate and the diplomat, the traveler and the scholar, who were privileged to converse with Leo, found him awaiting them on their own ground and familiar with their studies. His encyclicals are evidences of deep learning, as they are of exquisite literary form. His Latin poems, the innocent amusements of his leisure hours, pursued into the very shadow of death, are revelations of his beauty of expression and richness of thought, as well as of his sweetness of soul and of the rhythmic melody of his whole career. Leo loved poetry and poets; noble minds are ever poetic by nature. One of the last books upon which his wan hand tenderly rested

was the Ars Poetica of Horace. During his lifetime his favorite poet had been Dante. He ordered to be printed, under his personal supervision, a magnificent edition of the Italian master of song. Charles A. Dana has told us how he prepared himself for an audience with Leo by an attentive rereading of some of his favorite passages from Dante. As occasion offered in the course of the audience, Dana quoted now one, now another, of those passages; but, to his surprise and discomfiture, whenever his memory brought him to a pause, Leo would repeat the missing verses, with manifest readiness for continuous indefinite quotation. With all he knew, Leo ever sought to know more. Amid the onerous occupations of the Pontificate he was the tireless reader and student. I heard from his own lips that, in the preparation of the Encyclical on Labor, he had read extensively books, reviews, and reports of congresses. I love at this moment to conjure up his figure, as I saw it one evening after dark. He was seated at a small square table which was lighted by the glimmering rays of two waxen tapers; his elbows were resting heavily upon the table; his head was sunk into his outstretched palms, and his eyes, unspectacled, were buried in Italian and French journals of recent date. Leo learned much from those whom he admitted to audience. He was inquisitive, putting leading questions, and soon knowing what his visitors knew. It was no trifling task to satisfy him—I have a vivid remembrance of one of my own experiences with

him when he bade me give a brief summary of the differences between the two great American political parties, the Republican and the Democratic. And what Leo once knew he always knew. His memory was marvelous in its retentiveness. I was once astounded to hear him recall with startling clearness incidents of an audience I had had with him seven years before—incidents that I had totally forgotten, until reminded of them in this manner.

The great heart of Leo.

With a great mind there was in Leo a great heart. His office was that of the shepherd, the father—an office demanding tenderness of soul that responds to every human suffering, and pours into every human wound the balm of its unction. It was plain that in Leo heart was subservient to mind, and was ever held under the control of the superior faculty; but with all this, his heart was as wide of range as was his mind, and as quick to throb as his mind was quick to see. It was with a genuine feeling of compassion, and a deep joyousness begotten of his sense of power to bring succor, that he stepped into the field of action, whenever an ill of humanity was to be relieved. An appeal made to him in the name of human woe, whencesoever it came, obtained attentive hearing. Lines of social class or of religious communion, frontiers of race or of nationality, never bounded the flow of his love. His writings in behalf of labor, his intervention in Brazil for the abolition of slavery, his co-operation with Lavigerie for the protection of the blacks of

Africa were the native effusions of his noble heart, no less than the thousand smaller acts of mercy and kindness that reflected its quieter and softer beatings. Those who at any time had the privilege of an audience, private or public, with Leo, can tell of his sweetness of temper and graciousness of manner, of his exquisite tact and practical judgment. On one occasion a well known Presbyterian minister and his wife for whom I had obtained an audience with Leo hurried back, their eyes suffused with tears, to tell me that the delight of their visit to the Vatican would be unforgettable. I know of another Protestant clergyman declaring that his remembrance of Leo was as the remembrance of the living image of Christ.

Tact and statesmanship of Leo.

Leo's wonderful tact! It was mind and heart combined. It showed itself in the smaller realms of action; it showed itself in the larger realms where tact is statesmanship. Leo was the statesman of the last half century, a period of history by no means poor in statesmanship. It was the time of Crispi, Thiers, Gladstone, Bismarck. Leo surpassed them all in grandeur of mind, as he surpassed them in the magnitude of his sphere of office and in the success that crowned his labors. Leo studied men and situations. He bided his time; the opportunity being at hand, he never failed to grasp it. He watched long and patiently the growth of conditions, fostering them meanwhile with consummate prudence; when the psychological moment arrived,

he acted instantly. Whether it was the publication of an encyclical or the establishment of an apostolic delegation, the inauguration of a religious enterprise or an appeal to sovereigns and potentates, Leo chose the propitious time and place, and success was assured. The statesman had been at work. In Leo's career little happened by accident; nothing from the impulse of the moment. He was not the man to drift with the current, and grasp only the opportunities that passing events of self-made conditions brought to him. He was ever the far-seeing, patient worker; his pontificate was the creation of his genius.

It is a true and significant description of Leo, as Pontiff, to say that in a marked manner he was a conscious worker. This was one of his most singular characteristics. It goes far to explain his whole career. He was conscious throughout—conscious of the gifts within him, conscious of the grandeur of the mission confided to him, conscious of the power wrapt up in his office, conscious of the opportunities given to him. And conscious thus, he was nobly ambitious. He had resolved that his should be a great pontificate. The glorious pontificates of history—those of Leo I, of Gregory VII, of Innocent III, of Pius V—were before his mind: his pontificate, so far as depended on him, was to be as theirs. They had served the Church with exceptional glory; he would serve it in like manner. The picture of his pontificate, as he desired it to be, was

ever tempting his pencil. The occasion being present, he deliberately colored the canvas; the occasion being absent, he deliberately wrought to draw it nigh. He kept his energies in persistent play. The canvas he had placed on the easel was to be filled in; and filled in it was when death summoned him to rest.

It is impossible to have studied Leo, or conversed long with him, without realizing how completely the man was identified with the office. He grew into its attributes and prerogatives. The man scarcely existed; it was the Pontiff of Rome. The sense of the immensity of his office was upon him; its hopes and its darings were his hopes and his darings; its powers, he felt, had passed into his soul; he partook, as it were, of its eternity. To the last day of his life Leo would propose and plan, like one buoyant with youth, as if years did not count. It was the office that was planning and proposing, that office whose views are long, very long, extending into the far generations of the future. Surprise has been expressed that during his last illness Leo was interested in reading and hearing what the world was saying about him. In this he was Leo. He had had work to do; he wished to see how it had been done. He was reviewing not himself, but his pontificate.

Of the work of Leo's pontificate only a rapid summary is here possible.

He made peace with governments. He brought

to a close the Kulturkampf in Germany. The manifest fairness of his proposals, the sweetness with which they were made, the masterly handling of the Catholic forces in Germany so as to strengthen the government in its battling with internal perils, made emperor and minister captive, and secured the repeal of the Falk laws and the restoration to the Church of its liberties and prerogatives. He opened the way for reconciliation between the Church and the Republic of France. Catholics in France were holding so fast to the traditional doctrines of "throne and altar," and were seeking so zealously to make of religion a shield for their loyalty to monarchy, that pretext was thereby given to the government to treat the Church as an enemy. Leo startled the country with the proclamation of the doctrine, apparently new in France, however old to Catholic theology, that forms of government are matters of indifference to the Church, that the legitimate form to which respect and obedience are due is that which is willed by the people. Henceforward, in France, whatever individual Catholics may say or do, the Church as such cannot be regarded as the enemy of the country or of republican liberty. Somewhat similar to the action taken towards France was the action taken towards Spain—there Carlists were forbidden to claim as their own the support of Catholics, and peace was won to country and to Church. In Russia prudent and long continued negotiations obtained liberty for Catholics. The

The work of Leo.

gratitude of England was secured by Leo's settlement of perplexing questions in Malta. His tactful interference in Ireland, recognizing the substantial justice of Irish claims, while condemning measures that went clearly beyond the bounds of justice and charity, gave satisfaction both to Ireland and to England. The skill of Leo's nuncios smoothed away difficulties in Austria, Switzerland and Holland. Even Turkey and China were drawn into friendly relations with Leo, and under his gentle pressure granted important advantages to the Church. Meanwhile, Leo's encyclicals, following one another in rapid succession, had shown the Church to be the stable support of civil society, of legitimate authority in rulers, and of legitimate liberty in subjects. Governments and peoples who hitherto had held it in suspicion now looked to it for help in their efforts to maintain social order, and nations learned that the Pontiff of Rome was their truest friend and supporter. The presence in the Vatican of the Emperor of Germany and of the King of England, a few months ago, spoke volumes in praise of Leo as the Pontiff of peace.

Peace with civil governments was Leo's settled policy. Nothing, save the peril of violating principle, could stay him in his endeavors to secure and to preserve peace. Compromise, conciliation, silence, patience—all this, he thought, was better far than war, and would in the end obtain for the Church advantages that war could never yield. Experience proves that Leo was right. As Leo did, so he

taught Catholics to do—to love and foster peace in all their relations with their several governments. "The Church," he said to me on a memorable occasion, "will not flourish where Catholics are in discord with the country and its institutions. Teach your people to be faithful Americans."

Leo, the Pontiff of the age.

Leo was the Pontiff of the age. "Hands off," had been the cry of the age to the Church and of the Church to the age. To the age the Church stood for the crystalized and unchangeable past; to the Church the age stood for revolution and ruin, for the overthrow of every structure that bore the marks of other times. There was no room for explanation or negotiation. But Leo understood the Church and he understood the age. He had the poise of mind, so rare in men, to make distinctions, to see in the age what was good, no less than what was evil, and to see in the Church what was accidental and contingent, no less than what was necessary and permanent. He had, too, the good will and practical wisdom that count for so much in efforts towards pacification. And thus equipped, he faced the age. He spoke its own language and extolled its own ideals. What did the age demand? New forms of civil government, the recognition of political rights of the people? To those claims his letter to the Catholics of France was a sweeping concession. Freedom from servitude for the weak and the oppressed? Leo's Encyclical on Labor put him in the front rank of reformers and philanthropists. The betterment of physical and material conditions,

progress in all that elevates humanity to higher planes of comfort and social happiness? For all this Leo gave unstinted praise to the age, calling it the "noble nurse of all the arts," and with its most fervent admirers chanting "its contributions to the public weal, its rich discoveries of nature's secrets." What finally did the age demand? The growth of intelligence, the diffusion of learning? The schools and the universities founded or blessed by Leo, his numerous letters on education, give proof conclusive that the Church is the foe of ignorance, the friend of science and research. The age had accused the Church of cowardice, charging it with hiding itself in the darkness and dreading the light of modern investigation. Leo unlocked the doors of the Vatican library, and delivered to all comers the whole story of the Church, fearing nothing, proclaiming that what is not founded on truth has no right to the allegiance of men. With similar courage and confidence he summoned into counsel his expert Scripture scholars, ordering them to look straight into the face of all discoveries and into the heart of all difficulties upon which unbelieving criticism was upbuilding itself, and to vindicate the Bible on the chosen ground of its opponents.

The age was startled. Leo had won its attention. He was now in a position to speak to it boldly of its errors, of its excesses and its extravagances, and to bid it in the name of its own most cherished hopes to look carefully to itself lest wreck and ruin overtake it.

Leo loved to write encyclicals. He was a teacher by divine appointment, and he would not be faithless to the Master's mandate. The volumes in which his encyclicals have been collected form a complete exposition of the questions of the day from the standpoint of historic Christianity and sound philosophy. They are delightfully free from all tone of bitterness, and from all exaggeration in thought or word, and are models of purest classical Latinity. They deal not only with the dogmas of the Church and the fundamental facts of Christianity, but also with the vital principles that guarantee the security of family and of society, with the laws of justice and charity that render possible the relations of men with men, of nations with nations. And all these mighty questions are handled no less with the skill of the trained student of sociology and political economy, than with the authority of the supreme teacher of the Christian religion.

Leo was much too modern to confine himself as a teacher to the more formal and official methods of the Roman Pontificate. He was, especially, too modern not to value the power of the newspaper. The Moniteur de Rome was of his own foundation; for a long time it was owned, controlled and inspired by him. At one time or another several other newspapers were brought into requisition by him. The first public announcement of his French policy was made in a historic interview with a reporter of the Petit Journal of Paris.

Leo's labors on behalf of the Catholic Church

were varied and abundant. The spiritual and devotional life of the faithful was fostered; the working organism of the Papacy invigorated and freshened; the missionary expansion of the Church stimulated and directed; the education of the clergy and of the laity developed and raised to the requirements of the times. There is not a country of the globe which did not receive his attention, according to its special needs and special conditions. He could not let himself be at rest. Brief were the intervals when his voice and pen were still. His constant effort was to speed new life through the whole body of the Church. He had imperial views regarding the administration of the Church, and he scattered over the several countries apostolic delegates, through whose agency he was to be better informed of what was happening, and better enabled to hold in his hands the reins of government.

Leo's labors in behalf of religion.

But the frontiers of the Church never limited the sphere of Leo's action. Wherever good was to be done, wherever the interests of humanity were to be advanced, there he saw work to be done for the Master, and he set himself at once to do it. Slaves were to be liberated in Brazil. Leo wrote urgently to the hierarchy and to the Emperor, Dom Pedro; and in special tribute to Leo universal emancipation was proclaimed on one of his jubilee days. The cruel trade in black men by the Mohammedans of Africa was to be repressed. Leo put

Leo's labors in behalf of humanity.

Lavigerie to work; all Europe was awakened; and, if the trade was not abolished forever, it was considerably minimized. Soldiers of Italy were held as prisoners of war in Abyssinia. Leo interceded with King Menelik and saved them from being massacred. He corresponded with William of Germany regarding the Berlin Congress on Labor, and with Nicholas of Russia regarding the Hague Conference on Arbitration and Peace. His letters to Mr. Thomas B. Bryan and to Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, in favor of the World's Fair of 1892, and the rich exhibit sent to it from the Vatican were evidences of deep interest in industrial and artistic enterprises.

As an example of Leo's philanthropy I mention an incident known only to a few besides myself. In 1887 an imperial ukase in Russia was compelling the immediate withdrawal of Jews from the provinces of the empire lying outside what was known as the Jewish zone. It was very important for the Russian Jews to obtain a delay in the enforcement of the ukase, in order to have time to prepare for their removal to new homes. Jewish leaders in England and in America took the question in hand. It was decided that Mr. Jesse Seligman, of New York, should, in his own name and in that of Baron Hirsch, seek the intercession of Leo with the government of the Czar. Mr. Seligman arrived in Rome, but knew not how he could see the Pope. He called on me at the American College. I consulted with Cardinal Rampolla. The Cardinal laid

the matter before the Holy Father, and received the order to meet Mr. Seligman and to enter as far as possible into his views. Mr. Seligman was delighted with his visit to the Cardinal, as was the Cardinal with his interview with Mr. Seligman. I heard directly from the Cardinal that the Holy Father had given his most gracious consideration to Mr. Seligman's request, and had sent to St. Petersburg through the Russian chargé d'affaires at the Vatican a request for the desired delay in the enforcement of the ukase. Leo was the Pontiff of humanity.

Some day a long chapter will be written on Leo and America—his appreciative understanding of our institutions and our liberties, his genuine love of the country and its people, his wise and opportune directions to the American hierarchy, his friendliness of attitude in more than one instance towards our national affairs. Over such matters it is now better to pass in silence than to give a too brief account of them. Suffice it to say that in all his relations with America or with Americans Leo was Leo throughout—the large-minded, large-hearted Pontiff, and that the very special esteem he always had for America and its institutions arose from his deep comprehension of the modern age, which he believed to be exemplified in America. Speaking of America he would exclaim with manifest admiration, "L'avvenire"—"The Future."

As Leo's career was drawing to a close, affairs of Church and State in France were in such a

troubled condition that the question is raised, whether his French policy was wisely formulated, whether here, at least, he did not fail in conspicuous statesmanship. The answer is not far to seek. In his letter to the Catholics of France, Leo obeyed the duty of the hour. He decided a moral question. The Republic was the established form of government in France: it was the result of the will of the majority of the nation: therefore it was the moral duty of Catholics to accept it, and to work loyally with it for the commonweal. Again, religion was suffering in France, because the anti-republican elements in the population were so bent on cloaking their monarchistic and imperialistic sentiments and hopes with the mantle of the Church, that occasion was given to the government of the Republic to regard the Church as a political enemy. It was Leo's part to speak for the Church, to make clear that the Church linked itself to no special form of government, and that it left altogether to the people the choice of the special form that pleased them best. The duty of the hour for Leo was to proclaim the principles of truth and justice. What might follow, what did follow, was then, as it is now, a secondary question. Leo simply did his duty: history will vindicate him. For what has, in fact, followed, Catholics in France must take to themselves their share of the blame. To his last day Leo exhorted them by voice and by letter to obey his injunctions. A large number did obey;

Leo and the French Republic.

but, it is undeniable history, a very large number did not obey. What would have happened if the rally to Leo's policy had been more general? I believe that the allies of religion in France would not to-day be excluded, as they are, from all management of public affairs, and that if iniquitous laws continued to be enacted, the framers of such laws would not dare to appeal, as they now do, to the popular vote in the name of an imperilled Republic. Leo's French policy was both statesmanship and religion; it still points the road to religious and social peace in France.

Nor did Leo before his death see peace established between the Church and the Italian government. Is this to be accounted a failure for Leo? Here we are confronted with the old question of the political independence of the Holy See. In this independence Leo steadfastly believed. His overpowering sense of the majesty of his office, and of its world-wide supernational range, forbade the thought that he, the World-Pontiff, could be the subject of one of the potentates over whom he towered in spiritual authority. It was a principle with Leo that the civil princedom was necessary to the Papacy as the condition and the guarantee of its independence in the exercise of spiritual authority; and for that principle he was willing to be, if need there were, the martyr. Leo, indeed, was able to maintain his spiritual independence in all its fullness, in all its dignity, despite the loss of his civil princedom; but this he was able to do only by con-

tinually protesting against the domination of the Italian government, and by continually declaring that he was not the subject of any civil authority. It was no failure of policy on Leo's part that he did not make peace with Italy; it was the exigency of a sacred principle, his steadfast loyalty to which is among the most vivid glories of his pontificate. Let it not be said, as it has sometimes been said, that the greatness which the Roman Pontificate attained under Leo without the civil princedom is evidence that the temporal power is not necessary to the work of the Papacy. The Roman Pontificate did, indeed, attain greatness under Leo; but this greatness was attained through the greatness that was in Leo himself, and through the exalted wisdom of which he gave proof in vindicating the claims of his high office to independence.

Leo's Pontificate is before the world. The world's mourning at Leo's death is the world's judgment upon his pontificate.

Church and humanity honor Leo's memory.

Catholics acclaim Leo. They remember what was the situation of the Church and the Papacy in 1878, and they see what it is in 1903. They do not, of course, hold that no other elements besides Leo's personality contributed to the change. There were, both in Rome and in the world at large, co-laborers of Leo, thinking, planning and working, bringing to him the tribute of ideas born of their own meditation and experience, as well as the most faithful service in following out his directions.

There was the age itself, with its earnestness in the search of causes leading to the weal of mankind, and its willingness, in the midst of many aberrations, to recognize facts and principles when properly presented to its gaze. But Leo's co-laborers were to a large extent debtors to him for their ideas and their purposes, and above them all Leo rose to an eminence that leaves them at his feet while he touches the skies. Whatever help was given to him by the age, Leo himself did much to evoke; whatever fair-mindedness and spirit of justice was displayed by the age, Leo himself did much to stimulate and develop. There was, moreover, Catholics believe, working with Leo the assistance of Providence. But when Providence takes human agents into its service, it leaves them the full play of will and of talent, and usually measures its graces to their disposition and action. To-day, as never before in modern times, the Church has the friendliness of the world: it is known in its proper stature and power, and is recognized as the promoter of personal righteousness, the guardian of the family and of society, the defender of Christ and His Gospel. No wonder that Catholics acclaim Leo and praise and honor his memory.

But all humanity also—humanity unlimited by frontiers of creed or of church organization—pours out to Leo its love and admiration. Leo was pre-eminently a great and good man. Greatness and goodness, wherever they exist, grace our common

nature with beauty and dignity, elevate our whole humanity in its possibilities and its aspirations. Leo worked, indeed, for the Church; but he worked for it with methods that honor humanity. Only with the arms of truth, justice and love, did Leo seek to serve the cause of religion. If such arms did not lead the Church to victory, Leo sought no victory. Leo worked for the Church, but in doing so he was consciously working for humanity. He held that the Church does not merit the Master's smile unless it serves humanity. His ceaseless effort was to bring into plainest perspective the inborn power of the Church, in order thereby to purify and uplift humanity, to cure its ills, to smooth its passage across the earth, while leading it towards Heaven, its final home. Leo, as we have seen, loved humanity for its own sake, and worked for it far beyond the frontiers of the Church. A brother man was to him the Master's child. Black, white or yellow—heathen, Jew, Christian, non-Catholic, or Catholic—in every one Leo recognized the brother and served him. The world is the better, the richer, the happier for having known Leo; men are drawn closer to one another, and are prompted to higher flights of righteousness and charity because Leo has lived.

The mourning of the world at Leo's death was a tribute that was well deserved; it was an honor to Leo to whom it was given, an honor to the world that gave it.

THE POPE'S CIVIL PRINCEDOM

THE North American Review of March, 1901, published an article on the Pope's civil princedom from the pen of Archbishop Ireland. The article is here reproduced with the permission of the editor of the Review.

Since 1870, when political events in Italy dispossessed the Roman Pontiff of the city where the Popes had for ages ruled as sovereigns, the Papacy has kept steadily before the world its claims to a civil princedom. In particular, the protest which Leo XIII unceasingly urged against the spoliation of the Holy See awakened wide-spread interest in the Roman Question, with the result that even men entirely indifferent to the Papacy and its welfare were desirous of knowing on what grounds the Pope based his claims to temporal power. It seemed opportune to present these grounds, and to make the question of the civil princedom understood as the Pope understands it.

The article was written from the point of view of Catholic principles. Catholics see in the Papacy an institution that holds a commission from Christ to teach and govern the Church founded by the Saviour. To execute its divine commission it must have independence in spiritual matters, and such

independence cannot be had if the Pope is to be the subject of a king. It is not territorial domination for its own sake that the Roman Pontiff seeks, but the spiritual independence which comes from temporal sovereignty. A civil princedom the Papacy must continue to claim, because temporal jurisdiction alone can guarantee to the supreme ruler of a world-wide church the full and free exercise of his spiritual authority.

THE POPE'S CIVIL PRINCEDOM

Two notable addresses made recently in Rome, one by His Holiness, Leo XIII, in solemn consistory, the other by His Grace, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England, as spokesman of some hundreds of English pilgrims, give evidence that the lapse of thirty years since the old Aurelian wall of Rome, near the Porta Pia, crumbled beneath the shot and shell of Italian artillery, has not put out of sight the question of the Pope's civil princedom, that this question clamors to-day for a solution as imperiously as at any moment since 1870, and that the only solution which will satisfy the Pontiff and the faithful of the Catholic Church is the restoration of the temporal power to the Papacy. I quote from the address of Leo XIII:

"Many matters, both disagreeable and sad, press upon Us. A source of grief in particular is, that the same force which deprived the Pontiff of his just and legitimate temporal sovereignty, with which is bound up the freedom of his sacred office, still persecutes and continues to hold him subject to an alien domination. Our sense of the bitterness of this injustice has been recently renewed by what We have seen taking place in the Italian state—that is, when the government of the city, which had been

wrongfully secured, was passed on from one to another, as if it had been justly obtained. We complain of the continuance of the grievance; We desire the rights of the Holy See to be safe and intact; We declare that they can nowise be interfered with or diminished by lapse of time or succession of possessors."

And from the address of the Duke of Norfolk:

"We look forward with hope to this new century, which you, Holy Father, have ushered in with prayer and sacrifice, upholding the claim of Jesus Christ to the allegiance of mankind. We pray and we trust that it may witness the restoration of the Roman Pontiff to that position of temporal independence which your Holiness has declared necessary for the effective fulfillment of the duties of his world-wide charge."

Civil princedom based upon spiritual mission.

It will be remarked that both Pope and Duke base the claim of the civil princedom of the Head of the Church upon the exigencies of his spiritual mission. Leo deplores the loss of the temporal sovereignty with which is bound up the freedom of his sacred office; and the Duke of Norfolk prays for the restoration of the Pontiff to the position of temporal independence necessary for the effective fulfillment of his world-wide charge. It is, therefore, the connection between the Pope's possession of temporal power and the exercise of his spiritual jurisdiction that we must consider, if we are to have a correct

apprehension of the Roman Question, and understand why it is that this question lives and demands from the twentieth century the solution which it failed to receive from the closing decades of the nineteenth.

The Pope is the sovereign chieftain of a church which its members hold to have been founded by Christ, the Incarnate God, to teach all peoples until the end of time. The Church is a complete organism, possessing within itself elements of life and potencies of action, and invested with inherent rights to all the means, natural as well as supernatural, that are needed to secure for it dignity in the eyes of men, as well as liberty for the execution of the work with which it is charged. It is Catholic, it is a world-church, having humanity as the object of its mission and its ministrations. It has as its head the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, in whom is centered the supreme consciousness of its powers and rights, and to whom is entrusted the supreme duty of interpreting its mind and guiding its destinies.

The mission of the Church, both in its purpose and in the forces of which it disposes, is spiritual. It reaches out to souls, proffering to them salvation through divine truth and grace. Spiritual, also, is the mission of the Pope, for it is no other than that of the Church. Now this mission the Pope exercises upon earth, among men, he himself a man, and thus he is at once brought into contact with human interests and human methods, upon which his mission, spiritual as it is in its primary purport,

must in some degree be dependent. The spiritual, to live on earth, must have a foothold on earth. As long as religion works among men, the spiritual needs the temporal.

When, therefore, the Pope's civil princedom is brought under discussion, the question really is, whether such civil princedom is in a manner necessary to his spiritual mission. So far as it is shown to be necessary to the spiritual, the Church may claim it by right divine; else, Christ's mission to His Church were vain and illusory.

Civil princedom needed for spiritual freedom.

Civil independence, Catholics maintain, is necessary to the Papacy for the fulfillment of its mission. Here, however, a distinction is to be made. No one maintains that civil independence is so essential that without it the Papacy cannot have existence, or cannot, in some way, though under the stress of most unpropitious circumstances, perform its appointed work. In other words, civil independence is not a vital element in the constitution of the Papacy. It is necessary only in the sense that, without it, the Papacy does not possess the dignity and the freedom which it should possess as the representative of Christ and the teacher of nations. But will any one say that the Papacy, the chieftaincy of Christ's Church, received from its Author only what is absolutely essential to its life and work, and not also the integrity of outward form and the freedom of action which are required for the exercise of its ministry with dignity and efficiency? Christ was not

an unwise or unskilled builder. It was, indeed, in the catacombs of Rome that, in the early ages of Christianity, the Papacy first accomplished its work; but it is not to days of persecution that we look to behold in the Papacy the normal form which it should bear, and the normal rights which it received from Christ.

The Pope, as all concede, must have absolute freedom of action in the work of governing the Church and of inculcating the principles of faith and morals. No hindrance must be thrown in his way by human agencies; his action, whether in governing or in teaching, must be entirely his own, or rather that of the Church which he represents. Now, to ensure such freedom of action is the purpose of the civil independence of the Pope. [3] Suppose the Pope were in subjection to a civil ruler—his freedom would, at most, be a concession from the ruler, and there would be no certainty that the concession would not be withdrawn. Such a ruler would have the power to stay the action of the Pope, to put countless obstacles in his way, and, by threats or promises, to exercise influence upon him. And who will say that a civil ruler would never turn such power to account? The action of the Pope might be of a nature to give him offence; it might mean the repudiation of unjust laws which he had enacted, or the condemnation of iniquitous courses which he followed in his private or public life. The word of the Pope is potent with men and nations, and the control of it, real or seeming, would be a valuable

aid to the ambition of a ruler. The temptation to reduce the Pope to silence, or to give direction to his speech, is so great that, were the opportunity given, many rulers would undoubtedly take advantage of it. To such a temptation Napoleon yielded, when Pius VII was temporarily under his dominion; and history tells how, at Savona and at Fontainebleau, neither fraud, nor flattery, nor violence was spared to compel the Pontiff to issue, in matters purely ecclesiastical, such edicts as the conqueror's pride and desire of supremacy dictated. In previous centuries, the monarchs were not few who, if inferior to Napoleon in genius, were equal to him in pride and ambition. What if Popes had been subjects of such monarchs? What if Clement VII had been the subject of the King of England when Henry VIII called for the annulment of his marri ge with Catherine? Or, if Gregory VII had been under the sway of the Emperor of Germany when Henry IV undertook to dispose of the bishop's crozier, as he disposed of the vassal's estate.

Papacy a supra-national institution.

National antipathies and jealousies, so strong and so persistent in the life of humanity, make it imperative that the Head of the Church be not the subject of a civil ruler. Inasmuch as the Catholic Church is a universal church, it is vitally differentiated from all other religious societies, and has exigencies to which no other religious bodies lay claim. Because it is the Church of all nations, its supreme chieftain must be of no nation; he must

have a territory of his own, where all nations are at home, where no nation is master.[1] In virtue of his office the Pope is supra-national, and for this reason he must be extra-national. Were he the subject of any nation, he would be viewed with suspicion by subjects of other nations, who would doubt his impartiality or his freedom from undue influence. In case of war between his master and a foreign sovereign, his own ruler would demand from him sympathy and succor, and the foreigner would refuse to hold communication with him. It is to no purpose that, in the abstract, men draw a line between the spiritual and the temporal, and expect that nations will harken to the Pope as a father in one sphere of action while they turn away from him as an enemy in another. When minds are inflamed with passion the aims and objects of the spiritual and of the temporal are easily confounded. If to-day Leo XIII were the subject of France, precarious, indeed, would be his moral power in Germany. Had he recognized the sovereignty of the Italian King over Rome and made himself a subject of the Quirinal, he would, as a loyal Italian, be bound to respect the obligations of the Dreibund, and ineffectual

[1]There was much political wisdom in the measure that disfranchised the District of Columbia and set it apart as the seat of government in this country. In this way rulers and legislators are effectually freed from the undue influence of particular states. Similarly, if the traditional metropolis of Christendom were set apart for the government of the Church, the Roman Pontiff would be above the control or dictation of any civil power, and would be assured the full exercise of the spiritual liberty of his sacred office.

would be his letters to the people of France, to whom the Dreibund is an enemy ever willing to crush them.

The subjection of the Pope to a civil ruler could not but result in the formation of national churches.

Civil princedom and Catholic unity.

Humanly speaking, had not the Pope in past ages safeguarded his spiritual authority by civil independence, the Church could not have survived as the Catholic or universal Church. History bears witness to the injury done to Catholic unity, towards the close of the Middle Ages, by the prolonged sojourn of the Popes at Avignon. Although at Avignon the Pope was not absolutely deprived of sovereignty, yet the period during which the Papacy was, in some measure, under the influence of a French sovereign, is commonly styled by German writers "the Captivity of Babylon." As a consequence of the residence of the Popes at Avignon, the idea of national churches sprang up in Western Europe, and the way was opened for the Great Schism of the Occident and, perhaps, for the Protestant Reformation itself.

Independence of conscience is the gift of the Christian religion to the world.

Civil princedom and independence of conscience.

The day when Christ said: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's," there arose in the world a power that could say to the despot who would fain pass the border of the spiritual world, "Thus far, and no farther." The despot

soon learned that, in the presence of such a power, limits were set to pride and passion. Again and again fierce war was made upon the Church of Christ because it stood for independence of conscience. Now it was the Byzantine or the German, now it was the Englishman or the Frenchman that coveted spiritual power in order to be absolute master of his domain. Napoleon writhed in rage before a captive Pope who held firmly by his spiritual prerogatives. Before Napoleon's time Henry VIII, thwarted in his base course by the Roman Pontiff, declared himself head of the Church, at least in his own kingdom. It has been an innate passion of civil rulers to be, like the Caesars of old, supreme in the realm of the spiritual as well as in that of the temporal; they always coveted the power, if not the name, of the Pontifex Maximus. Had no resistance been made to the encroachments of kingly power upon spiritual rights, liberty would have perished, not only liberty of conscience, but civil liberty also.

And the Pope it was, the Head of Christ's Church, who during the ages withstood the invasions of the temporal power. This is plain to every student of history who is aware that, had there been no Pope, independence of conscience would have been destroyed beneath the continuous assaults of despotic rulers. Whenever a monarch, drunk with power, undertook to sacrifice the purity of family-life to lust, or the welfare of the people to pride and greed, a Gregory, an Innocent, an Alexander,

an Urban rose up in the name of conscience and put down the aggressor.

But could Popes have wielded freely and successfully their moral power in defence of right against tyrants, if they had been only subjects of such monarchs, or of their friends, or of their enemies? Popes were strong because, in virtue of their civil independence, they were supra-national, above all nations, above all monarchs. If to-day in the world, Catholic and non-Catholic, respect for conscience is supreme, this is due to the Papacy, which in times past fought the battles of conscience, and to the civil independence of the Papacy, which enabled the Popes to fight those battles with success. Will this respect for conscience always and everywhere survive if its defence be left to the individual, if no general representative of its rights be enthroned so high above all combatants that he may speak and act with fullest liberty? This is a question upon which thinking men may well ponder. How far imperialism might go, or might wish to go, towards the enslavement of the spiritual, we can judge from Germany under Bismarck's May laws, and from Russia under the workings of the Holy Synod. In the future as in the past, for the defence of conscience the world will need the Pope; and the Pope to defend the supremacy of conscience will need civil independence. It was considerations such as these that one day brought Thiers to speak to France a truth most profound, however paradoxical the form under which he expressed it: "In or-

der that the spiritual and the temporal remain separated elsewhere in the world, they must be united in Rome."

Political subjection of non-Catholic churches.

The history of churches other than the Catholic proves that hierarchs, when they become the subjects of civil power, lose their freedom, and that they never extend their authority so as to become world-bishops. The Patriarch of Constantinople, after the separation from Rome, sank rapidly to the low estate of a mere instrument of political power in the hands of the Emperor, and the Emperor ruled the Church as despotically as he ruled the state. Any attempt to extend the Patriarch's spiritual domain would have been construed as an attempt to extend the temporal domain of the Emperor. Moscow, at first, acknowledged the spiritual jurisdiction of Constantinople; but, as soon as Russia grew into the consciousness of nationhood, it threw off its allegiance to a foreign pontiff.

Separated from Constantinople, the Patriarch of Moscow was, in name, at least, the ruler of the Russian Church; but he also, in turn, became the creature of the civil power. The Holy Synod of St. Petersburg, which is as much dependent on the Czar as is the Department of War or the Department of Foreign Affairs, governs the church in European and Asiatic Russia, appoints and dismisses bishops and priests, regulates rites and ceremonies, and lays down lines of demarcation between orthodoxy and heresy. Imagine the Patriarch of

Moscow aiming at a world-episcopate, claiming spiritual jurisdiction over Slavic populations in Austria and Turkey, where governments are already so jealous of Russophile tendencies!

No less striking is the example of the Church of England. Of that Church the Archbishop of Canterbury is primate. What authority did the Archbishop of Canterbury have under Henry, under Elizabeth, or under any of their successors? The Church of England is governed by the King, the Privy Council and the Parliament. In spite of occasional protests from High-Churchmen or from Ritualists, the Church of England has been and remains essentially Erastian, as so clearly witness, for instance, the decisions in the Gorham case, and in that of the authors of "Essays and Reviews." The dream, if ever such a dream could be entertained, of making a primate of the Church of England a world-bishop is at once seen to be ludicrous. A Pan-Anglican church could not hope to embrace in its folds even the Episcopalians of Ireland or of America.

Testimony of historians and statesmen.

Historians and statesmen rise from the study of international politics, with the conviction that the Pope, representing a world-church and a universal religion, cannot, with due respect for his office, or for the peace of nations, be the subject of a civil ruler. "I was once of opinion," wrote Ranke, the Protestant historian of the Papacy, "that it would be well to separate wholly the spiritual from the

temporal power; but I have learned that the Pope, without the patrimony of Peter, would be nothing more than the slave of kings and princes." In 1849, Lord Lansdowne, addressing the British House of Lords, did not hesitate to say that "there was no country with Catholic subjects and Catholic possessions, which had not a deep interest in the Pope being so placed as to be able to exercise his authority unfettered and unshackled by any temporal influence which might affect his spiritual authority." In the same year and before the same exalted assembly, Lord Brougham declared: "My opinion is that it will not do to say that the Pope is all very well as a spiritual prince, but that we ought not to restore his temporal power. For, what would be the consequence? Stripped of that secular dominion he would become the slave, now of one power, then of another. His temporal power is a European, not a local one; and the Pope's authority should be maintained for the sake of peace and of the interests of Europe." And, in 1864, when not yet bound by the imaginary logic of accomplished facts, Signor Crispi himself, who has recently been Prime Minister of Italy, announced in open Parliament in Florence: "The Roman Pontiff cannot be the citizen of a great state, descending from the throne on which the Catholic world pays him homage. He must be prince and master in his own domain, second to none."

More emphatically still than historians and

statesmen does the Church itself, with its intimate consciousness of its needs, and its paramount claim to be heard in its own defence, proclaim the necessity of the civil independence of its supreme Pontiff, and his intrinsic right to this independence. Every pope would re-echo the words which, in 1887, Leo XIII addressed to Cardinal Rampolla, his Secretary of State: "We have ever, as in duty bound, claimed a real sovereignty for the Roman Pontiff, not from ambition, or for worldly glory, but as a true and efficacious guarantee of his independence and freedom." And every bishop would subscribe to the declaration made to Pius IX by the hundreds of prelates assembled in Rome in 1862: "We recognize the civil princedom of the Holy See as a necessary institution and as manifestly founded by the Providence of God; and we do not hesitate to declare that, in the present condition of human affairs, this civil princedom is altogether requisite for the salutary and free government of the Church and of souls. For the head of the whole Church must be subject to no sovereign, the honored guest of none, but be established in his own domain and his own princedom, and be in every respect his own master."

Testimony of the Church.

Hence, in the political occurrences which, in the days when modern Christendom was being built upon the ruins of the Roman Empire, led to the institution of the civil sovereignty of the Pope, Catholics have seen the guiding hand of Providence.

Rome, providential seat of empire.

From the Roman Forum went out the highways that led to the remotest frontiers of a mighty empire, universal in its scope, and almost universal in its extent. Along those highways went with the Roman legions, the learning, the art, the commerce of Rome. The milestones, whose numerals met the eye of the wayfarer, told the distance of cities and tribes from Rome, and measured their importance and their culture. Rome's "royal nobleness" marked her out as the worthy seat of the mighty empire that began on the plains of Judea and Galilee—an empire which, though in an entirely different order, was destined to be greater than that of the Caesars had ever been, to be, in fact, what Rome's temporal empire had striven in vain to be, an empire universal and eternal. Of this new empire Peter held the sceptre; and in Rome he placed the seat of its power. "As in the designs of Providence," writes Leo XIII, "all human events have been ordered towards Christ and His Church, so ancient Rome and its empire were founded for the sake of Christian Rome." The empire of Rome in Daniel's vision was the greatest, as it was the last, of the five great empires which were to precede and emblematize the Empire of Christ. The city of Rome itself had been declared by its seers and poets "Urbs Aeterna," the destiny of whose sons was to rule the universe:

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento."

What was seen in vision by Hebrew prophet, and

foretold by Roman seer, was to receive its fulfillment in the Fisherman of Galilee.

And so it came to pass that, when the Church had attained its normal form and stature, the successor of Peter was found to be dowered with civil independence and civil sovereignty.

From the days of Pepin, indeed, from a much earlier time, the Pope was the ruler of Rome. On the twentieth day of September, 1870, the armies of Victor Emmanuel took forcible possession of the city and made it the capital of Italy.

Italian occupation of Rome.

The occupation of Rome took place despite Victor Emmanuel's solemn assurance that he would respect the city of the Popes, and without the concurrence of the Roman people. When, in 1860, Victor Emmanuel was invading Umbria and the Marches, he recognized that all law, civil and ecclesiastical, forbade his going to Rome, and in a public proclamation he declared, "I intend to respect the seat of the chief of the Church, to whom I am willing to give, together with the allied and friendly Powers, all the guarantees of independence and security." That the Italian occupation of Rome took place without the concurrence of the Roman people is freely admitted even by those who are no advocates of the Pope's temporal power. "Rome had been won," writes Mr. Bolton King in his "History of Italian Unity," "but not as they would have wished it; it was not through the great rising of a people, or because Europe and the Papacy had

bowed of free will to the principles of nationality. The accident of European policies had brought the Italians there." The Roman plebiscite by which the Italian government afterwards endeavored to give to its conquest the appearance of popular approval, has never been regarded as anything more than a daring political farce.[1]

Against the Italian occupation of Rome the Pope unceasingly protests. As Supreme Head of the Church he cannot do otherwise. The question of the civil independence of the Holy See is a question of principle. This independence is an inherent need, and, consequently, an inherent right of the Church. The enjoyment of this, as of other rights of the Church, may, through stress of circumstances and the interference of men, be interrupted for periods of time more or less prolonged. But the right itself no series of events, no power of men can take away; and the Pope, as the ruler and guardian of the Church, cannot but defend it. Were he to

[1]This plebiscite was held October 2d, 1870. Only 46 votes were cast against the annexation of Rome, while 40,831 ratified the action of the invaders. No one attempts to deny that many thousands of strangers and immigrants—Romans for the nonce—went to the urns, while the real people of Rome abstained altogether from voting. Neither does anyone deny that corruption was rampant. M. de Beaufort (Histoire de l'Invasion des Etats Pontificaux, p. 396) states that a young Belgian sculptor, who tested the working of the plebiscite, voted 22 times for the annexation. Indeed it is notorious that whole bands of voters passed from one urn to another. In striking contrast to this farce was the address which was presented to Pius IX on the first anniversary of the plebiscite, and which was signed by over 27,000 men—not "Romani di occasione," but Romans by birth and residence.

remain silent under the spoliation of his civil independence, he would implicitly acquiesce in the violation of principle; he would sacrifice a sacred right of the Church, and would be an untrue and unjust steward.

Moreover, in the present condition of the Papacy, the sole safeguard of the Pope's spiritual independence is continuous protest. As long as he protests, so long is he free and independent; as long as he does not become a subject of the Italian Kingdom, so long is he the unfettered world-bishop, with dignity unimpaired. No jealousies are aroused in other nations; no fears are entertained that he is constrained or influenced. Had the Pope accepted the proffered annuity of three million lire, had he consented to pass, escorted by royal dragoons, through the streets of Rome, to render a subject's fealty at the Court of the Quirinal, he would have become in the eyes of the world the salaried official of Italy, the court-chaplain of Italy's sovereign. His moral influence as Pontiff would be at an end. The "Vatican intransigenza," as his enemies term Leo's attitude towards the Quirinal, is now the only possible safeguard to the independence and dignity of the Pope.

Protest, condition of independence.

No doubt, during Leo's pontificate, the prestige of the Papacy has been greater than at any other period during the nineteenth century. From this the adversaries of Papal civil independence infer that the Papacy has received from the Italian Gov-

ernment all the concessions of liberty which it needs, and that it prospers most when liberated from temporal responsibilities. This, however, is a conclusion without foundation in fact. Leo's personal character it is that has reflected new lustre upon the Papacy in these later years; it is his greatness of mind and heart, that, in spite of all obstacles, has won the homage of the world. If to-day the Papacy is more illustrious than before, it is in spite of, not because of, the loss of temporal power.

They who counsel reconcilation between the Vatican and the Quirinal on the basis of the Pope's recognition of the sovereignty of the King over Rome, overlook the vital point at issue—the principle which, as Head of the Church, Leo can never yield—namely, that the spiritual independence of the Pope, to be effective and enduring, requires, as its guarantee, civil independence.

Present situation intolerable.

The situation that now confronts the Pope is intolerable. In the streets of Rome, insult has been offered to the cortege conveying to their last resting place in San Lorenzo the remains of Leo's predecessor. In one of the public squares a statue has been erected in honor of an excommunicated monk, whose sole merit was that he had been the enemy of the Papacy. The head of the municipal government has been dismissed from office by ministerial decree, because, on an occasion when the Catholic world was honoring Leo as man and as Pontiff, he dared to send to the Vatican the expression of his

good will and that of his colleagues. The charitable institutions of the city, legacies of the Catholic charity of ages, have been wrested from the control of the Church and handed over to the secular authorities. Monasteries and schools have been closed and confiscated. By veto of the Italian government, Leo XIII has been forbidden to send an envoy to an international peace congress, where he would have been welcomed even by non-Catholic sovereigns, and where the Pope, by all the prerogatives of his office and all the traditions of his See, was entitled to be represented. It may, indeed, be urged that a treaty of reconciliation between Pope and King would secure the Pontiff against such violations of justice and public decency. But can such a treaty guarantee that concessions so secured will be abiding and irrevocable? "Independence through concessions," to quote Leo himself, "may be withdrawn by him who bestowed it; those who sanctioned it yesterday may annul it tomorrow." How dependent the Pope would be, were his rights secured only by concession, is understood from the avowal of Signor Ricciotti Garibaldi, in a late number of the North American Review: "The Papacy in Italy exists only by the permission of the Italian Parliament." Mere concessions cannot, of their very nature, suffice to secure to the Papacy the full exercise of its rights; concessions, as such, presuppose that the Head of the Church can be the subject of a civil power.

The only solution of the Roman Question is the Pope's civil princedom; and until the civil princedom is recovered the Pope's protest will continue against the existing condition of things.

Restoration of civil princedom.

The difficulties urged against the restoration of the Pope's civil princedom are by no means so insuperable as at first glance they may appear. Italy took from the Pope his civil princedom; why should not Italy be expected to give it back? To do so would mean for Italy peace, prosperity and glory. No one can fail to sympathize with that love for the beautiful peninsula which, in 1849, drew the hearts of the population to the banners of Charles Albert, as they waved defiance to the foreigners who occupied Italian soil; no one will refuse to second the wish of the Italian poet, that Italy had been "meno bella, o piu forte," and thus have escaped incursions of Iberian, Gaul and Teuton, and have been in the past something more than a geographical expression. But, on the other hand, it cannot be maintained that the possession of Rome was necessary to a liberated or a united Italy. Italy had no historic claim to Rome; ancient Rome had not belonged to Italy any more than to other lands which ancient Rome had conquered. Moreover, the honor, the welfare of Italy, and, above all else, the honor and welfare of the universal Church, whose rights Italy had graver reasons than other nations to respect, demanded that Rome should remain outside the borders of the new commonwealth. Rome should have

been deemed "intangible;" the providential home of the spiritual sovereign should have been held sacred. Many of Italy's foremost statesmen were of this way of thinking, and counseled the retention of the seat of national government in Florence. Unfortunately, the thoughtless popular passion of the moment triumphed. Justice and religion were trampled under the feet of the Italian soldiery; and an era of hopeless internal suffering and weakness opened for the nation.

The situation is to-day no less intolerable for Italy than it is for the Papacy. The court of the King is overshadowed by that of the Pope. Rome persists in being papal, in deriving its life and grandeur from the Papacy. Throughout the kingdom the people are divided. The adherents of the Pope's temporal power are legion. They are, moreover, the most conservative elements of the population, and, as in obedience to the Pope's order they refrain from active participation in national politics, the peril daily grows that the socialistic and revolutionary elements in the country may obtain control of public affairs. Through fear of papal claims, the government is compelled to impose on the country, much against the country's most earnest wishes, the burden of an oppressive militarism, and of an unnatural and unhistoric alliance with Austria and Germany. Under such conditions no country could hope for permanent peace and prosperity. This, all Italians realize, and all clamor for deliverance of one

kind or another. Meanwhile, the papal cause will necessarily gain ground, for this reason, if for no other, that the Italian people are profoundly Catholic, and will remain Catholic in every fibre of their souls, as long as they are Italians. Once the heat of political passion is cooled, and it is more plainly seen that papal independence is a religious, not a political matter, the proper solution to the Roman Question will be given by Italy itself. Time may be required, but the Papacy has the patience of an eternal institution.

It is, however, on higher grounds than a consideration of the conditions of Italy that Catholics rest their hopes of a restoration of Papal independence. For Catholics, the Church is a divine institution, the Papacy is a divine institution. The Papacy, they believe, has a God-given right to all that is necessary for its dignity and the fulfillment of its mission, and a right, consequently, to civil independence, and to civil princedom as the means to this independence. God, they feel assured, has the Church in His keeping and will not allow it to be permanently despoiled of rights needed for its life and work. It matters not, then, in the eyes of Catholics, what obstacles confront the Papacy to-day, rendering apparently impossible the recovery of its civil princedom. All such obstacles, they know, will be removed in Providence's good time, and the rights of the Papacy will be restored to it. The present "Captivity of Babylon" will not be allowed to endure.

Non-Catholic readers of the North American Review may not admit the premises upon which Catholics are building. They will, however, I am confident, concede that once those premises are granted, the Catholic position on the Pope's civil princedom is the only logical one. And, furthermore, I venture to say that as they recall what they have read of the conflicts and triumphs of the Church in past ages, they will be slow to reject as improbable the statement that some day, be it sooner or later, the world will again see the Pope in possession of his civil princedom, and Rome once more the free international city of the Christian world.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA

THE ceremony of the bestowal of the pallium upon the Most Reverend John Joseph Keane, Archbishop of Dubuque, took place in the Cathedral of Dubuque, April 17, 1901. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of St. Paul.

THE CHURCH IN AMERICA

On the nineteenth day of April, in the year 1839, there was much commotion in the little village of Dubuque; a steamboat was breasting the swiftly flowing waters of the Mississippi. In those days a steamboat on the Mississippi was an unusual sight, and whenever one came into view crowds flocked to give it welcome and to ask for news from far-off centers of civilization. On this April day the eagerness of the villagers to rush riverward denoted more than ordinary interest and expectation; it was the first steamboat of the season from St. Louis, and—this especially heightened curiosity in its coming—word had gone out that it had on board the newly consecrated bishop of Dubuque. No wonder that there was commotion in the village. Dubuque had a bishop. To Catholics this meant that henceforth Holy Church would watch with ceaseless care over their spiritual welfare; to all, Catholics and non-Catholics alike, it was an augury that Dubuque would soon witness the opening of new streets and the rise of new groups of houses, and that Iowa's silent prairies would be gladdened with the tread of hosts of incoming immigrants.

As the boat was made fast to the pier, there

stepped ashore Dubuque's first bishop, Mathias Loras. He was accompanied by two priests who had come with him from France, Joseph Cretin and Anthony Pelamorgues, and was met at the landing by the pioneer missionary of the Northwest, Samuel Mazzuchelli. A few moments later the little chapel at the foot of the bluff was filled to overflowing, while the bishop, with beating heart and tearful eye, blessed the people, blessed the diocese of the present and of the future; it was the formal inauguration of the Catholic Church in the Northwest.

The territory over which Bishop Loras had been appointed chief pastor comprised the vast region lying between the Mississippi and the Missouri, from the State of Missouri on the south, to British America on the north. In that entire region, at the date of its incorporation into the new diocese of Dubuque, the Catholic Church was represented by three chapels and a few scattered Catholics. Throughout the immense territory there was not a single resident priest. What spiritual favors had hitherto been vouchsafed to Catholics had come from the hands of Father Samuel Mazzuchelli, of the village of Galena, who, while caring for Northern Illinois and Western Wisconsin, generously extended his apostolic labors into the neighboring State of Iowa.

It is now the seventeenth day of April, in the year 1901; we meet, as our pioneer fathers met sixty-two years ago, to witness the installation of a Bishop of Dubuque.

Where, in 1839, there stood a little wooden chapel, there stands to-day a stately temple; the one bishop, the three priests, the handful of pioneer settlers give place to a score of bishops and archbishops, among them a prince of the Church, to hundreds of priests, to thousands of faithful Catholics; the modest ceremonies of the installation of the first bishop of Dubuque yield to the highest pomp and circumstance authorized by Catholic liturgy in the installation of an Archbishop.

The change from 1839 to 1901.

What, in 1839, was the Diocese of Dubuque includes to-day no less than eight dioceses, two of them honored with metropolitan dignity, and those dioceses number 976 churches, 970 priests, and a Catholic population of 678,500 souls.

Bold prophet thou wert, sainted Loras, yet never in thy most hopeful vision didst thou dare picture to thyself the change that six decades of years were to work in this northwestern region of America. Most marvellous, indeed, are the changes! Such changes did not, we may be sure, come to pass without God's intervening providence. To Him be the praise and the glory!

The story of the Church in the olden diocese of Dubuque is, in miniature, the story of its growth throughout the United States. Yesterday in this country the Church was as the mustard seed. To-day it is a mighty tree, with branches overspreading the land. When, in 1789, the United States received

its first bishop there were in the country some twenty priests and about 30,000 Catholics. At the opening of the twentieth century there are thirteen archbishops, eighty bishops, 9,000 priests, and, according to the report of the Catholic Directory, a Catholic population of 11,000,000.

The Directory, as I have stated, puts the Catholic population at 11,000,000. For my part, I am convinced that this estimate is much below the actual numbers. The statistics of the Directory are made up from returns sent by pastors to the diocesan chanceries. But whoever looks closely into the matter will see that in many cases, at least, those returns are merest guesswork. They are seldom, if ever, the result of an exact census. For one pastor, the Catholics are those who go to Easter Communion; for another, they are those who occupy pews; for another again, they are those who are personally known to the priest. Surely, we should account as Catholics all to whom the theology of the Church allows the name—all who were baptized and have not by a formal act renounced the Catholic faith. In large cities, especially, there are vast numbers of Catholics somewhat neglectful in religious practice, going now to one church, now to another, who escape the notice of all pastors. How often are priests called to the bedside of dying people who had never been thought of as Catholics. Another fact is to be observed which has a very important bearing upon the question—sometimes, for

reasons easily understood, it is not to the material interest of the parish, or of the pastor, to send to the chancery office large estimates of the number of parishioners.

How unreliable the figures in the Directory often are, we may judge from the fact that if we look through the volumes of several years, we shall find that year after year the same numbers are ascribed to certain dioceses, where manifestly a stationary population was not possible; as well as from this other fact, that, some time ago two directories, published by two different firms, and professing to furnish exact figures, differed from each other to the extent of a million in their estimate of our Catholic population. It is unfortunate that we cannot, in some way, for once at least, have a thoroughly reliable Catholic census. So far as a general conclusion may be drawn from a partial but careful study of the facts, I do not hesitate to say that there are to-day in the United States 14,000,000 of Catholics.

Catholic population of the United States.

The Church in America took form when the See of Baltimore was organized in 1789. We shall not put to the account of the Church of America what happened in England's American colonies.

On Bishop Carroll's arrival in Baltimore the Catholics in the country numbered 30,000. They now number, we may take it, 14,000,000. Whence comes the increase? In very large part it comes through immigration.

America's fertile fields and salubrious air invited

to its shores populations of the old world who were in search of new homes; the free institutions of the Republic seconded nature's invitation; modern inventions narrowed seas and oceans; and so, during hundreds of years, other lands poured into America legions of their sons. It was God's purpose, we may verily believe, to build up in America a new people, a people that, with the life blood of many races coursing in its veins, would embody the best energies of the world as well as the fairest social and political aspirations of the past, a people that would rise into unwonted national grandeur, worthy of humanity's new age. Such a nation God would not leave without the salutary graces of which Christ's Church is the custodian and dispenser; hence in the currents of immigration flowing upon America's shores were borne among others the children of many Catholic lands. The Catholic Church of America received into its bosom sons and daughters of many races, in order that by assimilating to itself virtues of various types it should grow with the growth of the country into a new and vigorous spiritual commonwealth, well fitted for the work of religion amid a new people in a new age; and in view of the hardships which were to attend its earlier years, it found drawn to itself large numbers of the sons and daughters of races that long martyrdom for the faith had inured to every trial, and trained to be unbending before the most violent storms.

Catholic immigration to the United States.

Small groups of descendants of pre-revolutionary Catholics in Maryland, Kentucky and Pennsylvania, yet smaller groups of French and Spanish Catholics in territories added at different intervals to the original United States, vast multitudes of immigrants scattered broadcast north and south, east and west—such the Church of America, as a glance at the past brings it into view.

Faith and piety of our pioneer Catholics.

Noble pioneer Catholics of America, who will tell, as it should be told, the story of your labors and sacrifices? O may we, who are heirs to the rich fruitage of your faith and charity, be ever mindful of our debt of reverence and gratitude!

Poor were they in earthly goods, our fathers in the faith; willing hearts and strong arms were, in most cases, their sole possession; toil and hardship, verily the scriptural hewing of wood and drawing of water, were their lot. Only through savings from slender wages were they able to build churches, schools, asylums of charity. Strangers they were in a strange land. The laws of the country, indeed, guaranteed them freedom of worship; but a majority of their neighbors knew Catholics only as they were pictured in virulent anti-Catholic literature. Social ostracism, lofty contempt, jeers and slurs were the penalty of Catholic faith. Outside the Church were material gain, public honor and the gratification of social pride and ambition; within the Church were poverty and obscurity, the privation of power and of social distinc-

tion. To be a Catholic in those days was, in very truth, to be a stranger, almost an outcast, in America.

And priests were few to cheer and fortify the faithful. Indeed, the scarcity of priests during the early part of the nineteenth century was the most serious affliction of the Church in America. The poverty of Catholics, their newness in the country impeded the development and cultivation of vocations to the priesthood. Usually priests were obtained aboard, and generous as was the response of Europe, the number of priests in America was always sadly inadequate to the needs of the people. Missions would be visited by a priest once in a month, perhaps once in three or six months; and priests were so overburdened with the toil of building churches, gathering money for the maintenance of public worship and the support of the orphan and the poor, that but a scanty portion of their time could be devoted to the purely spiritual work of their ministry.

"It is the mercy of the Lord that we are not consumed." We may well doubt, whether in any period of its history with the exception of the first century, the Church was anywhere so beset with trials as it was in the past century in America. At other times and in other countries the Church had to face open persecution; but open persecution puts men on their mettle and evokes their highest courage. Open persecution is far less harmful than the silent and insidious peril of the daily decay of spirit-

ual energies in a poisoned and death-bearing atmosphere. Moreover, under persecution, such as now and then came upon Catholics in other lands, the faithful were massed together, fought shoulder to shoulder, and were strengthened by the accumulated traditions of family and of race; in America Catholics were scattered wide apart, far removed from the inspiring influence of olden memories, each one thrown upon his individual strength, without comfort or support from friends or neighbors.

But over the Church of America God was watching, and from the skies there poured out upon it bounteous graces. Priests and people showed themselves to be made of finest Catholic fibre. Glorious, indeed, would be the pages, glistening with recitals of piety, zeal and self-sacrifice, that would faithfully describe Catholic men and women, priests and bishops in the pioneer period of the life of the American Church. We are in a manner unfair to those who have gone before us. We remember the few who stepped aside from the path of duty—the scandals given here and there, at one time or another. The virtues and the sacrifices of the multitudes of our Catholics, we either forget, or pass over in silence. Glorious would be the picture that would faithfully portray the faith and virtues of our early American Catholics. In such a picture I should put a Loras, rowing with his own hands his birch-bark canoe from the Falls of St. Anthony to Dubuque, or travelling on foot the trackless prairies of Iowa, the satchel with the sacred vestments slung over his

shoulder. There I should put a Cretin living for months on crackers and cheese that he might serve the little flock without taxing their poverty. There I should put the lonely settler, walking a hundred miles that his child might be regenerated with the waters of baptism, and the humble laborer on canal or railroad contributing far more than the customary dime to support a priest and build a chapel, and the timid girl in a prejudiced household offering to Christ in secret the tears that a taunt against her faith had provoked. And there, also, should I put the ardent youth, the polished man of letters, the ambitious citizen closing their eyes to the sunshine of success, because the price of success was apostasy from their Church. Subjects there are by the thousand for such a picture; we who have lived through a portion of the past can in some faint way imagine how beautiful it would be; the full beauty of it only God and His angels know.

American Catholics of the present day.

What, despite all obstacles, people and priests have accomplished, the Church in America to-day bears eloquent witness. We need but to look around us. Who fears to speak of the American Catholic Church? Who blushes at the name? Call up before your minds the churches and colleges, the schools and convents, the hospitals and orphanages —all the institutions of piety, charity, education and apostolic zeal, with which the country is covered. And these are not the creation of the civil state or of wealthy religious corporations; they are the em-

bodiment in brick and stone of the toil and sacrifice of the Catholic people—the fruit of their hard labors, freely bestowed upon Christ and His Church. Only living faith and sincere love for God could have yielded such results.

What people and priests have accomplished! I take to witness the faith and devotion of Catholics in America. Where is piety more deep and warm, where is purity more celestial than in our convents? Where is self sacrifice more unreserved, zeal more ardent than in the lives and labors of our priesthood? Glance down the naves and aisles of our temples and see our Catholics at prayer; see the thronging multitudes, multitudes of men as well as of women, that press around the altar rail, not merely on great festivals, but also on the ordinary Sunday, and tell me what land in Christendom shows sights more consoling, more enchanting. Follow those multitudes to their homes, to their shops and marts; study them as they mingle with their non-Catholic fellow citizens—is there upon their cheeks a blush of shame for their religion? Is there upon their lips a word of disloyalty to the Church? I challenge the most Catholic land to show Catholics more courageous in making profession of their faith, more consistent in carrying its principles into their daily life. And if you pass from the external manifestations of their faith to an examination of the faith itself, is not that faith as intact and undefiled as it is bold and firm? Is it not, to the smallest detail the faith of Peter, the Supreme Shepherd

of the flock, to whom they are as closely united in love and obedience as ever were Catholics in any country of Christendom?

What people and priests have accomplished! It is seen in the change wrought in American public opinion. Half a century ago anti-Catholic prejudice was dominant in the land. For this our non-Catholic fellow citizens were not altogether to be blamed; they did not know Catholics as they are, and they treated Catholics for what they took them to be. But prejudice there was, deep-seated and often virulent; and Catholics were confronted with the task of removing it. The task could be accomplished only through the most loyal attachment of Catholics to their religion, and through the most loyal translation of the principles of their religion into their daily life; for in this way alone could they eliminate misrepresentation and mistrust, and win to themselves the esteem and respect of their non-Catholic neighbors. Prejudice has been removed—a proof of the living faith of Catholics, as well as of the fair-mindedness and good will of those who were opponents simply because they did not know the true teachings of the Church. The reign of ill feeling and animosity has passed away. Catholics and non-Catholics differ from one another in creed and spiritual allegiance; but, as honest men and true Americans, they hold one another in respect, accord to one another fullest civil and social freedom, and work together in earnestness and harmony for the greater weal of society and of country.

One of the many problems before the Church in America was, whether it could prosper in an atmosphere of absolute freedom, without support or sympathy from the state or even from compact social or national traditions, solely by virtue of its own innate vigor. To one who believed in the divine origin of the Church, or had read its history intelligently, the issue should never have been doubtful. Yet, so much accustomed had Catholics become to see the Church allied with the state, or at work amid populations which had centuries of Catholic tradition behind them, that many in America, and many more in Europe, were unwilling to trust it to its native vitality. The problem had its importance, for this, if for no other reason, that, whether for weal or woe the entire world is rapidly drifting towards the social and political conditions that prevail in America, and the question, whether the Catholic Church was to be the Church of the future as it had been of the past, was to be decided in America. The fate of the Church in America was, it was felt, the fate of the Church in the world.

If the Catholic Church was on trial, there was also on trial the power of democracy to live side by side with the Church. And here is the cause of many of the attacks made in Europe on the American Church. Those attacks are, covertly, attacks on democracy. It would have admirably suited the reactionary theorists, who would fain awaken among Catholics the dread of democracy, to be able to say that the Catholic Church cannot thrive with

democracy, with the popular liberties which democracy allows. To such theorists, thank God, the Church and democracy in America have given sore disappointment.

Two statements derogatory to the American Church have been made—one that it has shown no power of expansion from within, no power to effect conversions from non-Catholic bodies; the other, that it has not been able to hold its own, that it has lost immense numbers of its children. Both assertions are widely circulated through Europe, and unfortunately at times receive support from the imprudent statements of some Catholics in America.

Conversions to the Church.

As to conversions—might we not well ask whether conversions were to be looked for in America during the greater part of the past century, when Catholics were as strangers in the land, when the question for the Church was to live and organize itself, to give shelter to the throngs of immigrants rushing into its arms, when time and opportunity were scarcely allowed to priests to baptize the new-born and to shrive the dying? And yet so vigorous was the blood coursing in the veins of the American Church, that even in the years of its infancy and youth, conversions were made in considerable numbers. Besides many men and women known to public fame who embraced the Catholic faith during the nineteenth century, there are the unnoticed crowds of converts, who, in every diocese of the country, sought truth and peace

in the bosom of the Church. I am not prepared to give complete statistics. I may, however, say that in the Diocese of Baltimore, for many years past, the number of converts has annually been over seven hundred, and that in a modest and comparatively unimportant diocese of the West, with which I am conversant, the number has annually ranged from three to four hundred. These two dioceses may be taken as fair instances of what we must presume is happening in other dioceses.

The question of the Church's losses.

As to our losses—in this matter the honor of the American Church had been fully vindicated by John Gilmary Shea and by the Right Rev. Thomas O'Gorman. But the accounts they give are never mentioned at home or abroad by the detractors of the American Church, who are less concerned in seeking the truth than in piling up startling statistics of our losses. They who hold the Church of America responsible for immense losses make no pretense of close investigation—they refer to others who were the merest guessers, or who, like themselves, had a brief to defend. The so-called Lucerne Memorial, presented to the Vatican in 1891, asserts that the losses in the Church in America amounted to 16,000,000; and quite recently a Canadian writer has said that "the Church in the United States has certainly lost one-half of her children, perhaps two-thirds of them." John Gilmary Shea takes as the basis of his calculation the Catholic population given by Bishop Marechal in 1820, and thence work-

ing from the official statistics of immigration, and allowing for each decade a natural increase of one-third, he estimates that the Catholic population in the United States in 1890 should be 10,627,000. Was our actual population, in 1890, far below that figure? And if not, where is there room to talk of alarming losses? In my opinion even Mr. Shea, in calculating what should have been in 1890 our Catholic population, made too little allowance for Catholics who came to America and who afterwards emigrated from it, or for the larger number of immigrants from Ireland in the early decades following their first great rush to this country, who were prevented, either by poverty or premature death, from marrying and building up families. Nor did Mr. Shea take into account, as much as he should have done, the number of Catholic immigrants whose faith had been practically lost before they saw America, or who had been so ill-instructed in their faith that their apostasy cannot be ascribed as a fault to the Church in this country.

An honored name first gave currency to the exaggerated figures as to the losses of the Catholic Church in America. It was that of Bishop England, who wrote that up to his time the Church in this country had lost no less than 5,000,000. Now the most superficial glance at early American immigration shows the utter impossibility of such figures. If we put together all the Catholic immigrants that ever landed in America and all their descendants, and even assume that there had been no losses what-

ever, we could not find in America, up to Bishop England's time, a Catholic population of 5,000,000—the number which, according to the Bishop, had been lost to the Church. It may, perhaps, be said, in extenuation of the Bishop's mistake, that he had in view as the basis of his calculation Catholic immigration to the Carolinas and the losses occurring in those regions, and that in making up his 5,000,000 he calculated the immigration to other regions of the country and the loss sustained there by the Church on a generalization of the conditions in the Carolinas. Such a generalization may explain the mistake, but is not authorized by facts. The Carolinas, as is well known, had been in early days an exceptionally unfavorable field for the preservation of Catholic faith; and the losses which the Church sustained there cannot be taken as an indication of the losses which she suffered elsewhere.

Losses, we admit, did occur in the American Church. The scarcity of priests, the lack of efficient church organization, the trials and temptations to which poverty and isolation exposed the early immigrants rendered losses inevitable. But that these losses were at all so large as they have been represented, we emphatically deny. Whatever the losses were, we must add that the causes of them no longer confront the American Church, prosperous and well organized for its work as it is to-day. Losses did occur and may yet occur in America, as they occur in other lands, owing to the

religious restlessness and the materialistic tendencies of the age; but that such losses are larger than the losses in some other lands, or even so large as the losses in many lands, cannot be sustained. Such losses, moreover, whatever they be, are more than compensated for in America by conversions from the ranks of non-Catholics.

Duties and responsibilities of American Catholics.

Our fathers in the faith did their work well; shall we do ours as well? What the Church of America is to-day, our fathers under God's providence made it; what it will be to-morrow, it is we who shall determine.

The situation has changed since the days of Bishop Loras. America has grown; it is a great nation, throbbing with matured strength, world-wide in its influence, the observed of all nations, the prime arbiter of all problems, social and political, that advancing time has brought up for solution. And with America the Church in America has grown in importance and in responsibility. The American Church has reached the age of maturity; it is called upon to give forth rich fruits of power and grace, to meet the duties which the new order of things imposes upon it, to prove itself worthy of the divine life with which it is endowed, worthy of the country with which its temporal destinies are linked, and whose momentous energies and ambitions its human elements should assimilate and turn to profit in the accomplishment of its spiritual mission.

Those who are of the fold demand the first atten-

tion of the Church. They are its immediate charge; their salvation is its chief work; from their ranks are to come the soldiers who will fight its battles and achieve its conquests. The Catholics of the country will no longer be to any considerable extent immigrants from foreign lands. They will be Americans to the manner born; they will mingle far more than their fathers did with their non-Catholic fellow citizens; they will have new aspirations and new duties; they will be exposed to new perils. The children given to it the Church must keep; none, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, can it afford to lose; and while keeping them within its fold, it must seduously build up their souls into the life of Christ, that they be truly children of the Redemption and heirs of Heaven.

A more systematic and determined effort than was heretofore possible is expected from the Church in spreading the faith among our non-Catholic brethren. If so much was done in this direction by the Church even in its days of trial and poverty, how much more must be done in the days of its strength? The Church is the depository of truth and grace; why should not its treasures be poured out generously over the whole land? It must make its own the words of its Founder: "I have come to send fire over the earth, and what desire I but that it be kindled." The American people love truth and wish to know it; if by worthy methods we prove to them that truth is in our possession, they

will seek it from us, and become its fervent disciples.

The Church has its duties to society and to country. It is the living gospel of Christ; it holds in its doctrinal principles and moral precepts the key to the final solution of all social problems, the means to social health and happiness. The Church must unlock its treasures of truth and grace and bid them flow through all the currents of the country's life. Let it be made plain to all the people that "piety is useful to all things, having the promise of the life that is, and of the life that is to come;" that the religion of Christ, as expounded by the Catholic Church, is the surest foundation and the most enduring element of the social fabric; that the teachings and the spirit of the Catholic Church tend to beget and nurture the health, the happiness and the liberty of the people—the cherished ideals of the American Republic.

The Church of America has the world-wide duties which the world-wide influence of the American Republic has thrust upon it. Wherever goes the flag of America, wherever go the power and prestige of America, there should the Church of America be known, there should its influence for good be felt and recognized.

A special mission of the Catholic Church in America will always be to demonstrate how congenial is the freedom of democracy to the religion of Christ, how naturally from the teachings of

Christ's Gospel proceed the principles of democracy —liberty, equality and brotherhood. It is because of this special mission that the American Catholic Church is so anxiously watched by thinking men all over the world. Humanity is entering upon a new phase of its social and political history. To what degree will the Church of nineteen centuries find itself at home in this new world? It is to the American Church to give the answer.

The planet of light shines not upon another land where greater things are within the reach of the children of the Church, where nobler incentives move them to spend themselves and to be spent for God and for humanity.

"Remember the days of old; ask thy father and he will declare to thee; thy elders and they will tell thee." Let us retain the strong faith, the ardent zeal, the deep piety, the unswerving disinterestedness of our fathers in the faith. Spirit of Loras, spirit of our pioneer Catholics, be ever with us! Need, no doubt, there is of new measures and of new methods; but the old virtues that served the Church so well in the past, must serve it in the future. These virtues must ever be the very web and woof of our Catholic life. Without them our personal salvation is imperilled; without them we are doomed to fail in whatever we undertake for the glory of God and the welfare of religion.

Personal zeal and trust in God.

Divine grace working in us and with us, let us

labor with might and main for God and for Church whenever and wherever opportunity offers. Far from the minds of American Catholics be the fatal fancy, that without the co-operation of men God will do the work of the Church. What ruin in other times and in other lands this deadly delusion has brought upon religion! Where bishops and priests are mere administrators, mere dispensers of sacraments, where they cling to their presbyteries and sanctuaries, unwilling or unprepared to go out into the world in search of the sinning and erring and to bear with them God's truths and graces into the heart of living humanity, where the laity rest satisfied with the hope of personal salvation, with hearing mass and receiving the sacraments, where they fold their arms in indolent indifference and refrain from active participation in works of religion, there the Church can never prosper.

There is the work of higher education. Our young men and women are too generally content with a common school education; few of them are found in colleges or universities. Indeed, the number of Catholics who seek a higher education is lamentably small. Parents do not understand the value of such education for their children, nor do even priests seem always to realize the importance of it for their people and for the Church. Intelligence is power; intelligence means influence; it means victory. If Catholics are to rise to positions of distinction, if they are to be something more

than herds of voters, if they are to elevate themselves and be an honor to the Church, they must be educated. Heretofore the cry has been for Catholic schools—a blessed cry it is, to which our lips must never be closed; but henceforth the cry must be for Catholic schools, Catholic colleges and universities. And since the people rise only as their leaders rise, the cry must also be for seminaries for our levites, seminaries the best that thought and money can create.

Education and religious instruction.

There is the work of the religious education of the people. Mere secular education is a peril and a menace rather than a blessing. Is due care taken to instruct in their religion the legions of children who, for one reason or another, do not attend or will not attend Catholic schools and colleges? The neglect of such children will prove to be a terrible misfortune to the Church. Is the religious education usually given in Catholic schools and colleges as extensive and as thorough as the needs of the times demand? The letter of the catechism, pious legends, devotional practices will never enable our Catholic youth to withstand the assaults of unbelief, will never fit them to be intelligent defenders and expounders of the faith. The need of the hour is solid instruction in the great dogmatic and moral principles of the Catholic religion. We are too much taken up with little things, the mere frills and flounces of piety, instead of nurturing that virile religion, for which alone men to-day have the time

and taste, and which alone will enable them to triumph over trials and temptations.

Is there sufficient religious instruction for the Catholic body at large? How many there are who rarely hear a sermon! Are due measures taken to supplement the sermon by the reading of Catholic books? If I were to seek to-day a discouraging sign of the times, I should find it in the dearth of Catholic books and Catholic periodicals in the homes of Catholics. In their patronage of Catholic literature our people have gone backward. In the log shanty of an Iowa pioneer, forty or fifty years ago, there were more Catholic books than there are to-day in half a dozen pretentious houses of Catholics. The Catholic literature now sent out by publishing houses in America chiefly consists of prayer-books and catechisms; for other publications of a religious nature there is but a scanty sale.

Are we doing enough to reach out to all classes of the people? What are we doing in the slums of cities? What are we doing for luke-warm Catholics who, because of social isolation or spiritual apathy, hold aloof from mass and sacraments? What are we doing for those unfortunate Catholics who are inmates of state institutions, and who remain without instruction or sacraments unless we seek them out and pursue them with the charity of Christ?

Do we, I might further ask, take that care of our

young men which the importance of this element of our population calls for, and which the perils of their surroundings demand? In the hands of its young men, more than in any other class of its children, the Church must place its future hopes. I fear much that sufficient attention is not given to this fact. A crying need exists everywhere, but particularly in cities, for organizations of young men, in which, through provision made for their social and material interests, their spiritual welfare may be more securely guarded. More necessary for the future of religion are such organizations than costly church structures; more profitably employed in the interest of souls is money spent upon such organizations than much of that which goes to works of pure charity. Works of charity I do not, of course, undervalue, but I would supplement them by what is sure to bring a hundred fold in substantial returns.

Special care of young men.

Then, let us not forget that our Catholic people form part of the American nation, that they share with their fellow-citizens the responsibilities of the public weal, that at the bar of public opinion they are judged by their citizenship and outward life, rather than by what happens in their homes or their churches. Without the good will and esteem of their fellow-citizens, Catholics cannot hope that non-Catholics will come to the knowledge of the true faith, or that the Church will enjoy the public respect and outward dignity, to which it should

aspire. Let no effort, therefore, be spared that the Church's spiritual life flow from its sanctuaries in abundant streams into the souls of our people and become manifest in their public and private life. Let us lay stress upon the supreme importance of the great social virtues of truthfulness, temperance, honesty, purity of morals and observance of law. Let Catholics be taught to take deepest interest in the public affairs of the city, state and nation, to be among the most vigilant guardians of the public weal, to be most loyal to civic duty, especially in their use of the electoral ballot.

The duty of patriotism.

Finally, in my earnest desire that the Catholic Church in America should be all that God intends it to be, may I be allowed to say to Catholics: Be, in the truest and best sense of the word, Americans—loving America, loving its institutions, devoted to its interests, slow to blame it, ardent to defend it. In the past, the Church in America bore more or less a foreign aspect. This was due to circumstances; but however inevitable it was, no one will deny that it worked harm to the cause of religion. To do away with the possibility of misunderstanding or suspicion, we owe it to the Church to make plain to all our Americanism—our loyalty to America. We are not, of course, bound to approve all that the country does or all that is done in its name; as citizens we have the right to condemn, to criticize, to try to alter; but whatever we do, it must be plain that we love America, and that if

we do criticize, it is for very love of country. There is among us, I am not afraid to say, a tendency to criticize at every moment, to exaggerate mistakes, to minimize virtues, to pile up grievances, to grumble perpetually. Such a disposition is unpatriotic, and does most serious harm to the Catholic faith in the eyes of intelligent and earnest Americans. If there are grievances that Catholics have to complain of, let us seek to redress them by proper methods; and our grievances will be redressed, so far as circumstances will at all allow. I have unbounded confidence in American liberty and American justice; I believe that it is the sincere wish of our public men and of American citizens in general to give all classes their just rights. I have not known a single case in which a reasonable appeal through reasonable methods was not courteously listened to, and in due time granted, as justice and patriotism dictated. Is it not unreasonable to go back fifty or a hundred years to unearth acts of unfairness or ill-will towards Catholics? Is it not un-American to load down meetings with resolutions that Catholics have grievances, without even being sure that grievances really exist, or without doing anything to remedy them, if they do exist, save to grumble? Is it not puerile to declare in every issue of a weekly newspaper either that we are persecuted, or that we are about to be persecuted? Surely, the time has come to forget the old spirit of bitterness and suspicion begotten of days

of persecution in olden times, to look at things as they are to-day, to live in the present and the future, and to reach courageously and honorably forward towards the elevation of our people to the character as well as to the condition of free men. Let us be just to America, and know and proclaim that, all things duly considered, nowhere is the Church more free than in America, that in few other countries is it allowed to live in such untrammeled freedom.

The Archbishop of Dubuque.

From yonder pallium comes my inspiration. In words such as my lips could not pronounce, in words that burn with eloquence of deepest feeling and most earnest action, the pallium that touches the shoulders of John Joseph Keane speaks to me, as it does to my hearers, of Church and of country, of sacred love of both, of intelligent devotion to the weal of both.

Friend of my priestly and episcopal years, my fellow-soldier and my leader in every cause that we believed to be for the good of the Church and of country, I shall not this morning speak for myself. It is needless for me to do so. But I may speak in the name of the Church and of America, and say how exceedingly both rejoice to-day to see you enthroned, in archiepiscopal dignity and authority, in the Cathedral of Dubuque. The Church and the country are sure that from Dubuque will go forth in sweetness and power a mighty influence for good in the cause of religion

and of patriotism. You are not an untried soldier. Your deeds upon many fields, your high endowments of mind and heart, your exalted priestly virtues, the esteem and love which you have won in Europe no less than in America, the encomiums bestowed upon you by the chief Pontiff of the Church—all this is remembered to-day and is taken as an augury of the trophies of victory which the future has in store for you.

Iowa rejoices. Here is your immediate field of labor; here will your mind and heart pour out with special abundance their treasures of strength and of love. In the name of the priests and people of Iowa, I bid you welcome. I bless the morning of your coming.

Be yourself rejoiced, not that power and place are yours, but that great opportunities are given to you. You enter into a fair inheritance, enriched by the piety and the zeal of your predecessors, and ready to reward your labors with richest fruitage. Priests are exemplary; people are loyal; you need but speak and hosts are marshalled into battle for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Noblest exemplars are before you. But yesterday, a Hennessy ruled the diocese of Dubuque; under his guiding hand priests, churches, schools were multiplied, religion respected, authority revered, the dignity of priesthood and episcopate maintained and protected. Before a Hennessy a Smyth was the Bishop of Dubuque, a man who breathed over the diocese the sweet fragrance of piety which he

had brought with him from his monastic retreat. Before Smyth there was in Dubuque a Loras, the apostle, the saint, the ideal missionary, whose name will never be forgotten in Northwestern America, whose memory will ever be an inspiration to holiest zeal to all who come after him. These, your predecessors: even greater things than they have done you are bidden to do for Church and for country. Prospere procede et regna!

FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLICITY IN THE NORTHWEST

THE Diocese of St. Paul celebrated its golden jubilee on the second day of July, 1901. The day was the fiftieth anniversary of the arrival in St. Paul of the Right Reverend Joseph Cretin, the first Bishop of the Diocese.

The ceremonies of the jubilee were held on the grounds of the St. Paul Seminary, in the presence of several of the bishops of the neighboring dioceses and of an immense concourse of priests and of laity. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Ireland.

FIFTY YEARS OF CATHOLICITY IN THE NORTHWEST

BRIEF is the span of man's life; few the summer suns he counts. Hence, to live with profit to himself and others, he is wont to borrow time. Years that have gone and years that are to come he makes his own—from those that are gone he garners experience and ideals, from those that are to come he obtains scope and purpose of action. Thus he widens all the frontiers of life and adds to his possessions power and inspiration that were otherwise beyond his reach.

The place of a man is by the side of his fellows—his fellows not only of to-day, but also of yesterday and of to-morrow. His strength and significance lie in the ranks of great humanity; the more often, the more effectively he projects himself into its past and into its future, the more grand he becomes in personality, the more fruitful in action.

In this spirit and to this end do we, the Catholics of these northwestern regions, children of the Diocese of St. Paul as it was half a century ago, observe with solemn ceremonial and deep thoughtfulness of soul this second day of July of the year of our Lord, 1901.

Fifty years ago the first Bishop of the Diocese

of St. Paul arrived in St. Paul; fifty years ago the Diocese of St. Paul was formerly inaugurated and commissioned to do its appointed work.

Parts we are, one and all, of the Diocese—members of a great spiritual organism. As such, we shall to-day with more than wonted earnestness throw mind and heart into its history and its hopes, in order that we absorb the more readily its corporate life into our souls, and spend our individual energies more generously in its service. The more closely we are drawn to the Diocese of which we are members, the more intimately are we identified with that yet more exalted organism of which in turn it forms part, the Catholic Church itself, the Society founded by the Divine Teacher and Saviour, the Incarnate God.

Arrival of the first Bishop of St. Paul.

It was the second day of July of the year 1851. The steamer Nominee was rounding yonder river-bend, and the shrill voice of the brazen whistle that gave notice of its coming was echoing over the bluffs and through the ravines of the village. As custom was, an expectant crowd quickly gathered at the levee. "The Bishop is aboard," was the word from the deck of the steamer; and soon all eyes were fixed upon one in priestly garb, who, with dignified mien and radiant countenance, was moving down the gangway, waving salutes and blessings as he stepped ashore. The Right Reverend Joseph Cretin, the first Bishop of St. Paul, had

reached the end of his wearisome journey from distant France; he was in his episcopal home.

It had not been known what steamer would bring the Bishop to St. Paul—in those times there were in St. Paul no telegraph offices to herald coming visitors—and so the priest of the village was not at the levee to bid the Bishop welcome. Father Ravoux was quietly pacing his room, reading his breviary, when a voice hurriedly exclaimed: "The Bishop is here." Rapid were his strides down the hill; soon he was receiving the cordial embrace of his old-time friend, now his honored superior, and joyously leading him towards the log chapel on Bench street, St. Paul's first Cathedral, and to the log cabin in the rear of the chapel, St. Paul's first episcopal palace.

In the Bishop's diary we read: "On the second day of July the Bishop reached the nascent city of St. Paul, and in its chapel, the poorest of the poor, built of logs, he spoke to and blessed his flock." One of the newspapers published in St. Paul in those days, "The Minnesota Democrat," says in its issue of July 8, 1851: "The Right Rev. Joseph Cretin, Bishop of the Diocese of Minnesota, arrived in St. Paul, on board the steamer Nominee, on Wednesday last. He was accompanied by five clergymen from France. They are François de Vivaldi, Louis Ledon, John Fayole, Marcelin Peyragrosse, Edward Lengendre. The arrival of the Bishop at this place was hailed with considerable enthusiasm by our Catholic fellow-citizens. In the

evening large numbers assembled in the log chapel on the bluff to see him and hear his voice. Religious ceremonies appropriate to the Church were performed. The Te Deum and the Magnificat were chanted, and the Bishop addressed the congregation both in English and in French. He said that the purpose of his mission among them was their religious and temporal welfare. The services closed with the Bishop's benediction on the congregation. Those who know the Bishop well, and of different sects, represent him as a highly educated and excellent man, an American in all his sympathies, and warmly attached to the free institutions of our country."

Early Catholicity in the Northwest.

Simple and unostentatious as seemed those occurrences of fifty years ago, they were in deepest reality most solemn and momentous. Nothing less, indeed, were they than the inauguration upon the soil of Minnesota of the hierarchy of the Catholic Church, the apostolate of the Saviour, that received on the summit of Olivet from Christ Himself its life and its power of action. As age succeeded age, that apostolate had reached out to nation after nation, bearing to all lands the truths of Christ's revelation and the graces of His redemption, and now, in the normal unfolding of the Church's Catholicity it was reaching out to the remote and hitherto almost unknown shores of the Northern Mississippi. The coming of Joseph Cretin to St. Paul, with commission from the Church's supreme chieftain, was to these northwestern regions

what the coming of one of the Twelve was to Greece or to Italy, what the coming of Patrick was to Ireland, of Augustine to England, of Boniface to Germany, of Anscarius to the countries of the Baltic seas.

Organization of the Diocese of St. Paul.

The preliminary measures to organize the Diocese of St. Paul were taken by the Bishops of the United States, assembled in Council at Baltimore, in May, 1849. The decision of the Council was forwarded to Rome for ratification by the Sovereign Pontiff; but there, on account of the civil revolution then disturbing the Estates of the Church, action upon it was deferred until the following year. The pontifical brief by which the new See of St. Paul was erected is dated July 19, 1850; that by which Joseph Cretin was made its first Bishop, July 23, 1850. On receipt of the brief the bishop-elect repaired to France to receive episcopal consecration in his native diocese, and to obtain missionaries who would aid him in his new field of labor. He was consecrated at Belley, January 26, 1851, by the venerable prelate who twenty-seven years before had ordained him to the priesthood. A few months later he returned to America, arriving in St. Paul the second day of July, 1851.

It is singularly interesting and instructive to read to-day the report of Catholicity in Minnesota as given in the American Catholic Directory of 1849, at the time when the question of erecting the See of St. Paul was under discussion in the Council of Bal-

timore. The civil territory of Minnesota, which was to be under the spiritual jurisdiction of the new See, comprised what is now the State of Minnesota and those portions of the States of North Dakota and of South Dakota lying east of the Missouri. Ecclesiastically, the part of the territory west of the Mississippi was then dependent upon the diocese of Dubuque, while the part east of the river belonged to the Diocese of Milwaukee, although, as a matter of fact, this, too, was under the care of the Bishop of Dubuque, to whom it was more accessible. The several references to Minnesota, in the Directory of 1849, are as follows:

"St. Peter's Church, near Fort Snelling—Rev. Augustine Ravoux. Sermons in English, French and Sioux. The same clergyman attends Lake Pepin Settlement, and St. Paul's Church in Wisconsin Territory.

"Sioux Mission, above the Falls of St. Anthony, St. Francis Xavier. This mission had languished on account of the intercourse of the whites with the Indians, and the introduction of spirituous liquor among the latter. The Church of St. Francis Xavier has been transferred to Lake Pepin, where several Catholic settlers are collected.

"Pembina Mission. A new mission has just been commenced here, where there is a settlement of about 500 Half Breeds from Red River.

"St. Paul's, 300 miles higher up the Mississippi than Prairie du Chien, with its adjoining stations of Pig Eye and Gervais Settlement, near the Falls

of St. Anthony, and the Bruce and Prelle Settlement on Lake St Croix—Rev. Father Ravoux, of St. Peter's, Iowa."

In 1839, Bishop Loras of Dubuque visited the few Catholics at Fort Snelling and in its vicinity. In 1840, Reverend Lucien Galtier, the first resident priest in what was to be subsequently the Territory of Minnesota, came to St. Peter. He it is who in 1841 gave the name St. Paul to the log chapel which he had built on the eastern bank of the river, and from which our present fair city has taken its name. In 1841, Reverend Augustine Ravoux opened a mission among the Sioux on the spot where now stands the town of Chaska. In 1844, Father Galtier departed from the Northwest, and Father Ravoux took his place as guardian of the missions of St. Peter and of St. Paul. In 1848, Reverend Joseph Bellecourt came down from the British Red River country to Pembina, to minister to the spiritual wants of the settlements of Half Breeds along our extreme northern frontier. In the month of November, 1849, Reverend Albert Lacombe joined Father Bellecourt at Pembina.

According to the Directory of January, 1849, there was in what was to be the new Diocese of St. Paul two priests, one in St. Paul and one in Pembina. There were at Pembina about five hundred Catholics, and at St. Paul and in its neighborhood such a number as may be estimated from the sixty-two baptisms recorded in Father Ravoux's register for the year 1848. It is computed that at this time

the whole white population of the region did not aggregate two thousand. St. Paul was the "little hamlet of bark-roofed cabins," with a population of less than two hundred.

Far-seeing men, however, were divining the future. They saw that the region which was to be Minnesota was destined by nature to be the seat of a great commonwealth. Its soil was fertile, its hills rich in mineral treasures, its atmosphere most healthful; inland seas laved its shores; mighty rivers coursed amid its meadows and forests. Even then, fancy could easily descry wains laden with the riches of prairies and uplands whirled by the iron horse towards the great centers of the world's commerce. As early as 1849 the pioneer settlers, although as yet few in numbers, knocked at the door of Congress to obtain from the federal government authority to organize a civil commonwealth; and in March of that year an act was passed decreeing the organization of the territory of Minnesota. In the same year the leaders of the Catholic Church, no less far-seeing and confident of the future, demanded that an episcopal see be erected in St. Paul. Seldom was a diocese founded in America with so few people and so few priests; but seldom, also, were there such wise apostles of religion as Loras of Dubuque and Henni of Milwaukee, so quick as they were to see for themselves and to make their fellow-bishops see what Providence was holding in reserve; seldom, too, was there a region so sure to

justify the trust reposed in it, as the Territory of Minnesota.

How rapidly the Territory of Minnesota grew in population, in wealth, in the arts and refinements of civil and social culture, the majestic commonwealths of Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota give in this year of grace, 1901, ample evidence. How far the Catholic Church within the Territory of Minnesota, the olden Diocese of St. Paul, did in its own life keep pace with the progress of the country within which lay its sphere of labor, and how far it responded in spiritual fruitage to the expectations begotten of its opportunities, the ecclesiastical province of St. Paul to-day affords the answer.

Immediately after the civil organization of the Territory of Minnesota, the tide of immigration rapidly poured northward, and a goodly part of it was Catholic. By the time of Bishop Cretin's arrival the population of the Territory had risen to 5,000, and that of the village of St. Paul to 1,200; the number of Catholics in St. Paul and the surrounding district had also increased, as may be seen from the baptismal records, which give for 1850 one hundred and one baptisms, and for 1851 eighty-seven.

In 1857, at the death of Bishop Cretin, the statistics for the Diocese of St. Paul were: 29 churches, 35 missionary stations, 20 priests, 5 convents of Sisters, a Benedictine Monastery, a community of teaching Brothers, a hospital, several schools, a Catholic population of nearly 50,000.

And now, in this jubilee year, fifty years from the day when Bishop Cretin for the first time blessed his little flock in his cabin-cathedral, there are in what is barely more than the region then covered by the Diocese of St. Paul, six episcopal sees, one of them vested with metropolitan dignity, six hundred priests, a Catholic population of 400,000, and, in fullest proportion, churches, convents, schools, colleges, asylums, hospitals, commissioned and equipped to diffuse through city, town and hamlet the strength and sweetness of Christian truth and of Christian charity. Spirit of sainted Cretin, be amongst us this morning, we pray thee, and behold thy vast spiritual demense, once an empty waste, now blossoming bounteously under the ministrations of the fair see, which thou didst found with thine own apostolic hands on the soil of Minnesota.

Growth of the Diocese.

It is in no strain of vain boastfulness that we speak. The glory belongs not to us. What has been accomplished is due to the omnipotent and gracious God above us, who in wisdom and love directs the labors of all secondary agencies and sends upon their plantings the rains and dews of Heaven.

Much, moreover, of what has been accomplished could not have come to pass without Minnesota itself, its soil, its climate; without America, its freedom-giving institutions and its wealth producing energies; without the modern age, its inventions and its spirit of progress—all which were necessary or useful factors in attracting and bringing

hither vast populations and building them up into prosperous and flourishing communities. What of human will and labor has been employed, was that of those who went before us—bishops, priests, devoted sisters, multitudes of faithful men and women, who toiled long and wearily, with unstinted sacrifice of heart and wondrous skill of mind, to establish in these regions the Kingdom of Christ. Our part in this celebration is simply that of giving thanks for the inheritance into which we have been allowed to enter, of honoring those to whom honor is due, of dedicating ourselves to Christ and to His Church, that the holy spirit of the past may, by God's grace, survive in us to-day and in our children of to-morrow.

"Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation. The Lord hath wrought great things from the beginning."

Bishop Cretin, saint and apostle.

An ideal missionary bishop was he whom Providence called to found the Diocese of St. Paul. In 1838 Joseph Cretin was parish priest of Ferney, in France, once the home of Voltaire, and for many years afterwards the seat of mischievous and wide-spreading unbelief. Monsieur Cretin had won Ferney back to faith and piety, and had made it a model parish. An educated and cultured gentleman, as well as a zealous and saintly priest, he was blessed with the esteem and love of those whom he served, and was destined to highest honors if he remained in his native land. But he was not happy in Ferney. For years he had been consumed with a

burning desire to be a missionary where fields were whitening for the harvest and the reapers were few. China, where, he once wrote, he might hope for martyrdom, was before his mind as the longed-for scene of his labors. Suddenly Bishop Loras of Dubuque, his old-time college master, arrived in France in search of missionaries, and at midnight hour, without a word to father or mother, to parishioners or friends, who would have interposed obstacles to his design, Joseph Cretin departed from Ferney for the distant Mississippi Valley. Ten years of ceaseless toil in Iowa followed, where, among whites and aborigines, his name was held in benediction. The Bishop of St. Paul! There remain not a few who knew him; they bear witness with me to his virtues. A tireless worker was he, day and night the servant of his people, now sojourning in St. Paul, the sole clergyman in the place, now wandering a weary traveler through forest and over prairie, in search of scattered settlers. Disinterested to a supreme degree, naught did he covet but souls, naught of comfort did he know save the pleasure of wiping away the tear of distress and of drawing the sinner to repentance. "All to all," this the rule of his daily life as it was his episcopal device; and so, while with the gentleman and the scholar he wore the mien of dignity and refinement, among the poor and the lowly it was only his humility that appeared and the sweetness of his simplicity of character. He was ever the priest, and because the priest, he was ever the citizen and the public-spirited man, proud of his title of American, taking

deep interest in public affairs and ready to lend to every good cause the weight of his influence. And thoughtful he was, far-seeing, eminently intelligent in all the methods of his ministry. While neglecting no duty of the present, he never turned his mind from the vision of the future, and in whatever he did he kept steadily in view the great edifice which he knew would one day rise on the foundations he was laying. The plans he made were so wise, the works he undertook so befitting, that his successors have had no reason to diverge from the lines he traced—the impress of his mind and heart remain indelibly stamped upon the Diocese of St. Paul.

One who knew Bishop Cretin intimately, and was most closely associated with him in all his labors, the venerable Father Ravoux, pays him a tribute which I cannot forbear quoting: "His ardent zeal and charity for his fellow-men, his constant labor, his mildness, his sincere humility and spirit of prayer were strong and convincing proofs to us all, that in his mind, in his heart, he had but two objects in view—the glory of God and the sanctification of souls, and that he is well entitled to have these words upon his tomb: "'O God! the zeal of Thy house hath eaten me up.'"

Bishop Cretin's deeds and ideals.

The episcopate of Joseph Cretin lasted scarcely six years; the hardships to which his apostolic zeal exposed him, and, as those who lived with him testify, his constant practice of bodily mortification, brought on a premature death. He passed away in 1857. But so wisely and earnestly had he worked

during his brief episcopate that he left behind him a diocese established on a firm and enduring basis. He built the church which served as a cathedral until 1857, and laid the foundation of the present cathedral. He was the founder of St. Joseph's Hospital. He brought to Minnesota the Sisters of St. Joseph, the Brothers of the Holy Family, the Fathers of St. Benedict. Through constant appeals to dioceses in America and in Europe he secured the services of several devoted priests, while he took efficient measures to foster vocations among the youth of his own diocese.

How well he understood the needs of the times and the opportunities open to him, is evidenced by his zeal in behalf of colonization and of temperance, Letters frequently written to journals in the eastern States, both by himself and by priests acting under his direction, attracted to Minnesota large numbers of Catholic settlers; many of our most flourishing Catholic communities of to-day are the results of his zeal for Catholic colonization. He was quick to observe the perils threatening his people from intoxicating drink, and he threw himself with all the energy of his soul into the work of temperance, binding himself to the practice of total abstinence and establishing wherever it was possible societies of total abstainers. Bishop Cretin was the founder of Catholic temperance work, as well as of Catholic colonization in Minnesota; whatever was done in later times for those noble causes was sim-

ply the continuation of his labors and the fruit of the inspirations ever clinging to his memory and his name.

There was one project which in a special manner was the passion of Bishop Cretin's life—a project in the realization of which he saw assured the spiritual welfare of his diocese. From first to last, during his episcopate, he was talking of and planning for a seminary to educate young men, chiefly the children of Minnesota itself, for the holy priesthood. When death was drawing nigh he was still speaking of his cherished project. But the time had not yet come for a Seminary in St. Paul; it was a dream—a dream most beautiful, indeed, but only a dream of what ought to be and what was to be, half a century later. What more fitting than that this fiftieth anniversary of Bishop Cretin's arrival in St. Paul be celebrated amid hallowed groves in which noble christian munificence has gifted the Diocese of St. Paul with a superb theological seminary! What more pleasing to the spirit of our saintly founder than that there should be laid to-day the corner stone of a chapel worthy of this seminary, and that the priests of the Diocese of St. Paul should mark their esteem and love of Bishop Cretin's memory by pouring their wondrous generosity upon yonder College of St. Thomas, in whose halls the future priests of the Diocese receive their early training! To-day, sainted Bishop, thy beauteous dream is a beauteous reality:

In 1859, Thomas Langdon Grace was consecrat-

ed Bishop of St. Paul. I shall, I trust, be pardoned, if this morning I do not attempt to draw a picture of Bishop Grace's episcopate. Virtues and deeds, assuredly, there are in profusion to embellish a canvas of no mean proportions, and in my hands the brush would surely move under the impulse of tenderest love. But time is lacking for scantiest justice to such a theme; and it were the wish, I am confident, of dear Bishop Grace himself, that to-day we keep his name and his works in the background, in order that there stand out in bolder relief the name and the works of the founder of the Diocese, whose honor Bishop Grace always deemed to be his own, even as we deem it to be ours.

The second Bishop of St. Paul.

And need there is none to speak of Bishop Grace —him many of my hearers saw depart only yesterday. His holy life, his intelligent, incessant devotion to duty are fresh in the memory of all. All know as well as I the part which fell to the lot of Bishop Grace in building up the diocese of St. Paul; all recognize as well as I that among the brightest pages in the history of the Catholic Church in America must ever be those on which glitters the name of Thomas Langdon Grace.

The priests of the Diocese of St. Paul! At once I signal out among them and salute the Nestor of them all—the man to whom time and service award a place apart—Augustine Ravoux. For many years before there was a Diocese of St. Paul, Father Ravoux was a priest in the Northwest, the Black-

Pioneer priests of the Diocese.

Robe of the untutored Sioux, the friend and adviser of the early settlers, the pastor of a parish knowing as bounds, if bounds it had at all, the Chippewa River to the east and the Missouri to the west, the patriarch and the predecessor of all the bishops and priests of the whole ecclesiastical province of St. Paul. In loneliness, in poverty, in suffering, he cared for the Master's cause throughout this whole vast region, never daunted, never coveting a surcease of labor, ever the true Christian, ever the true apostle. The coming of a bishop to St. Paul in 1851 was but the crowning of Father Ravoux's labors, the realization of his vows and hopes. He it was who first foresaw the opportunities for the Church in the Northwest, who first made these opportunities known to Bishop Loras and Bishop Henni, and hastened the erection of the See. And on this fiftieth anniversary Father Ravoux is with us, reviving and recalling the whole past of the Church in the Northwest, impersonating before us our duties to the Church to-day and to-morrow. Behold the stately pine, solitary in its towering height—its fellows that once with it beautified the forest have one by one fallen around it—the trees of later germinations may measure from it to what growth they themselves should aspire.

And to another shall I say a word of special welcome. In November, 1849, Reverend Albert Lacombe arrived at Pembina as auxiliary to Reverend Joseph Bellecourt. Father Lacombe had been but recently ordained in Canada. His soul aglow with

the fire of the priesthood, he consecrated himself to far-away missions, and journeyed for five months, by way of Dubuque where he was to receive his jurisdiction, to our northern frontier. Since then he has never ceased from his apostolic labors. His zeal bore him far beyond the limits of his first field. The valleys of the Saskatchewan and the Peace have witnessed the triumphs of his wondrous zeal. The heavy burden of years and the fatigues of a journey from distant Calgary could not deter him from coming to take part in the solemnities of our anniversary.

The priests of the Diocese of St. Paul! The men, especially, of the olden times, the builders of the Diocese! We are proud to-day to pay tribute to their names. They were in the earliest days of the Diocese sons of France. The early Catholics of Minnesota, in great numbers, spoke French. Bishop Cretin could more easily obtain missionaries from the land of his birth; and, then as always, France was the classic land of missionaries. Soon, however, other countries, and America itself, offered their contingents of priests. They were men of faith, those pioneers, unsparing of self, heedless of earthly reward, true seekers of souls. How arduous was their task, we to-day can realize only with difficulty; how well they did their work, the parishes they founded, the generations of Catholics they baptized and instructed will tell for long years to come. A few of them are yet amongst us, with snowy hair and bowed forms, some even with maimed limbs,

the signs of valiant and chivalrous warfare—an Oster, a Goiffon, a Robert, a Buh. Others have passed to the life beyond the grave, among them a Pierz, a Ledon, a Marogna, a Haindl, a Murray, a Caillet; but their memory remains, and their deeds fill the land. Need I render tribute to the priests of later sacerdotal generations? The Diocese of St. Paul, the Province of St. Paul speak for them. Such the Diocese—such the priesthood. Bishops inspire and direct the work; it is the priests who with pain and labor, stone by stone, build up the edifice; theirs is the chief part of the work, theirs is the chief part in the glory of the structure.

Other agencies of religion in the Diocese.

How much in the growth of religion in the Northwest is due to our devoted Sisterhoods! One order was with us from the first days of the Diocese; others came to us in subsequent years; all have worked for God and for souls with intense faith and unquenchable charity. To educate youth, to protect the orphan, to win back the wayward, to comfort the poor and infirm—such the daily avocation of those consecrated virgins who temper our spiritual atmosphere with their sweet piety, and offer supplication for graces upon those who themselves turn seldom to Heaven. The fruits of their labors in the field of religion are most rich, and much of the ground now golden with harvest would without them have lain fallow and barren. Our gratitude to them is heartfelt and enduring, and our joy is great that their ranks are ever widening

to make room for the daughters of our people, whose deep faith summons them in large numbers to the service of God and of souls.

With later years there came to us other most valued auxiliaries in the Brothers of the Christian Schools, whose labors for the education of our Catholic boys have given such precious results in the cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

And the Catholic laity of the Diocese of St. Paul! I do not, I must not forget on this historic day the noble part they had in the upbuilding of the Diocese of St. Paul. Who but the laity equipped our forces and maintained them in the field? Who but the laity covered the land with churches, schools, and institutions of charity? The generosity of the Catholic laity in Minnesota is a marvel. The sums of money which they placed on the altars of religion and of charity are beyond computation; and those sums came chiefly from the poor and humble toiler. When our religious statistics are read, the blush of honest and honorable pride may well mantle the cheeks of our laymen; with all truth they may say: ours are the works. Nor was the giving of money their only part. They were the vanguard of the priesthood, they prepared the way and drew after them the priesthood, and before the priesthood came they did, as far as they could do, the work of the priesthood, instructing children in the faith and meeting together for prayers on Sunday. The traditions of early settlements handing down in their respective districts the names of laymen familiarly

styled priests or bishops, give proof of this lay apostolate. Nor was the zeal of the laity confined to earlier days. As religion was more firmly established and the range of its needs was widened, the zeal and generosity of the laity burst forth in more fervent activity. How often the fruitful suggestion of work came from the laity! How readily and willingly was the work that fell with appropriateness to their hands undertaken and carried to completion! How much aid was given to religion by the many charitable and benevolent associations of laymen! How prompt was always their response to every just and well warranted appeal of their clergy for encouragement and co-operation! However admirable be the priesthood, the Church will never prosper in any land unless the laity deeply realize that its interests are their interests, and that the labors in the furtherance of those interests must also be their labors. The strength of the Church in the Northwest has been in the past and is to-day that the laity work with it and for it.

Tribute to the non-Catholics of the Northwest.

And among the agencies that have co-operated in building up the Diocese of St. Paul, I must not omit to mention the good will and even the generous assistance of our non-Catholic fellow-citizens. No obstacle whatever did they put in our way; even in free America there are few places where religious freedom has been so intelligently understood and so ungrudgingly granted as in Minnesota. Never in Minnesota was hostile legislation enacted; never

was religious bias allowed to mar the harmony of civil relations or disturb social peace. Catholics and non-Catholics always had the good sense, I shall say the rare intelligence, to understand that, however much a man must deem his conscience sacred and intangible, he should respect the conscience of his fellow-man, and should respect it precisely because he respects his own and demands that his own be respected. Catholics and non-Catholics in Minnesota have always understood that however much they may differ in religious beliefs, they are all brothers, all children of one Father, all servants of one great humanity; and that outside the sphere of their religious creed there are a hundred general interests which all are bound to advance, and which cannot prosper unless all befriend them in peace and harmony.

Our non-Catholic fellow-citizens have done us the justice to believe that the only arms with which the Catholic Church would wish to widen its territory are the arms of truth, of virtue and of charity; that one of its cardinal principles is to render honor and obedience to country and to country's laws; that it would not wish to live if it could not make souls purer, lessen in the world sin and misery, raise society to higher spiritual stages, and bring down upon earth the Kingdom of the Father who is in Heaven. All this our non-Catholic fellow-citizens have been willing to believe, and so believing have allowed us full freedom of action, and put us on our mettle to show ourselves worthy of our professions.

Not seldom, too, have they liberally contributed to our charities and works of education. May our pleasant relations with our non-Catholic citizens ever endure!

Were time allowed, fain would I linger in contemplation of the Church in the olden Diocese of St. Paul, such as its founder and its zealous workers of the past fifty years have made it. I have spoken only of its outward form and of the agencies which it was able to enlist in the furtherance of its mission. Statistics of priests, houses of worship, institutions of various kinds, only describe the agencies which religion calls into its service. Not, however, from agencies at their disposal, but from results actually accomplished must workers be judged. The first and essential mission of the Church is the sanctification of souls by the infusion into them of the truths of Christ's revelation and the graces of His redemption. How far in this Northwest souls have been sanctified and fitted for the enjoyment of Heavenly bliss, God knows; we cannot know. We cannot read beyond outward signs; the final verdict we must leave to God. But if signs do not mislead, there is much, beyond directory statistics, to make us rejoice in the work of our fathers and predecessors. The faith of our Catholics is ardent and fruitful. Of this even statistics are a proof; for, without such faith the works we are told of were not possible. The faith of our Catholics is firm and intact. Materialism and unbelief make no inroads upon it;

Catholic faith and piety.

modern attacks upon Christ and His Gospel shake it not; it is attuned in unreserved loyalty to the teachings of Holy Church and to the voice of its Supreme Pontiff. It is a fearless faith. Our Catholics know not what human respect is; they are not affrighted in the profession of their religion by menace of loss of popular favor or of earthly fortune. It is a living faith. The throngs in our temples and around our sacramental tables give testimony that among us the name of Catholic implies the practice of Catholic faith. The manner of life of our Catholics as a body is such that there may be recognized in it the blossoming of the high-born principles of Christ's Gospel and the sweetness of the perfume of His graces.

The Church in the Northwest has had no reason to mourn departures from its ranks. Beyond a few isolated cases, the results of accidental and rarely occurring circumstances, there has been no leakage in the Church of the Northwest; on the other hand conversions have annually been counted by hundreds.

Duties of present and future.

And now, my hearers, to our own duties and responsibilities! Back, I pray you, for an instant, in rapid flight of thought across the years that have gone by, conjuring up before the vision of your souls the men, the deeds, the virtues of those years, inhaling into your minds and hearts the spirit which they breathe. Thence, thrilled with inspiration, turn, I pray you to the years that are to come. Speak out, now, your resolves and your promises,

Are you not to be the worthy sons of your noble sires? Are not their deeds to be repeated? Are not their virtues to live? Are the honors we have given to the past to be, as it were, its funeral dirge, and not, rather, its reawakening, its perpetuation in ourselves? The men of the past scorn our tributes of praise and gratitude, unless these tributes be the consecration of our own selves to the cause which they loved and served. If in their poverty and fewness of number they did so much, how much more may we do, enriched as we are with the fruits of their labors, with the wealth of energy and of opportunity which our times afford? Oh! for the ardent faith and the spirit of sacrifice of a Cretin, of priests and people of former days! With such faith and such self-sacrifice what may we not do for God and for His Church during the next half century in the Northwest.

The lesson of our jubilee is earnestness in the things of God and of the soul. And the lesson is needed in the world to-day. To-day men are more and more absorbed in material progress. They take but little time for the contemplation of things spiritual and supernatural; they lose the sense of the value of whatever does not minister to their bodily wants, or does not shed lustre upon their earthly existence. Against the spirit of materialism which is now spreading over humanity, hiding from it the vision of Heaven and of Heaven's God, there must be strenuous battling; else evil days are before humanity. Whatever be the power and the

promise of matter, it does not provide for the eternal wants of the soul; it does not create the moral righteousness without which life on earth is not bearable; service given to matter does not take the place of service due to Almighty God, the Supreme Master of the Universe, to whom all men are subject, away from whom there is for men no life that is real, no happiness that is enduring.

A CATHOLIC SISTERHOOD IN THE NORTHWEST

THE first Sisters to labor in the Northwest were those of the Order of St. Joseph. They opened a convent in St. Paul, Nov. 3, 1851. The semi-centennial of this early foundation was kept with due solemnity at St. Joseph's Academy, Aug. 20, 1902. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of St. Paul.

A CATHOLIC SISTERHOOD IN THE NORTHWEST

On the third day of November, 1851, in the dawn of the morning, there arrived in the village of St. Paul four Sisters of the Order of St. Joseph.

Murmur with me their names in accents of respect and gratitude: Sister St. John Fournier, Sister Philomene Viliaume, Sister Scholastica Velasquez, Sister Francis Joseph Ivory. All have gone from their earthly tabernacling; but all, we are sure, are with us in spirit amid our commemorative festivities.

For the first time the robe of a Catholic sisterhood was seen in St. Paul; for the first time consecrated virgins of Holy Church set foot upon the soil of Minnesota.

To outward seeming the occurrence was of the simplest. It made but little stir among the scattered residences of the nascent town. Solemn, however, and significant was it in view of the mission that the sisterhood had come to fulfill and of the fruits that were to spring from its labors.

A pious matron, Madame Eulalie Turpin, greet-

Early days of the Sisterhood in the Northwest.

ed the Sisters with the whole-hearted hospitality of the early settlers during the few hours needed to put in readiness the humble cottage that was to be their home. This was the cottage built of logs, that had given shelter for many years to the first missionaries of St. Paul, and had harbored as its guest for several months the first bishop of Minnesota, the sainted Joseph Cretin. Towards evening the Sisters were beneath their own modest roof on Bench Street, and thus was opened the first convent in the Diocese of St. Paul. Look back to it in fancy, to your first home in Minnesota, Sisters of St. Joseph, on your joyous jubilee day; look back to it to gather into your souls its inspiring memories; it was the cradle of your community in all the broad regions of the Northwest.

Only a few months before, the first bishop of St. Paul had entered into possession of his spiritual inheritance. The wilderness was before him to be sanctified unto the Lord; and in his ardent and intelligent zeal he looked around for the agencies of religion that he might summon to his assistance. The sisterhoods of the Church at once rose before his mind. Quickly his appeal sped down the Mississippi to the Sisters of St. Joseph, of Carondelet. Few though they were in number, and ill able to bear the burdens which their own immediate surroundings brought to them, the Sisters of Carondelet did not turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the Bishop; and soon a little colony bound for the re-

mote land of the North was aboard a Mississippi steamer. To-day after the lapse of half a century the Diocese of St. Paul gives thanks to Carondelet for the promptness of the response to the prayer of its first bishop, and invites Carondelet to rejoice with it in these jubilee festivities—the proofs in themselves that Carondelet made no mistake when fifty years ago it bade its Sisters journey to St. Paul.

On the tenth of November, 1851, the Sisters opened their school, the first Catholic school in Minnesota. The school hall was the little vestry of the first church of St. Paul, the log building to which the present metropolitan City of St. Paul is indebted for its name. The register records the names of ten pupils. Six of those are to-day among the living: Ludemille Auge (Sister Mary Columba), Elizabeth Cox (Mrs. E. L. Hannegan), Mary T. Mehegan (Mrs. J. J. Hill), Margaret Lystelle (Mrs. C. Poirier), Emily Vital and Martha E. Rice. Four of them are among the dead: Philomene Augé (Sister Mary Bernarda), Vitaline Dufour, Caroline Cazeau and Mary Fridley. The number of pupils increased apace. Soon the old church itself, which meanwhile had transferred its worshippers to the new building on Wabasha and Sixth Streets, was given over to the Sisters and their pupils; and, as prospects grew still brighter, the foundations of a special building for school purposes were laid in the spring of 1852. This time the walls were of brick, one story in height, forty-two feet in length and twenty-one in width. Scanty of proportion and

humble of form as this building seemed to later generations, fifty years ago it was the wonder of the village, and its erection was taken by the settlers as an indubitable sign that prosperity and civilization were making rapid strides in the Northwest.

In 1852 and 1853 other Sisters came from Carondelet to join the little band of pioneers. The names of those, too, deserve to be recalled: Sister Xavier McKusick, Sister Cesarine O'Brien, Sister Victorine Schultz, Sister Simeon Kane, Sister Seraphine Corcoran. Two of these names I must mark out in a special manner for your fond recollection—Sister Victorine Schultz, whose unreserved zeal, simplicity of heart, and joyousness of temperament charmed and edified the whole diocese of St. Paul during a score of years; and Sister Seraphine Corcoran, the Superioress of the Sisterhood from 1853 to 1861, a woman whose intelligence, refinement and saintliness of character stamped her in the memory of the diocese as an ideal daughter of Christ and an ideal servant of Holy Church.

Without bidding of mine, there traces itself vividly on the canvas of my fancy the picture of the convent in St. Paul, as it was wont in the long ago to strike my boyish gaze. Those far off days are once more before me. The awe and timidity are back, with which I would approach the little cottage, and struggle into speech in the presence of the Sisters. Never since, amid all the stately and renowned convents that I have seen in my travels,

did I feel myself confronted with visions of life so beauteous, so supernatural, as when my eyes rested on the early Sisters of St. Paul. I see these Sisters in their little cottage, in their rustic schoolroom, in their tiny chapel. I see them on the greenswards in summer, amid the deep snows in winter, stepping demurely across the field on their way from the convent to the quaint Cathedral on Wabasha Street. I see them gliding into their seats near the Virgin's altar; I hear their sweet voices, responsive to the Bishop's intonation, as they sang thrilling canticles, that compelled by their magic sweetness the whole congregation to mingle in the harmony. I see them bending low to murmur words of hope and patience into the ears of the poor, the sick and the dying; and I hear the answering words of love and faith that sprang from the lips of men and women who in the whisperings and deeds of the Sisters caught glimpses of another world, and felt themselves for the moment lifted into the life and light of Heaven.

Piety and self sacrifice of the pioneer Sisters.

Such the picture whose memories this morning rise up before my soul. If it fails in beauty and vividness of color, the fault lies not with the scenes, but with the pencil, unequal to the inspirations of the realities it would fain portray. In the story of the Diocese of St. Paul those days of long ago were pre-eminently days of boundless zeal, of ardent faith, of unstinted charity, of holiest simplicity, of deepest consecration to the service of re-

ligion. The first bishop of St. Paul was the high exemplar and leader of all; the missionaries who stood by him did not fall much below his stature; the sheep whom they shepherded partook of their spirit. Into such a community came the Sisters of St. Joseph, ready, by reason of their exalted souls, to breathe its atmosphere and to enrich it with the fragrance of the virtues of consecrated womanhood.

Fifty years have since flown by. What changes they have wrought in the City of St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, in the Diocese of St. Paul! What changes they have wrought in the Sisterhood of St. Joseph! It has grown in numbers; it has grown in works. The little sapling on Bench Street is a mighty tree in this Northwestern land; widespreading are its branches; ceaseless its blossomings; rich its fruitage. Surely God's fertilizing rains have fallen upon it propitiously, and its own native energy has yielded generously to the heavenly influences that bedewed it.

Growth and labors of the Sisterhood.

The Sisterhood of St. Joseph in the Northwest counts to-day four hundred and twenty-eight members. If we include the one hundred and fifteen who either have been called to other scenes of labor, or have passed into the presence of the Master, we have five hundred and forty-three Sisters who toiled for the cause of religion in the Diocese of St. Paul. The Sisters of St. Joseph hold in their charge to-day twenty-six schools, with an enrolment, at

the close of the last scholastic year, of five thousand and twenty-three pupils; three hospitals, with a register, during the past year, of two thousand two hundred and seventy-seven patients; and two asylums which at the present time shelter one hundred and ninety-seven orphans. The records of fifty years tell of twenty-five thousand two hundred children educated in the schools of the Sisterhood, of thirty thousand four hundred and eighty patients admitted into its hospitals, of three thousand six hundred and seventy-two orphans cared for in its asylums. Of the many other works of spiritual and corporal mercy constantly performed by the Sisterhood, I make no count, beyond mentioning in a passing manner the teaching of Christian doctrine in churches, the visiting of the poor and the sick, and the thousand sundry acts of zeal and charity falling under no definite nomenclature, and known only to the Supreme Master Himself.

Such the broad outlines of the picture; no attempt shall I make to fill in the details, or to diffuse over the whole the golden glory of Paradise which alone can give to the picture its fitting coloring. The task is beyond my reach. Much as I know of the Sisterhood and of its works, angels only know them as they are. The details of the picture —prayer, without the slightest dross of affections of earth, constantly ascending from virginal hearts to the Author of all goodness, to return upon this world of misery and sin in richest streams of divine grace; utter self-immolation at the foot of Calvary's

cross; humility sublime in its lowliness; purity winning the very love of the Immaculate Lamb; charity like Christ's own charity in ardor and effusiveness—all the virtues of the Gospel in fullest bloom, all the fragrance of Christian holiness shedding divine sweetness through the surrounding atmosphere! The details of the picture—the works of Christian mercy, the comfort poured into bruised and suffering hearts, the power infused into weak and downcast souls, the planting of seeds from Heaven's fields in the minds of infancy and of youth, the unnumbered and unnoticed deeds of Christian compassion done in relief of every form of ill that presses upon humanity! The details of the picture—I am powerless to paint them: it is a task for the angels themselves.

But the picture is painted—painted in all its details, in all its rapturous radiance, upon the pages of the Book of Life. As each sigh of prayer rose towards the sky, as each heart-throb betokened a victorious struggle, or a new unfolding of virtue's charms, as each hand was reached out to wipe away the tear of sorrow or to guide the tottering steps of the weak, tracing was made in unerring reflex of the reality as witnessed by Heaven's recording spirit. The picture is seen by Him whose rewards are the gifts of eternity, and seen, also, by each Sister when, freed from earth's labors and burdens, she stands within the portals of Paradise. What more should we desire? All was for God; all is with God.

The Catholic Church understands woman's soul, and draws all her energies into its service, as no other religious society, no other institution of any sort, has ever been able to do. This, on the part of the Church, is supreme wisdom—wisdom so marvelous in itself, and so fruitful in its results, that we may well see in it a manifestation of the divine guidance under which the Church lives and moves.

To its sisterhoods the Church commits a very large part of its work; and so effectively do they perform their task that they take rank among the Church's choicest and most valuable agencies. Were its sisterhoods to disappear, there would be missed from the harvest fields of the Church legions of workers whose places could never be filled; there would be missed from the pages of the story of the Church feats and triumphs of religion and charity that have won for it the love and admiration of the ages, and have ever been among the most striking evidences of its divine life and power.

Sisterhoods, exemplars of the supernatural.

The Church is the visible Kingdom of Christ, with mission to build up His invisible Kingdom in the souls of men. How precious to it in this great spiritual work is the co-operation of its sisterhoods —the potent influence of the example which they furnish and of the ideals which they hold up before the world!

Enveloped as it is in matter, permeated as it is with the atmosphere of passion, humanity can rise only with difficulty into the pure and serene re-

gion of Christian life and Christian virtue. Even the observance of the commandments, the essential condition of adoption into Christ's Kingdom, is hard to flesh and blood, and the incessant struggle which it entails easily ends in discouragement and despair. To the timid and the halting, the Church points out those who by God's grace and their own firm will rise to sublime heights of virtue and holiness, far above the ordinary plane of Christian life, and says: If these, your fellow mortals, do so much for God and His Christ, will not you do at least the little that is required of you? Humanity is swayed by ideals; ideals it must have in its task of tasks, its incorporation into Christ's Kingdom. Such ideals the Church provides in the example of the noble-minded and noble-hearted of its children who embody in their daily life the counsels of the Gospel, and show forth in highest and holiest forms the highest and holiest virtues of Christ and His religion.

To timid and halting men and women, who tremble before the struggle which they must undergo in order to keep themselves in the service of God under obedience to His law, the Church cries out: Behold my Sisterhoods! See to what sublime heights these daughters of Eve attain! Cannot you at least keep the commandments of God, while they follow out the counsels of the Saviour? Cannot you at least tread the beaten pathway of Christian duty, while they mount to the very summits of Christian perfection? And who that knows the sis-

terhoods of the Church will say that the example given by them does not contribute with supreme efficacy to the work of drawing souls to the love and service of Christ? The convents of the sisterhoods of the Church are sanctuaries of supernal life, centers of hope and inspiration to all humanity. In creating and fostering its sisterhoods the Catholic Church blesses and enriches all mankind.

Their vocation as teachers.

The Church is the teacher of truth. By divine appointment it holds in its keeping the truths that Christ brought upon earth and that mark out the way to eternal salvation. The commission given to it was: "Teach all nations, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The Church is always the teacher of religious truth: but frequently, also, it is the teacher of secular knowledge. At times no other agencies are at hand to impart secular knowledge; and the Church is impelled in charity to take to itself the great social work of the upbuilding of the human mind. At times, also, faith and morals are imperiled unless secular knowledge is communicated through the same channel as religious truth, and the Church must in the fulfillment of its religious mission become the teacher of human science as well as of doctrines of faith and morals.

The glorious record of the Church as teacher of knowledge, religious and secular, the annals of nineteen hundred years will not allow us to forget; but it is of our own times and our own circumstances I

would now fain speak. Never, perhaps, so much as to-day, nowhere, perhaps, so much as in America, has teaching been so imperative a duty of the Church. Religious knowledge it must impart in a manner more thorough, more complete than might have been necessary at other times or in other countries. Unbelief is rife; a critical spirit is abroad, questioning every doctrine of revelation, testing every stone in the foundations of religion. Without the most careful and most exact instruction in religious matters future generations of Christians will find the greatest difficulty in facing the terrible trials that await their faith. The air we breathe, the conversation we listen to, is permeated with naturalism. Where God and His Church are not ruthlessly set aside, there reigns a spirit of indifference, more deadly, perhaps, than active hatred. To remain unscathed, souls must be, as it were, saturated with faith; they must be prepared for the coming struggle by a thorough drilling in the principles and the practice of their religion. Such a training demands the opportunities which are daily given by the school-room; it means that secular knowledge must have place side by side with religious knowledge under the aegis of the Church. For another reason, also, must the imparting of secular knowledge in our times form part of the work of the Church: in the days in which we live, there is danger that secular instruction, if withdrawn from the influence of religion, will be impregnated with the poison of unbelief or of indifference, and turned into

positive peril for the faith. To-day, therefore, the Church must, of necessity, be the teacher not only of religious truth, but, also, of secular knowledge.

To work, then, devoted Sisters! To your hearts and hands we entrust the children of the Church, especially the daughters of the Church, that, while you endue their minds with all the graces of human knowledge, you build them up into firm and devoted Christians. Teach them truths of earth; but teach them also truths of Heaven: teach them truths of earth, and fit them to fulfill their duties in the world with honor both to themselves and to the Church; but teach them, also, truths of Heaven, and fit them to serve their God and insure their eternal salvation. Fair and inviting is the opportunity open to you to labor for God and for the Church. The little ones who are your pupils to-day, will be men and women to-morrow; as they are fashioned, so will they be in years to come; as they will be, so will be the Church itself, whose life and destiny are so closely interwoven with the life and destiny of its members.

Their works of charity.

The Church is the dispenser of charity. Its Founder, while preaching the Kingdom of the skies, went around doing good—healing the sick, feeding the hungry, comforting the afflicted. The Church must be, as its Founder was, a power to brighten earth and to raise humanity to higher levels of comfort and happiness. Its social work through the ages was no accident of its history, no assumption

of a task foreign to its nature and its mission. The Church is the incarnation of the divine love that reaches out to all spheres of human life and of human activity; wherever it passes, there cannot but be less of evil, less of misery, more of good, more of happiness. Moreover, the social work of the Church is a wondrous power in opening the hearts of men to its ministrations and enabling it to dispense to them its spiritual graces. Men believe in the promise of bliss in Heaven, when they are made to feel that an earnest of this promise is given to them on earth. Do good, Christ seems to say to the Church, do good; first win the love and confidence of men by kindness and mercy; then speak to them of the world beyond, and they will harken to your message and give it credence,

Again to work, devoted Sisters, for God and for the Church! Open your hearts to every ill, physical and moral, with which poor humanity is smitten. Feed the hungry, visit the sick, comfort the afflicted. Be mothers to the motherless, friends to the friendless, counselors to the wayward and erring. Build asylums for the orphaned, hospitals for the infirm, refuges for the outcast, homes for the poor and the aged. Strong in your faith and love, venture even farther: where war strews the ground with victims, be there; where pestilence calls for hecatombs, be there; wherever poverty or misery reigns, wherever a hand is stretched out for mercy, be there, working in God's name and with God's strength, working even unto death, if need there be, for suffering and sorrowing humanity.

Beautiful the charity of the sisterhoods of the Church! Where it is, God is felt to be near. From God, indeed, must be the spirit of sacrifice, the heroic courage that make such charity possible. From God, indeed, must be the joyousness, the saintliness which it sheds upon forlorn humanity, wherever it strokes the brow of suffering, wherever it soothes the heart of the afflicted.

The work of the sisterhoods is the work of God; God alone could uplift human nature to such planes of holiness and self immolation. But it is, also, the work of human nature, co-operating with divine grace, and rising with it to sublime heights of sanctity and sacrifice. In the work of the sisterhoods all humanity is honored; womanhood, especially, is honored. The achievements of the sisterhoods are the achievements of womanhood; the glory of the sisterhoods is the glory of all women. In our days, when so much is said of woman's social elevation and of the recognition granted to her, it is well to recall the sisterhoods of the Church and the action of the Church in regard to them. In creating and fostering its religious orders of women the Catholic Church has been the great benefactor of womanhood. It exhibited rarest wisdom in its knowledge of woman—her intuition of high ideals, her power of self-sacrifice; and by calling into action these qualities of woman's mind and heart it proved her ability, and drew to her the love and reverence of the world. Long, too, before social custom or civil law authorized or permitted inde-

Elevation of womanhood.

pendence of action among women, the Church had invested its sisterhoods with the rights and privileges of self-government, and had commissioned them to plan and execute vast schemes of philanthropy initiated by their own wisdom and force of character.

I have sketched in rapid words the deeds done by the sisterhoods of the Church, for Christ and for humanity. But it may be asked: What fruit of all their labors falls to the members of the sisterhoods—what is the prize that they may win, what is the reward that they seek and hope to receive for their sacrifice of earthly goods and of earthly joys, for their incessant self-immolation in the service of others, for their daily acts of virtue that no human eye can ever see? What do our Sisters work for? What is their aim in life? If they were questioned they would answer: We work for God; to Him we look for our reward. This, the mysterious secret of the devotion of the legions of women who take up their cross and follow Christ, never looking back, sure that with Him all is well. The sisterhoods of the Church are an enigma to those who know only earthly aims and earthly gains. Earthly aims for our martyrs of holiness and of charity! Far above earth soar their aspirations; far too lowly are earthly aims for their sublime ascents. Earthly gains for our consecrated daughters of Christ! Silver and gold, honor and fame could not repay their heroic deeds: earth holds no recompense by which

A Sister's aim and reward.

their lives may be measured. God, and God alone, can give adequate return. Heaven is their aim: Heaven is their reward.

Look back, Sisters of St. Joseph, across the half century of your history; glance over your work; thank God that it has been well done; thank God that you have been able to do it well. You have not been unworthy of your vocation. The record of the aims and purposes of the sisterhoods of the Church is the story of your deeds in these northwestern regions.

Look back across the fifty years that are gone, thence to draw inspiration and courage for the fifty years that are to come and that beckon you into their hopes and their labors.

Work of Sisterhoods in the twentieth century.

The years that are to come! Magnificent are the opportunities they unfold before the Church. The twentieth century, with its gigantic plans and energies, with its insatiable cravings to know everything that may be known and to do everything that can be done, with its bold resolve to lift mankind to unwonted heights, with its boundless admiration for all that will aid it in this great resolve! And the twentieth century in America—in the land where the twentieth century throbs with mightiest power, where promise is given of most marvelous triumphs! How much may be done in America, for God and for humanity, during the years that are to come! Will the Catholic Church be equal to its opportunities? To us all, whatever be our place

in the Church, to give answer; to you, its consecrated daughters, to give answer. So much of the Church's power of action, so much of its welfare, is in the hands of its sisterhoods! Then, devoted Sisters, gird yourselves for your work; take to yourselves the armor that insures victory.

What will this armor be—the olden armor of olden days, or the new armor of the new times? The olden armor it must be—the olden armor of the days of old. "Stand ye on the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk ye in it: and you shall find refreshment for your souls." To-day, as yesterday, humility and self-denial, fidelity to prayer and confidence in divine grace, undaunted zeal and heroic patience, purchase victory: naught else secures the prize. Steeped in such virtues must be the soul that pleases God, wins His blessings, and builds up religion in the souls of others—they are the virtues of the Gospel of Christ; where they are wanting, the Gospel is not there; where they abound, the Gospel triumphs. Through these virtues were wrought the deeds which we recall this morning; through these virtues will the coming years be made fruitful. If between the future and the past there is to be a difference, it will be that in the future the opportunities of our sisterhoods will be more abundant, that greater demands will be made upon their energies, and that they must be richer in the virtues that inspire to high efforts and draw down copiously the graces of divine love.

Olden Virtues: new methods.

The olden armor, then, it must be: but the new armor it must also be, new with the newness of the times. The world has changed: a new civilization is born; and with it new deeds have come and new methods are called for. In this world you labor in order to bring Christ into it, to win it to Christ. In this world you work; and you must work in it with its own methods. The methods of long ago it disowns; it will not tolerate them. Be new as the world around you is new. Be as ambitious as the world professes itself to be; as brave, as progressive along all pathways that lead to good; nay, more, with the love of Christ abiding in you and urging you, dare to rise ever higher than the world around you could rise; surpass it in all the achievements that it honors, and compel it in the name of its own ideals to acknowledge that earth is made more beautiful, that its power for good and great things is increased when its workers are inspired and guided by religion.

In your institutions let there be no routine, no deadening conservatism. Behold, you must be able to say, we have made all things new! In your hospitals, with the olden spirit of charity, let there be the latest triumphs of surgery and medicine, the latest ingenuities of the art of nursing back the ailing to life and health. In your asylums and protectorates, let there be the thorough study of the social conditions in which your wards must labor for a livelihood; let there be sedulous care to prepare them for those conditions, so that they shall

have reason to hold your memory in benediction. And your schools! Here nothing must be overlooked that could place them in the foremost ranks of the educational institutions of the land. If a convent-school were second to any secular school of its kind or its aim, it were an injustice to the pupils, and a dishonor to the Church, in whose name it opens its doors and solicits patronage. Competition you have to face—competition acute and ceaseless. The modern world has advanced wondrously the cause of secular instruction; for this we give it praise unreserved. In your schools, devoted Sisters, lead this modern world on its own lines, while at the same time you give to your pupils that formation of faith and morals needed for this world and for the world to come. Your schools should be the glory of the country, the glory of the Church.

Your special province is the training of womanhood. In this new world of ours there is, in a true and honorable sense of the word, the new woman. Beyond a doubt, the sphere of woman's activities has widened; woman's influence reaches much farther than ever before: and for such new conditions she should be prepared by an intellectual training higher and more thorough than has heretofore been necessary. The time has come when to do her full duty in society, to remain queen of her home, to be able to counsel husband and son and to retain their love and esteem, she must be, not only the graceful lady, not only the fervent Christian, but also the cultured and accomplished scholar. I am a firm be-

liever in the higher education of woman; I covet for the daughters of the people, for so many of them, at least, as circumstances and position permit to aspire so high, the opportunities of receiving under the protecting hand of religion the fullest intellectual equipment of which woman is capable. In this regard I offer my congratulations to the Sisters of St. Joseph for their promise soon to endow the Northwest with a college for the higher education of young women; and I take pleasure in pointing to this college as the chief contribution of their community to religion during the half century to come.

Forward, then, Sisters of St. Joseph, in God's name and with God's blessing. Fifty years hence there will be another jubilee of your community. Some who are here to-day will take part in it; others, the greater number, will be present only in spirit. May the deeds that will be recorded in your next jubilee be not less worthy of honor than those that we commemorate to-day. May the Sisters of the future do with the opportunities to be given to them as well as the Sisters of the past have done with the opportunities they enjoyed. May God have in His keeping the Sisters of to-day and the Sisters of to-morrow!

A CATHOLIC SISTERHOOD AND EDUCATION

On June 14, 1904, the Sisters of St. Dominic at Sinsinawa, Wisconsin, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of St. Clara's College. The following discourse was delivered by Archbishop Ireland at the Jubilee Mass.

A CATHOLIC SISTERHOOD AND EDUCATION

REMEMBER the days of old; think upon every generation; ask thy father and he will declare to thee; thy elders and they will tell thee. Deut. 32, 7.

Respected and beloved Sisters:

It is well that you celebrate the semi-centennial of the life and work of your community, bidding bygone years to live again and yielding up your souls to the memories and lessons they hold in their embrace. All who work for God and for fellow-creatures need ideals and inspirations—ideals, to measure the growth to which they would fain attain; inspirations, to gather strength and fervor to rise to the summit of their hopes and ambitions. Such ideals and inspirations are given to you in richest abundance by the Sinsinawa semi-centennial.

Sinsinawa! Beyond thy classic shades we need not go in search of ideals and inspirations. We need but listen to the music of thy groves, to the eloquence of thy cloisters; we need but open our souls to the sweetness of the air that enwraps thee, and we are borne upward to the skies, and mind and

heart are tempered with the love and power of which heroes and saints are begotten.

Sinsinawa: its founder and its early days.

Sinsinawa! Thou recallest Father Samuel Mazzuchelli; thou recallest Mother Joanna Clark and Mother Regina Mulqueeny, and all the Sisters of thy early life and labors.

Father Samuel Mazzuchelli! Courtly gentleman and cultured scholar, saintly priest and indefatigable missionary! No rank, no office, was there among churchmen in Italy's historic capitals to which his scholarly attainments and priestly virtues would not do honor; no sweets of place or power to which he might not aspire. But all these things he left to become a missionary in the wilds of America, to be a martyr of zeal and self-sacrifice in spreading Christ's gospel in the rude forests and prairies of a country far from the sunny land of his birth. He was in these northwestern regions the pioneer of pioneer missionaries, for many years the only priest from the shores of Superior and the borders of Michigan to the banks of the Mississippi and of the Missouri, and during all the years that have since sped by never has he been surpassed in holy valor, in full surrender of self, in wisdom of work, in gracefulness and saintliness of character. To speak the name of Samuel Mazzuchelli is to acclaim the gentleman, the scholar and the priest—the exemplar of every Christian and priestly perfection. A celebration that recalls the memory of such a man evokes perforce deepest en-

thusiasm and prompts to highest aims and noblest actions.

The early Superioresses and Sisters of Sinsinawa! Sinsinawa is to-day like some mighty tree whose branches, spreading far and wide, are laden with tokens of its fair and strong life—a glory of the Church in whose name it rises towards the heavens, a glory of the country in whose fertile soil it has grown to such magnificent proportions. But how arduous the labor that tended its growth, how bitter the tears that bedewed its planting! Loneliness of the wilderness, direness of poverty, remoteness from friends and helpers, slowness of growth, dimness of hope—the miseries and trials of Sinsinawa's early years were enough to daunt the boldest heart; they make us wonder that women were found able to confront and overcome them. Brave were the first Sisters of Sinsinawa, and holy were they as they prayed and worked for God alone. Fervently, indeed, did they pray and wisely did they work, for despite obstacles that seemed insuperable they created the Sinsinawa which we know to-day. Grand is Sinsinawa, as we see it; but it is grand because its first guardians were true daughters of the Cross, and because as year by year it grew into maturity it never swerved from the lines they traced, nor from the aims they set before it. To recall the early years of Sinsinawa, to remember its foundresses and first workers, is to summon before the vision of the soul a galaxy of heroic and saintly

women. A celebration that brings back fifty years of Sinsinawa's history cannot but be an encouragement to holiest ambitions and noblest deeds in the service of God and of the world.

Sinsinawa, be glad and rejoice on thy jubilee day; praise the Lord for whom thou hast lived; thank Him for His wondrous blessings; go forth to thy work in the coming half century, invigorated in spirit, renewed in strength, to meet thy greater opportunities, to merit fifty years hence the honors that to-day we rejoice to award to the fifty years of thy early history.

The mission assigned to Sinsinawa by Father Mazzuchelli, and faithfully and successfully carried out by the Sisterhood, is that of Christian education.

Nothing in the whole career of Father Mazzuchelli showed forth so clearly the range of his vision and the courage of his soul as his resolve to found in the wilderness two schools, one for young men, the other for young women, both to grow with the growing Northwest, and to instill into it the principles of knowledge and religion, which are ever the essential conditions of progress and prosperity. Mazzuchelli foresaw the future; he built for the future. Through untoward circumstances his school for young men failed to realize the expectations of its founder. His school for young women was blessed with success; it has lived and grown and flourished; it is the Sinsinawa of to-day.

Education—how noble its work, how supreme its

value! The child is committed to the hands of the teacher to be formed and fashioned into the fulness of God's design—the image and likeness of the Maker. A teacher who does not understand the sublime grandeur of her task, the lofty aim she should keep in view, is utterly unworthy of the name, and ought never to have crossed the threshold of a class room. Education—the word itself tells the purpose of the teacher's task: to draw out and to bring into full play the inborn possibilities of the soul, to put the soul in possession of all the power and all the beauty of which the Creator made it capable. The work of education is the continuation of the work of creation; the teacher is a co-worker with Almighty God. The vocation of the teacher is divine. To enter upon the work of the teacher without the intention of working with God, in accordance with the laws of God imbedded in the primordial elements of the life of the child, is akin to profanation and sacrilege.

Education: its scope and importance.

The life of the soul consists of intelligence and will; the more of life the soul has the more God-like it is. God is supreme intelligence and supreme will; He grasps in their entirety truth and goodness; the more of truth and of goodness the soul in turn absorbs, the nearer it is to God, the more closely does it reflect the image of God.

Teacher, open the mind of your pupil to truth; enkindle in it the passion for truth; and as truth takes possession of it, glowing with light and life

and power, behold how it takes upon itself the beauty and brilliancy of the Divine, and rises by its own impulse towards the throne of the Infinite, which is the ultimate source whence all truth proceeds and the final goal where alone the mind and heart of man can find rest and satisfaction. Truth is reality; and every reality is divine, for there is no reality except God's essence and the things that God's power has called into being and sustains in existence. Wherever, then, there is reality, wherever there is truth, thither bid the mind of the child turn. Teach it the things of earth and the things of the skies, the things of its personal life and the things of the collective life of humanity of which it forms part. Hold back no knowledge that the mind of your pupil is competent to grasp; above all, do not hold back from it the knowledge of Him Who is the plentitude of truth. How incomplete, how insufficient is the knowledge of the creature without that of the Creator, of the finite without that of the Infinite? Why content the eye with the mere ray of light, instead of bidding it contemplate the planet that is the source of light? Why confine the mind to the transient and the accidental, instead of leading it to the permanent and the eternal? Since the soul is to become, through the possession of truth, the image and likeness of God, why not show to it God, that it may directly draw into itself the light and beauty of His countenance and the power of His infinite and eternal being?

Yes, teacher, enkindle in the souls of your pupils the passion for truth, and then train their wills to love goodness, to embrace it, to cling to it so steadfastly that nothing can ever turn them from it. Goodness is naught else than the sweetness, the attractiveness of truth, in whatever order of being truth exhibits itself. Evil is the negation of truth; physical evil the negation of truth in the physical order; moral evil the negation of truth in the moral order. Too often, especially in the moral order, evil speciously veils itself in the garb of truth, and the soul, abusing the high gift of freedom with which it is crowned, chooses the shadow instead of the reality. Choosing evil, the soul declines from the path of duty and righteousness which alone leads to the plentitude of goodness and the ultimate goal of the aspirations of the soul. Truth, clearly seen and apprehended, has, indeed, power to draw the will to itself; but, as the will is free, it may spurn the charms of truth and turn backwards towards error and deformity. The will may even cloud the mind, hide truth from its gaze, and bring it to believe that the false is the truth, and the evil is the good. The will can be wayward, and to make it wayward pride and passion are ceaselessly at work.

Hold constantly before the eyes of your pupils the mirror of goodness, that their thoughts, their affections, their acts be modeled upon the divine ideal. Speak to them constantly of the loveliness of virtue and the happiness that comes from it.

Spare no effort to awaken within their soul the echo of God's voice—conscience. Strengthen the power of conscience in them by argument, strengthen it especially by persuasion and example. It is religion, the appeal to the Lord of righteousness, that tells what righteousness means, and what are the supreme reasons inducing us to tread its ways. Let religion so dominate the class room, that its precepts and practices shall permeate the souls of the children, even as the air they breathe permeates their bodies, and become in them very nature, throbbing with every throb of their hearts, thinking with every thought of their minds. Only religion ingrained into their very being will enable your pupils to hold themselves through life firm in the path of duty, however fierce the storms they may encounter.

As blow after blow of Michel Angelo's chisel fell upon the block of stone, lineament after lineament appeared, until at last there shone through the marble the reflex of an ideal glowing in the sculptor's mind. The beauty of the marble grew as the sculptor's mind grew into it; and as his mind grew into it his heart's fondness for his marble block increased in ardor and enthusiasm. At last Michel Angelo's ideal lived—the marble was the Moses of Sinai, and the sculptor's joy was as a scintillation of the joy of Paradise. And so, teacher, fashion by your every word and your every touch the souls of your pupils, day by day, hour by hour, until there is at last reproduced in them the image and likeness

of God. Is there not rapture in the task? Is there not in it reward for all your toil and sacrifice? Admire your work; God admires it with you, and God rewards you for the glory given to Him by a soul that you have transfigured into His own image and likeness.

Power of teacher's life and example.

The task of the teacher! Look beyond the class room to see its results in all their significance. A pupil goes forth from the class room to be to others, as you were to her, an artist of souls, to reproduce in others what you produced in her—the image and likeness of God. Her deeds will be your deeds, her glory will be your glory. It is the life and strength infused by you into her mind and heart that operate upon those who come under her influence. Others will be fashioned by her as she was fashioned by you; and they in turn will be, also, artists of souls and will fashion yet others for the same holy work. Generation after generation of salutary agencies are thus given to the world; and as one generation imbibes strength and sweetness from another, it is ever the power and the richness of the first source that are at work, it is ever the lessons and the examples of the first teacher that renovate and uplift souls. Cast a pebble into the waters of the placid lake; ripple succeeds ripple as far as eye can see; and even far beyond the ken of vision ripple rises upon ripple—the motion once imparted to the waters ever acting

upon them, ever yielding to them its force and vibration. So is it with the teacher; the music of her soul vibrates in the soul of her pupil, thence it passes into other souls, and thence again into others, giving forth in each its sweet harmony, which is ever the harmony of the soul in which it first resounded. The pupil leaves the class room, thrilled with its lessons and its memories. In the home she is daughter, sister, wife or mother; the work she does there is the work of the teacher from whom she received the power to accomplish it. She steps beyond her home into the sphere of society; she ventures into a wider domain of labor in missions of justice and charity—wherever she is, wherever she works, she remains the pupil, ever working with her teacher's ambition and her teacher's power, ever transmitting to other souls the sweetness and goodness which she imbibed from her teacher's life and example.

The class room—simple and quiet is it, so simple and so quiet that at times one is tempted to ask: To what purpose is the toil, to what reward may a teacher's hopes aspire? Be of good heart, timid and humble teacher, see your work as God and His angels see it, see it and its results upon souls, and rejoice in its fruitfulness. As the class room is, so will be the men and women of the future; as those men and women will be, so will be the family, the country and the Church. The class room—it is the workshop where are forged the arms of civilization and of religion; it is the sanctuary where are

trained and inspired the soldiers who are to wield those arms. And the reward of the class room—who is it that recognizes the class room and ever remembers it? Who is it that, as the years flow by, ascribes to it the music that first echoed from its lyre, the power that was first begotten of its inspirations? By you, daughter of Christ, the answer is easily given: God recognizes the class room; God remembers the class room—He whose eye scans all time, He who is never faithless in His rewards.

Need we wonder, respected and beloved Sisters, that when your founder, Father Mazzuchelli, proposed to you to consecrate yourselves wholly to God, to dedicate yourselves, heart and soul, to His service and glory, to live with Him and for Him, to do His work and trust in Him for your reward, you were bidden to take upon yourselves the task of Christian education? For it is God's own task—the building up of souls in His own image and likeness, the establishment on earth of His reign of love and righteousness, the preparation of souls for the blessedness of Heaven. Nothing is more worthy of the daughter of Christ than the work of Christian education, nothing more worthy of her holy vocation, nothing that bears richer fruitage in time and in eternity. And what a blessing it is for Christian education that the daughter of Christ is ready to consecrate herself to it with that fulness of love and of energy which her vows of religion must necessarily bring into play! The class room where a devoted Sister presides is a sanctuary no less of reli-

gion than of learning. Knowledge is there, knowledge of earth and of Heaven; and inspiration is there, inspiration to spend one's self in the performance of duty, in the love and service of God for time and for eternity. The memory of the class room never fades in later years from the souls of the pupils; the recollections of a Sister's class room are ever laden with the fragrance of virtue and of faith, they ever remain a power to strengthen and save souls. It is a privilege beyond price to have been a pupil in a Sister's class room, to have been in the days of childhood and youth in such close touch with the noblest exemplar of religion and piety.

Need of Sisterhoods in education to-day.

Never before was there such need of the Sisterhoods of the Church in the work of education as there is to-day. Never was age so ambitious of knowledge as our age is. It discusses without ceasing education and methods of education; it covers the land with schools and colleges to bring education within the reach of the lowliest as well as of the loftiest, of the poorest as well as of the richest. Upon education the age stakes all its hopes; upon education it relies for all its strength and all its glory. If words always carried with them the fulness of their meaning, we should say that the age is decidedly right in its worship of education; for true education, the upbuilding of men and women, secures to a people all the blessings that a people could desire. Unfortunately, in its ardor for education the

tendency of the age is to think only of mind and to overlook the will and the conscience, to cut the human soul in twain, bestowing all care on one-half while leaving the other to struggle for itself as it may. There can be no more fatal mistake than this in the work of education.

Let men praise as they will the education of the mind; they can never praise it too much. Let them proclaim as they will the importance, the necessity of knowledge; their praise will never exceed its merits. But when all is said and all is done, they have cared only for one faculty of the soul, leaving the rest impoverished and neglected; they have given to the soul light to guide it without making sure that it will follow whither the light leads. With learning in richness and variety, such as mankind never before possessed, if the will is not enamored of moral goodness, and trained to obey its laws without hesitancy, you have, indeed, mind brightened and sharpened for the battle of life, but you leave moral force, that should control mind and bend it to serve the cause of righteousness, undeveloped and inert. The world needs knowledge; but it needs, too, righteousness; and it needs righteousness far more than it needs knowledge, for righteousness it is, that, far more than knowledge, creates true manhood and womanhood, assures the integrity of the family, and cements the social fabric into strength and enduring solidity. No, the child is not educated, not fitted for the duties and responsibilities awaiting it, unless its will be attuned to

goodness, as its mind is to truth, unless its store of virtue be even richer than its treasure of intellectual wealth.

Christian education a paramount necessity of the times.

Let no one imagine that virtue necessarily accompanies knowledge, that a well-trained mind insures a pure and steadfast heart. Experience speaks too clearly to the contrary. Too often where knowledge abounds, moral obliquity holds sway; too often knowledge even becomes an agency in fostering and abetting crime and sin. And let no one believe that the moral sense needs but little training, that a word now and then suffices for its nurture and growth. Experience again enters its protest against the fallacy. Passion is violent; temptation is everywhere in alluring forms; the power to resist evil must be developed in every fibre of the soul, and it must penetrate the soul in the name of authoritative principles, the abiding remembrance of which are a constant welling of life and vigor.

Schools and colleges where the mind only is trained cannot suffice for the education of the children of the land. For the masses of those children the home and the Sunday school do not supply the moral training denied to them in schools and colleges. All this is often said; it cannot be said too often. The problem facing the country is awful in its portent—What is to happen as the result of the lack of moral training in schools and colleges thronged by the multitude of the children of the

land? They who give thought to the problem are affrighted; and well they may be. Remedies many and various are proposed; but the sole remedy that is effective is shunned or suspected—the inculcation of religion in the class room. Moral training, it is admitted, should be had; but religion may not be invoked to define and enforce its teachings. Now, morality without God is devoid of force, as it is devoid of sanction. As well may you expect the frail reed of the field to hold up against the fierce buffeting of the storm as to bid the human soul deprived of all divine support to withstand the impetuous assaults of passion. The peril of the age, the peril of America, is secularism in schools and colleges. I signalize the danger; how it is to be removed, the people of the land will some day declare when the terrible lesson of facts will have forced them to realize the gravity of the situation. Meanwhile, Sinsinawa does its part by giving a full and adequate formation of mind and heart to the children who seek the shelter of its halls, and by holding up to the country the ideals and principles that should rule true education.

Catholics and religious education.

To Catholics I may speak with special insistence on the necessity of religion in education. For Catholics all hopes of weal and happiness, in time and in eternity, are wrapt up in religion—in religion as expounded and practiced in the Catholic Church. Their religious faith is the treasure, precious above all other treasures, that they covet for

themselves, the legacy, precious above all other legacies, with which they wish to endow their children. For this reason, they should bend all their energies to give to their children a thorough Catholic education. There is no room for argument —experience teaches the lesson too clearly—nothing but the daily drill in the teachings of faith, and the daily influence of an atmosphere permeated with the spirit of faith, will sink religion so deeply into the soul of the child that it will remain there through life unaltered and unwavering. To be a firm and uncompromising Catholic in the midst of prevailing unbelief and indifference, to retain the warmth and vigor of Catholic faith in the chilling atmosphere of the irreligious world in which we live, this requires the heroism of the martyr, the ardor and enthusiasm of the saint; and it is folly to think that the martyr and the saint are born of the perfunctory and superficial religious instruction which is usually given by parent or priest outside the Catholic school. We cannot but look with alarm to the future of religion in America, when we recall what a large proportion of Catholic children are educated outside Catholic schools, and how little is done for the religious training of such children. The losses to the faith will be immense unless much more be done for our little ones than is being actually done. Heretofore Catholics lived very largely on a strong inherited faith; heretofore, moreover, they were not exposed to the perils that now confront them. Conditions and circumstances have changed; plans and methods of work must be altered accordingly. If in the past

we labored with zeal and energy for childhood and youth, we must in the future labor for them with energy and zeal increased a hundred fold. As never before we must be zealous in building Catholic schools and colleges; as never before we must be assiduous in exhorting parents to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges. The hope of the Catholic church in America is in Catholic schools and colleges.

With all our best efforts to multiply Catholic schools and colleges, there will not be, at least for a long time to come, a sufficient number of them to receive within their portals all the Catholic children of the land; there will always be many children debarred from the benefits of a Catholic education. What is to be done for such as those? To them we must be most prodigal of our zeal, that they may not wholly perish. We cannot, I know, do for them what Catholic schools would do; but we can do much, and what we can do should be done cheerfully. Extraordinary efforts should be put forth by priests and other friends of souls to gather the children deprived of the advantages of a Catholic school, and to impart to them religious instructions as thoroughly as at all possible. I sometimes think that in our advocacy of principles we do not always make due allowance for exceptions, and in our zeal for Catholic education we pass by the many children who do not come within its immediate reach, as if they were semi-outcasts, hardly worthy of our solicitude, and affording but little hope that labor spent

upon them will produce fruit. I deem it not amiss to put ourselves on our guard against an extreme to which our zeal for Catholic schools should never lead us. But, this much said, I cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity of Catholic schools. Catholic schools, I shall ever repeat, are in our days the salvation of the faith. There is no other work of religion so urgently incumbent upon priests and people as that of multiplying those sanctuaries of Christian education, and gathering into them the childhood and youth of the parishes. Catholic schools alone will perpetuate among us that richness of faith, that fulness of spirituality which is the very essence of Catholic life, and without which the Church in America would be a tree, fair, perhaps, in its luxuriant foliage, but sterile of the divine blossoming and fruitage that Christ recognizes as the token and evidence of supernatural union with Himself. The pupils of our Catholic schools will be true Catholics, and through the diffusion of their faith and piety will do much in fostering Catholic life among those whose earlier days were not spent in the class rooms of a Catholic school.

Catholic schools the salvation of the faith.

You perceive, Revered Sisters, how precious to the Church is the work, which your founder bade you undertake, how worthy is that work, of the zeal and self-sacrifice of daughters of Christ, bound by vows of religion to serve God with wholeness of mind and heart. Christian education is assuredly a divine work.

Beautiful with the beauty of Heaven is Sin-

sinawa's half-century of life. Shall I not name Sinsinawa the mount of Transfiguration? Is it not with the resolve to transfigure your souls into the likeness of Heaven, and to be as like Christ as mortals can be, that you have come hither, Revered Sisters, away from the fret and turmoil of the world, to live with God and for God? And is it not with the resolve to transfigure the souls of others into the likeness of Heaven that you invite childhood and youth to trust themselves to your love and care? How many souls have been here transfigured, minds made radiant with truth, hearts set aglow with the fire of divine love! God alone can estimate at its full value the work of Sinsinawa. Of this work we can form but a faint picture; but, such as it is, the picture is entrancing. It is well, Sisters, that you have built here your tabernacles; it is well that in coming years others also will build their tabernacles here, and for the weal of future generations perpetuate your life and work.

And now Sisters, tell us what the Sinsinawa of the future is to be. I hear your prompt reply—the best that we can make it. I invoke the blessing of God on your resolve.

The mission of Sinsinawa in the future.

Let there be given in Sinsinawa, and in other schools of the land bearing Sinsinawa's name, the best and highest intellectual and moral formation of youth that human energy working with God's grace can provide. The best intellectual training that the country knows must have its counterpart in these halls. It were a sacrilege if teaching given

in the name of religion were in a single iota inferior to that given in the name of secularism. Besides, parents demand for their children the best intellectual training that can be procured, and their children have a right to the surest and most scientific methods of obtaining knowledge. It is deep injustice to parents and to children to invite pupils in the name of religion to a school a whit inferior in methods and results to the foremost schools in the land. Pupils will not fill the halls of an inferior school. Catholic schools and colleges will not grow and prosper, unless they equal, and even lead, other schools and colleges in the work of education. I know Sinsinawa, its aims and its purposes, its plans and its hopes; I have no fear for its future; it will never fall below its professions as a home of intellectual culture.

And then, revered Sisters, so work, so teach, that your pupils will ever be truest and best Catholics. You must know the world into which you are sending them, and you must form them for the duties they must assume, for the trials they must endure. Nought but the strongest faith will, in our days, hold souls in the practice of religion; and nought but the deepest knowledge of the things of God will nurture and preserve such faith. Your teaching of religion must needs be thoroughly dogmatic—making your pupils understand the foundations of their religion and grasp every doctrine in its completeness. Be assured that a mere tradi-

tional faith, or a mere routine, superficial instruction in its principles and dogmas will not hold them in God's Church, nor fill their souls with the ardor and the zeal which alone can secure to them triumph over the obstacles that beset their path. Devotions and pious practices will not suffice; valuable as they are in their manner, devotions and pious practices by themselves are like hot-house flowers that quickly wilt when exposed to a chilling wind. Beneath such devotions and practices there must be abiding principles from which they may draw their life and vigor; together with them there must be the profound intellectual conviction, which no enemy of the faith can wrest from their minds and hearts. But again, I know Sinsinawa—its intelligence of the needs of the times and its resolve to meet those needs; and I am confident that its pupils will be so well instructed in their faith as to be ever, despite all trials, its valiant soldiers, its devoted disciples.

Forward, then, Sinsinawa, to the task that awaits thee along the years of the twentieth century; forward, in the great work of Christian education. May thy labors be blessed by the Father of light and love; may the fruits of thy labors be such as to bring upon thee the smiles of earth and of Heaven! This, the prayer of those who this morning throng this chapel; this, the prayer in the skies of Father Mazzuchelli and of the holy Sisters of thy early life and work.

PERSONAL LIBERTY AND LABOR STRIKES

THE following article on Personal Liberty and Labor Strikes was written for the North American Review. It appeared in the issue for October, 1901, from which it is reproduced through the courtesy of the editor of the Review.

PERSONAL LIBERTY AND LABOR STRIKES

Personal liberty is the most sacred inheritance of the citizen. The right to employ his powers as he chooses, to dispose of his affairs as he wills, save only so far as such right is limited by the rights of others, or by the welfare of the community—this is nature's gift to man. "All men are born equal." By nature no man is endowed with authority over his fellows, or warranted in depriving his fellows of one jot or tittle of their liberty. Civil society, indeed, is superior to the individual citizen, and in certain circumstances may abridge his liberty; but civil society possesses this pre-eminence for the sole purpose of rendering secure the liberty of its members by fostering among them the spirit of reciprocal justice, and by repressing attempts on the part of some to invade the rights of others. If a part of his personal liberty is surrendered by the individual to civil society, it is only with a view of more effectively protecting the remainder; and, even then, what is surrendered to civil society is only what is strictly needed for its corporate life and integrity, so much and no more—so inalienable by the will of nature and of nature's God is the boon of personal liberty.

Personal liberty is the sovereign end and aim of civil society. It is in civil society that personal liberty finds its safeguard against anarchy, the deadly foe whose reign is the reign of might over right, of the strong over the weak, of the animal over the rational man.

Where personal liberty is violated—be he who is the victim the poorest of the poor, the lowliest of the lowly—civil society, were it to tolerate the outrage, would betray its mission and forfeit the trust of its members, who recognize in the liberty of one the liberty of all.

In the present article I desire to deal in particular with such violations of personal liberty as not unfrequently accompany strikes of labor unions.

When a union enters upon a strike it usually takes measures to prevent non-union workmen, or such union workmen as may not be in sympathy with the strike, from offering their labor to employers blacklisted by the union.

Acts of violence usually attending strikes.

Although, by comparison with other strikes the records of which are yet fresh in our memory, the recent strike of the Amalgamated Steel Association has been free from acts of violence to persons or to property, yet numerous incidents of lawlessness have occurred that challenge the serious attention of the upholders of personal liberty. In the districts covered by the strike hundreds of men willing to work have not been allowed to work. The approaches to the mills have been picketed by relays

of strikers, and non-union men seeking to enter have been set upon and forced under penalty of bodily injury to retrace their steps. When, now and then, by stealth and ruse, a few succeeded in evading the vigilance of the picketing lines, they were held as closely as prisoners in a jail, not daring to venture out, and only with much difficulty providing themselves with the necessaries of life. At railroad stations and in the streets men known or supposed to be non-union men have been pelted with stones, the police being powerless to defend them even by a display of bludgeons and firearms. In some cases non-union men have been kidnapped and locked up in hotels or empty storehouses; in other cases they have been roughly handled and badly beaten, specially harsh treatment being reserved for negroes who happened to appear on the scene. One Sunday morning in Chicago a squad of non-union men who had been imprisoned for several days in their mills had the temerity to believe that they would be secure from attack while going to hear mass in a neighboring church; but they had to run the gauntlet of blows and cuffs and were compelled hurriedly to regain their hiding places.

In these and similar incidents the sufferers were not merely those who were the immediate victims of violence and intimidation, but the much larger number of people throughout the country, who, but for the menace and injury that awaited them, would have come forward to seek employment.

I am not discussing strikes in the abstract and

apart from such incidents as I now record; much less am I discussing labor unions, to which I could readily assign numerous useful and praiseworthy purposes; I confine myself strictly to the acts of violence and of intimidation that usually accompany strikes. Such acts, I maintain, we cannot too strongly reprobate; nor can we, in the interest of public order and of personal liberty, be too zealous in awakening public opinion in condemnation of them.

That such acts constitute utter lawlessness numerous edicts of legislators and decisions of courts leave us no room to doubt. The English statute of 1875, known as "The Conspiracy and Protection Act"—a law, which, by the way, was passed for the express purpose of enlarging the legal rights of labor unions in connection with strikes, and for this reason was welcomed by the unions—so clearly sets forth what is to be taken as running counter to English law, and so fully summarizes the sense of the scattered enactments and decisions of American legislatures and courts that I shall quote from it at some length:

Violence proscribed by civil law.

"Section 7. Every person who, with a view to compel any other person to abstain from doing or to do any act which such other person has a legal right to do or abstain from doing, wrongfully and without legal authority,

"1. Uses violence or intimidates such other per-

son, or his wife or children, or injures his property, or,

"2. Persistently follows such other person about from place to place, or,

"3. Hides any tools, clothes, or other property, owned or used by such other persons, or deprives him of, or hinders him in the use thereof, or,

"4. Watches or besets the house or other place where such other person resides or works or carries on business or happens to be, or the approach to such houses, or place, or,

"5. Follows such person with two or more persons in a disorderly manner in or through any street or road, shall on conviction be punished as provided," etc.

As to legislation in America, laws and decisions of courts in a few of the states speak for the whole country.

In the State of Pennsylvania the statute on labor, liberal as it is granted to be in its concessions to strikes, concludes with these words:

"Provided, that nothing herein contained shall prevent the prosecution and punishment under existent laws of any person or persons who shall in any way hinder persons who desire to labor for their employers from doing so, or other persons from being employed as laborers."

In South Carolina, in 1894, an injunction was issued against strikers who conspired to prevent the employer from employing workmen other than those suggested by the employees, and endeavored

to accomplish their purpose "by threats, menaces, intimidations and opprobrious epithets addressed to plaintiff company's officers and workmen, and by gathering in crowds about the company's place of business and at the boarding places of their workmen, and by following said workmen to and from their work, stopping them on the highways, interfering with them in their work, and by holding them up to ridicule and contempt of bystanders."

The principle which underlies these and similar laws has been admirably enunciated by a judge of the State of Massachusetts:

"Freedom is the policy of this country. But freedom does not imply a right in one person, either alone or in combination with others, to disturb or annoy another, either directly or indirectly, in his lawful business or occupation, for the sake of compelling him to buy his peace."

Such acts of violence and intimidation as are covered by these enactments and decisions are, for the most part, far less detrimental to personal liberty than the lawless acts that have taken place under our own eyes. Strange, indeed, is it that such things should happen in America, the country in which, of all countries, personal liberty is supposed to be most sacredly guarded. Still more strange is it that such things are tolerated by state authorities who seem to be either unwilling or afraid to deal with them.

A man's right to work is one of the most fundamental rights of his being. It is the right to

the exercise of his powers of body and mind. It is more—it is the right to his life, which depends for sustenance on the fruits of his labor. It is, for the same reason, the right of his wife and children to their lives. Of this right no man can, with any shadow of equity, deprive another. Neither can any man by his own authority dictate to another when and how this right is to be used, else such a one were his subject, his slave. And when, in order to deprive a man of his right to work, violence is used and bodily injury inflicted, there is no measure to the injustice done to him; all semblance of liberty is effaced; physical force becomes the law that rules the relations of man to man.

Freedom of labor, a natural right.

Nor must it be said that what is denied to one man may be allowed to many men banded together in unions or associations. Voluntary associations of citizens possess no right that is not inherent in the members as individuals. Unions or associations are mere aggregates of individuals having no rights other than such as individual citizens may claim.

I should be sorry to say a single word against the personal liberty of the strikers themselves, or of their friends. I should willingly concede to them all peaceful means, such as laying their case before non-union workmen and arguing with them persuasively and eloquently, with a view of winning their sympathy and co-operation. Neither should I object to the practice of picketing, so long as the purpose of picketing is merely to gain knowledge

of the movements of employers or of non-union workers. But farther than this I could not go. Where intimidation begins, where physical violence comes into play, or where threats are used that put non-union workers in reasonable fear of life, limb or property, there must I stop, in obedience to the imperative dictates of natural justice and of Christian morality.

This is the position taken by men who are recognized as amongst the foremost moralists of the day. Father Matteo Liberatore, in his "Principles of Political Economy," dealing with the evils accompanying strikes, writes as follows:

"Worst of all is the iniquitous and brutal terrorism by which they (the strikers) compel their comrades to join them. If some workmen think it better to continue working on the same terms as before, what right have the others to force them into the strike by threats, insults, and bad usage? Are they not free agents in their own affairs to act as they think best? This is an unjust claim, an offense against the liberty of the subject, a disturbance of public peace; it deserves the utmost rigor of the law."

A higher authority than Father Liberatore is Leo XIII. In the letter addressed by him in 1888 to the Episcopate of Ireland on the system of boycotting which was adopted by the Land League—with most admirable intentions, though with mistaken views of strict justice—the Sovereign Pontiff said:

"It is in every way repugnant to natural justice and Christian charity that those should be pursued by a novel kind of persecution and interdict (boycotting) who either are content with the rents which they have agreed upon with the landlords of the estates and prefer to pay them, or who may take vacant farms as they have a right to do."

Teachings of Catholic theology.

Leo's argument, evidently, is that no private citizen, no association of private citizens, however large and influential its membership, should attempt to prevent others from doing what they have a natural and legal right to do. This argument, which so forcibly vindicates the principle of personal liberty, finds its application in the labor boycott of American strikes no less than in the land boycott of the Irish League.

To men who enter upon a strike it should be clear that in preventing others from working they are acting in direct contradiction to the very principles of personal liberty, by which they justify their action when they refuse to work. Whenever individual workmen or combinations of workmen refuse to work, no one claims the right to compel them to work, for the simple reason that in the enjoyment of their personal liberty they are free to work or not to work. But, surely, the corollary of this is that men who choose to work should be allowed to work. Not many years ago an association of workmen inaugurating a strike had to expect summary

Inconsistency of the labor unions.

treatment from law courts, prone as these courts were to interpret in a manner unfavorable to such collective action the various so-called Conspiracy Statutes of English and American law. Against such statutes and the interpretations usually attached to them, the friends of labor waged unceasing war in the name of personal liberty, with the result that now, except in cases involving a breach of contract or entailing serious damage on public interests, labor unions may, without risk of incurring the displeasure of the law, begin a strike and continue in it as long as they see fit. Is it not strange that, after labor unions have won the long-fought battle for their personal liberty, they should turn around and strive to wrest personal liberty from non-union workers? It would seem that labor unions seek to be a law to themselves, apart from and above the law of the land.

I do not forget that labor unions refuse to be responsible for the excesses that often characterize strikes, attributing these excesses to mobs which they cannot control and which see in strikes the opportunity of indulging in lawless passion. And, indeed, there do sometimes occur, in connection with strikes, acts of violence which the labor unions do not approve and for which they cannot be held responsible. But is it not true that much of the interference with personal liberty of which we complain is the direct act of the unions? Are not the pickets of the unions usually the first to have re-

course to threats and violence? Even where mobs are the guilty party, are not the unions, at least indirectly, responsible? Should not the unions have foreseen the acts of violence to which mobs so easily resort, and should they not have taken measures to obviate such acts? And should they not protest when such acts have unfortunately taken place?

Duty of the State.

The duty of the State in the presence of strikes is clear and imperative. It is to protect personal liberty in all cases and at all costs. The entire authority of the State should, if necessary, be put in motion to protect the liberty of a single citizen, whether that citizen be one who refuses to work or one who desires to work. The duty of the State is to ascertain the will of the citizen, and then to extend over him in the exercise of his right the shield of the law. The law should be uniform for all and universal in its application, without regard to person, position or class. As Lord Derby once said, "The duty of the public in trade disputes is to make a ring and see fair play." The law should mercilessly put down violence and intimidation whencesoever they come; it should always protect and secure the freedom of the individual, be he workman or employer, unionist or non-unionist. The refusal or the failure of the State to repress and punish violations of personal liberty is the beginning of anarchy.

It is sometimes urged in justification of the use

False reasoning of advocates of violence.

of violence that the workman has, as it were, a proprietary interest in his place, and that when another steps into it the newcomer is to a certain extent an unjust aggressor, and deserves to be summarily dealt with. It is further maintained that, as strikes must fail if employers are allowed to fill the places of the strikers, compulsion brought to bear upon non-union men to prevent them from working is necessary as a measure of war and, therefore, justifiable. Statements of this kind, however, are sophistries, and if put into practice, would speedily undermine the structure of civil society. It is well understood by both parties to a labor contract—better understood, perhaps, by the employee than by the employer—that, in the absence of special covenants, the contract is rescindable at the will of either party. Moreover, when the workman as a matter of fact and of his own volition has given up his position, it is not easy to see how he can still retain a right to it. Further, if, as it is maintained, strikes must fail unless compulsion be employed to prevent non-union men from working, I have only to say—so much the worse for strikes. If strikes require as a condition of success the violation of personal liberty and the subversion of social order, strikes stand self-condemned. Personal liberty and social order must above all else be safeguarded. Whatever militates against the one or the other cannot be tolerated in courts of justice, and must at all costs be put down. To speak of

certain methods of action as measures of war when such methods are the devices of private citizens, or of associations of private citizens, is to characterize them by a name which of itself condemns them. Private citizens, or associations of private citizens, have no right to institute war; this is the exclusive right of public authority. To grant such a right to any class, or to any number of citizens, would be to open the flood-gates to lawlessness and anarchy. Measures of war adopted by employers against workmen would then be permissible, as also would be the lynchings which we so much deplore as blots upon American civilization. Law and public opinion are the natural and ultimate remedies for social grievances; any movement that ignores these two elements of social power is doomed to fail; any movement that puts its trust in them is, if its cause be just, sooner or later, assured of success.

Another specious argument urged in defense of violations of personal liberty in labor strikes is, that, in the vast business combinations and in the fierce competition resulting from them, capital is sometimes guilty of offenses against personal liberty far more injurious to the public weal than those that can be laid to the charge of labor unions. This is not the place to enter upon a discussion of the operations and methods of capital. But, if wrong be done by capital, it does not follow that wrong should be done by labor; wrong in one case does not justify wrong in the other. If capital violates per-

sonal liberty and menaces social peace, let capital be brought to the bar of law and public opinion.

Injury done to cause of labor.

To condemn the abuses against personal liberty which have marked the course of strikes in this and in other countries, is to serve the cause of labor and of labor unions. The most praiseworthy cause may be ruined by the adoption of methods that reason and religion reprobate. Public opinion will not long tolerate what conduces to lawlessness and anarchy; it will put the ban upon associations which, however legitimate in their purposes, tend to undermine law and order in society. Purposes, however good, can never justify methods that are evil. Moreover, associations that resort to unjust methods will inevitably suffer disintegration; conscience and patriotism are alive in the bosom of the men who constitute those associations, and conscience and patriotism will ultimately triumph over allegiance to any association.

The cause of labor is so holy a cause that all right-minded men, all Christians, lend to it their sympathy and support. It is the cause of humanity; it is the cause of religion. Why should it not in its onward march so bear itself that no censure be attached to it, that no friend be obliged to withdraw from it his esteem and his love?

LABOR AND CAPITAL

The following discourse on Labor and Capital was delivered before the labor unions of St. Paul on Labor Day, 1903.

LABOR AND CAPITAL

WE are assembled to do honor to labor: I am happy to join with the thousands present in chanting the praises of labor, and in rendering to it the tribute of homage and allegiance to which it is so legitimately entitled.

Labor is the fulfillment of the law that was in the beginning imposed upon all men by the Creator and Lord of the universe. "In the sweat of thy face," said Jehovah to the father of the human race, "shalt thou eat bread till thou returnest to the earth out of which thou wast taken." Labor is the condition of life. We must work if we would live; if we do not work, we are unworthy to live. "If any man will not work," says the Apostle Paul, "then let him not eat." The measure in which we work is also the measure in which we live and in which we win for ourselves the fullness and the joys of existence. Only through labor does man develop the strength of his bodily frame and the faculties and powers of his spiritual being; only through labor does society attain its proper growth and prosperity. Where sloth and idleness prevail, the individual man is a savage, a being but slightly removed from the

Labor, the condition of life.

world of irrational animals around him; and the social organism is a barbaric tribe, used only to the ways of the beast, and as oblivious of the culture and enjoyments of civilization as it is incapable of the upward spring of effort needed to place it upon the heights of life to which it was destined by nature and nature's God. The man who does not work is an enemy of himself, and an enemy of his fellows to whom his labor should bring benefit. There should be no place upon the earth for the drone, for him who seeks only ease and selfish pleasure, who understands not the value of labor and cares not for its sweets and fruitage.

Diversity in labor and in its rewards.

Labor is of different kinds, and subserves different purposes. It is labor to plough the soil in the field and to ply the hammer at the forge, as it is labor to distribute the products of toil throughout the land, and to plan how those products may be increased in quality or in quantity. It is labor to wield the sword in defense of a nation's honor, and to uplift a people to higher planes of glory and prosperity, as it is labor to dispel ignorance, to heal infirmity and to solace affliction. It is labor to preach the gospel of salvation, and prepare men for the blessings of Heaven, as it is labor to render life upon earth less bitter, less devoid of comfort and happiness. But, whatever its kind, whatever its purpose, labor is ever to be honored, ever to be praised. It is always the fulfillment of the divine law, making for the elevation of man and the better-

ment of the race. To despise labor, whatever its kind, whatever its purpose, is the unfailing sign of narrowness of mind and meanness of heart. The task well done, not the form it takes, is the title to honor; and before that title all true men bow in reverence.

Wherever labor is, it is worthy of reward—the reward being proportioned to the energy displayed in it, to the talent employed to make it fruitful.

As there is diversity in the forces, physical and mental, which labor calls into play, and also in the nature and the results of labor itself, so will there be diversity in the rewards that labor brings. All men, it is said, are born equal. This is true of civil rights and of opportunities to work for the prizes of life; it is not true of powers of mind or of body, nor of the determination of will that puts these powers to profit. Both by the gifts of nature and by the effects of their own will there is, and there ever must be, inequality among men. Some cannot do the work that others can do, and some will not do the work that others are willing to perform. Inequality, therefore, there is, and there must ever be, in the rewards allotted to labor. There is, again, difference in the use that men make of the rewards of labor. Some husband their earnings carefully, and make them fructify even a hundred fold, while others scatter the fruit of their toil to the winds, or consume it in pleasure and rioting; and thus inequality is assured in the possession and retention of the products of labor. Never, so long

as mankind is constituted as it is, will there be among men equal ownership of the goods of earth. Men will never earn equal rewards; and if the wand of the magician were to make an equal distribution of wealth among men, an hour would suffice to bring back inequality of fortunes, and to place men where nature and free will must ever hold them—some on the lowlands of prosperity, others on the hill-tops, others again on the towering mountain peaks. Equality in the ownership of wealth is a dream of the fancy; it has no place in the world of men. It would be realized then and then only if a mighty despotism were to bring down the energies and talents of the most able and energetic to the level of the most incompetent and most indolent of the race, and impose upon all the same measure of self-sacrifice and thrift—if, in other words, men as they now exist would be blotted off the face of the earth, and beings of different mould and aspiration would take their place.

Origin of the labor question.

It is inequality in the rewards of labor that gives rise to what is known as the labor question. For, however much we recognize such inequality as necessary and inevitable, we are still bound to proclaim that it must be regulated, as far as possible, by the rules of justice and fairness, so that the power of producing greater results and of hoarding them for further use may not be the means of dominating over the weakness of the less successful, and of wresting from them much that is legitimately won

by them, and should be owned by them. Unfortunately, such are the dispositions of men, whether the strong, or the weak, and such is the complexity of circumstances into which their labor is cast, that it is a most difficult task to give, even in the abstract, a just and fair rule by which the value of labor may be measured; it is a still more difficult task to secure for such a rule, when formulated and accepted, a practical application. Thence the labor question. The ideal reign of justice is not to be expected on earth; but our aim must ever be to work towards it, and to bless the earth with as complete a realization of it, as our best efforts may permit us to attain.

That, to-day, the labor question is acute in the controversies it arouses, and urgent in its demand for a solution, is no evil portent of the age. There was a time when the labor question lived but little in the public mind, and disturbed but little the public ear. This was in the days of paganism, when half the people were slaves, and lived in the belief that they were without right to life or liberty. The Saviour of Galilee came, proclaiming the dignity of manhood in every child of God, and making every one conscious of the rights inherent in his manhood. Christianity it is that gave actuality to the labor question. If, in the present age, the question is clamoring for solution, it is not merely because modern industrialism creates new complexities, and begets new problems, but because Christian principles of human dignity and human rights are more widely diffused, and more deeply influence the souls

of men; it is because the present age is reaching out, as no preceding age, towards universal justice, and is eager, as no other, to secure to all men the conditions which equality and fairness award to them. The present vitality of the labor question is a sign to be welcomed, a sign of better things coming to the world of men.

As a consequence of the agitation of the labor question, there is restlessness in society which at moments seems to forebode strife and war. But we need have no fear of the final outcome. It seems a revolution; it is only an evolution—one of those great transformations which now and then disturb, in order to elevate, humanity. All will ultimately be well; to-morrow will be better than to-day, as to-day is better than yesterday. We must have confidence in men, in their common sense, and in their spirit of justice and of charity. We must have confidence in the Christian religion, whose principles are fermenting in human society. We must have confidence in human society, which is ever able to control and hold within due bounds the movements it inaugurates. And, as Americans, we must have confidence in the people of America—a people so loving liberty and order that they will never despoil themselves of the one or expose themselves to the peril of wrecking the other; a people understanding and practising mutual forbearance, conceding to others their rights that they themselves may, in turn, receive the rights belonging to them. The morrow will be serene, even if to-day the clouds

hang heavy in the skies, and violent storms seem imminent.

Meanwhile, however, the labor question is one of deepest importance, and calls for most serious and thoughtful consideration. There is much at stake—not only the welfare of labor itself, and of the capital that rewards labor, but also the peace and good order of the entire commonwealth. Where the labor question is discussed calmness of mind and wisdom of counsel must prevail. Passion and excitement must be repressed, views of temporary gain or triumph set aside; the voice of reason and religion alone must be heard, and the ultimate welfare of men individually and collectively must alone be sought. Let the eternal principles of justice and of charity dominate the discussions, and the labor question will not be a menace to the nation.

As the question at first presents itself to us, it divides society into two classes—wage-earners on one side, and on the other employers or capitalists.

Interrelations of labor and capital.

As a matter of fact, this division seldom holds good in reality, as very often those who in a sense are wage-earners are, also, in a sense, employers or capitalists. You, my listeners, for instance, are wage-earners and employes: you work for employers and capitalists, who pay you for your labor. But are you not, also, employers? You employ your tailor and your shoemaker, your butcher and your baker, your newspaper publisher and your children's school teacher. Again, while you are wage-earners,

are you not, also, or at least, ought you not to be, capitalists? You have your bank account, inconsiderable as it may be; near your own house you may have a cottage which you rent to a neighbor; or you have, perhaps, sent out your savings upon the great field of capitalism, there to bear fruit and to enrich you further: you are, in the truest meaning of the word, capitalists; the difference between you and other capitalists is simply one of degree and of opportunity. On the other hand, the man who employs you, the contractor, for instance, is, in turn, employed by another, the real estate owner, or the public corporation; and the capitalist himself, the banker, or the railroad president, is virtually the employe of every man who holds a share in the enterprise or industry over which he is placed in control. Again and again labor and capital are combined in the same individual, and to separate them is, as it were, to cut in twain the man who fain would belong to both. If this fact were borne in mind it would contribute much to a more healthful discussion of the question now before us. For the sake of argument, however, we accept what the labor question at first sight presents to us—two classes of men with diverse interests, seemingly warring one with the other, wage-earners or employes, and capitalists or employers, and we shall recall some general principles of rights and duties that must not be lost sight of, if amicable and harmonious relations are to be established between these two classes.

The individual man, whoever he is, possesses in virtue of his manhood rights which are inherent in his nature, and of which he can be deprived neither by his fellow-man nor by society. The individual man is a creature of the All-wise Creator, a child of the All-powerful and loving Father: he is put upon earth for a purpose; he has a divinely given destiny, and that destiny he must be allowed to work out. He has received from the Author of his being the right to live, and to acquire and possess the means of living. To live, he needs a portion of the things of earth; he needs to have wherewith to feed and clothe himself and to make existence possible and tolerable. For this, God "gave the earth to the children of men," not to one or to a few, but to all. The means of living, man must wrest from the earth by his own toil—"in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Where he is able to work, he is bound to work, or he shall not eat. Where, without fault of his, through weakness or infirmity, he is unable to toil, he is entitled to receive sustenance from the family or from society. Both family and society must provide for their dependents. But with this exception, I repeat, the individual must work, or he is not worthy to live. It were a violation of the divine law and a degradation of the dignity and sacredness of mankind to feed the idler and to enable him to live without labor. In the intentions of the Creator opportunity to live, and, consequently, to work, should be within the reach

Rights of labor.

of every man. That social family is organized upon false and unholy principles which so disposes of the things of earth that some monopolize them in such a manner that others cannot win a due portion of them by toil; and they who contribute to create or maintain society on such principles are running counter to the will of the Creator. I do not speak of exceptional and unavoidable crises such as may arise in society under stress of extraordinary circumstances; I speak of what should be the normal condition of society—a condition to the establishment of which, if it be not already realized, the efforts of society and of its members should be ceaselessly directed. And then, the conditions in which labor is given should be such that there is no degradation of the manhood of the laborer, and that the reward of his labor is sufficient to enable him to live in conformity with his natural dignity as a man. "Man," says Leo XIII, "is a living, rational child of God, and, as such, he must always be treated with respect and dignity." The laborer ought to receive a fair wage, sufficient to enable him to live becomingly, and to bring up a family in a decent manner. Capital is wrong when it sees in the laborer only a piece of machinery, a tool to be used for a moment and then thrown aside. While entitled to its own profits, capital must not fail to keep in mind to give a fair wage to the laborer. The political economy which was preached a century ago by Adam Smith, and which allowed the employer to go into the labor market with the sole purpose of discovering the cheapest labor, is as inhu-

man as it is unchristian. To ameliorate the condition, to raise to a legitimate standard the reward, of the wage-earner, should ever be the aim of society. A country should ever measure its prosperity and grandeur by its gifts to the multitude of the people —and those are its wage-earners.

Rights of private ownership.

Next to the right to life, the most sacred right of man is his right to private property. A man's property is, indeed, part and parcel of his life, not only because it is the means by which life is sustained, but, also, because it is the fruit of his labor, the product of the activities of his being, the externalization of his very life. The worker puts himself into his labor, whether it be labor of body or labor of mind, and thus the result of his labor is an extension of his being—"the sweat of his brow," the giving forth of his innermost energies. Whoever lays a sacrilegious hand upon private property, robs the owner of his very being, insults and degrades manhood, forces the worker to retire within himself, and sterilizes his powers and activities. Without the right to private property, men would not work, except so far as to snatch from their surroundings enough to satisfy the needs of the moment. Why do you toil? Is it not because you are assured that your earnings will be your own, to be disposed of as you may will? If those earnings were to belong to your neighbor equally with yourself, small pains would you give yourself to win them. What keeps some savage tribes in barbarism is that if a man

plants a field of corn in spring the whole tribe is entitled to pluck the ripened ears in autumn. Private property is the foundation of social growth and of civilization. The destruction of private property is fatal to the happiness and the welfare of the individual and of society. All plans of economic reform that do not respect private property, and uphold its rights, are self-condemned at their very inception, and all hopes to which they give rise are illusory and deceptive dreams to which no thoughtful man can long give serious heed.

Then, the absolute necessity of the social organism is to be recognized, and nothing allowed to impair its strength or its authority. The individual by himself is powerless to develop and protect life and property: he must unite himself with others and be part of the social organism. He who raises his hand against society takes from you your right to life and to property. He who destroys society pulls down with the columns of the sacred temple all the precious things which are sheltered beneath its roof. Anarchy is the deadly foe of society; staunch and steadfast opposition to it must be the watchword of all who have in view the welfare of themselves and of their fellows.

Rights of capital.

Capital is often supposed to be the antagonist of labor; it is well to have a clear view of the proper attitude of labor towards it. Capital, rightly studied in its relations to labor, is shown to be intimately connected with it, and most serviceable, most necessary, to it. Capital, indeed, is stored labor. You

have worked, and you have earned, let us say, five hundred dollars. That sum is your labor; it is also your capital. Capital, justly acquired, in smaller or larger sums, is a sacred possession. Touch it at any point, you touch it at every point; touch it when it is large, you touch it when it is small. To limit capital is to establish the right to continue limiting it indefinitely, and to reduce it ultimately to extinction. Social movements are most logical in their onward march: to interfere with capital at any point is to render the possession of it insecure at every point. Capital is private property; respect for it must be supreme.

Ambition to work springs from the hope of reward. If capital is rendered insecure, effort is paralyzed, and social progress comes to a standstill. Bear well in mind that the effort needed to create and foster industries is not merely that which finds place in the field or the shop; it is, no less, that which is expended in devising means and methods to ensure the success and prosperity of enterprises. Arrest the thought, the calculation, the planning of those who preside over great industrial enterprises and you arrest those enterprises, you produce a condition of industrial lethargy and stagnation: and all this is done when capital is endangered or frightened away.

Capital is needed by labor, and it is of vital interest to labor that capital be rendered secure. We say, and we say with truth, that labor created capital: but it took long years, even whole generations, to

do so; and now in order that labor be made more remunerative and more effective, it needs the power and the co-operation of capital. Capital it is that feeds and clothes you while you are working; capital it is that pays you your daily wage. What, for instance, would become of half a million of workers in Minnesota, toiling day after day with willing arms, if no capital were at hand to inaugurate industries to give them occupation? A country into which capital does not flow is a dead country. Take as an example our neighboring republic, Mexico. Not long ago there was in Mexico no industry, no enterprise: its fields were fertile, its mines were full of riches, but its people were idle and impoverished. What was the difficulty? There was no capital in the land, and none would go thither, because of the fear of the revolutions and anarchy that were devastating the country. When a great and strong man took the reigns of government into his hands, restored order, and enacted laws to safeguard property, capital poured in from Europe and the United States, and Mexico became a most prosperous nation. We need capital; labor needs it. Let us be on our guard not to disturb it, or frighten it away. Capital can do without labor; labor cannot do without capital. Without labor capital may not increase, but it will hold its own. Without capital labor starves and dies. Capital can easily take refuge in strong boxes; it can easily take wing and fly across our borders, even across seas and oceans.

Capital essential to labor.

It is to the interest of workingmen more than of others that capital be won over to co-operate with labor: it pays them well to invite it to active investment by assuring it peace and protection, without which it will never inaugurate industrial enterprises.

I have no fear of capital. I have no fear of vast fortunes in the hands of individuals, nor of vast aggregations of capital in the hands of companies.

Capital not to be feared.

Too often we are frightened by names such as "syndicates" and "trusts." Syndicates and trusts are simply aggregations of capital, enormous, perhaps, in size, when formed to cope with enormous enterprises, but without danger, as mere aggregations of capital. In fact, without such aggregations the wondrous enterprises which characterize our country and create exhaustless sources of wealth would have been impossible. A thousand dollars may seem a large possession for some one of you, or for your neighbor: but of what avail is such a sum to set large industries in motion? Combine your thousand dollars with your neighbor's; let both of you become members of some syndicate or financial association, numbering its shareholders by the thousand or the hundreds of thousands: you have an immense capital ready for investment, and large enterprises are rendered possible. Syndicates and trusts, so terrible in the eyes of some, are, when looked into and analyzed, only the union of many personal fortunes, those fortunes being often inconsiderable in themselves.

We need not stand in dread of large personal fortunes: two or three generations usually see them scattered. Nor need we fear vast expenditures of money by owners of such fortunes, even when the disbursements are made for pleasure, or when they wear all the appearance of extravagance. From an ethical point of view we may condemn the motives that suggest those expenditures, or the baneful example that they set to others: but from an economic point of view we can see good in them. Such expenditures distribute capital over the country, lead to the division of fortunes, give to the industrious an opportunity of earning a few dollars, and of becoming in some measure capitalists themselves. A palatial residence is built: who but the masons, the carpenters and other workmen, skilled and unskilled, are the recipients of the money spent thereon? A feast of social merriment startles a city with its ostentatious display of pomp and luxury: I am not passing judgment on the propriety and ethical bearing of such an occurrence, but I am willing that sums of money heretofore locked up in safety-vaults now go to support and cheer shopkeepers, seamstresses and coachmen. More to be feared than the extravagant man or woman is the miserly hoarder of wealth, who is always accumulating and never spending. A different view, however, is to be taken of large aggregations of capital that are tempted to use their power to create and foster dangerous monopolies, or to control the political acts of the state or nation. In this case, they

invade the natural rights of consumers, or of voters, and society is bound to impose restrictions upon them. But, so far as an evil of this kind may exist, the people will see to it, and either by public opinion or by prudent legislation will avert all peril. This, however, always remains to be said—we must not be fretting and worrying about what may occur; let us wait until the evil actually confronts us, and then be ready to apply immediate and vigorous remedies.

The crucial point in the relations between labor and capital is the distribution of profits in due proportion to the one and the other. Into this matter, of course, I cannot now enter beyond laying down some general principles that should ever be kept steadily in view. Capital, I have already said, should never lose sight of the dignity of labor, and of the natural rights of the laborer. Labor is not a piece of mechanism, a mere tool or instrument; it is the living activity of a member of the great human family. The laborer is a man, entitled to the honor and reverence due to a child of the supreme God of all men. He must be allowed to respect and guard his dignity; he must be allowed to live a life worthy of man, and receive as the price of his labor the means to live such a life. Capital deserves the severest condemnation when in its dealings with the toiler it has for its aim only to secure his labor at the lowest possible price, so as to increase its own emoluments as rapidly as pos-

Duty of capital to labor.

sible, and when it sees in the laborer only an instrument of toil, without care for him or interest in him outside the range of his activity as a toiler. Nor are the needs of the laborer and his family for which the workman must provide to be restricted to those of the moment; consideration must be given to the needs which come with sickness and old age, and for which the labor of the present day should make provision. Capital, indeed, cannot be forgetful of its own reward: but let it ever remember the laborer, and give to him, so far as circumstances permit, that generous treatment that will enable him to live not only in present comfort, but also in the assured hope that years to come hold in reserve for him no terrors of penury and suffering. Such treatment of the laborer will redound to the benefit of capital itself; for the laborer, secure against want, is more buoyant of spirit, stronger of limb, and is more prodigal of his energies in co-operating with the plans and in furthering the interests of employer and capitalist. It is not only justice and munificence on the part of the employer to alleviate and cheer the lot of the laborer, it is also helpful service to the employer's interests to strip toil of something of its hardships, to render its surroundings pleasant and healthful, to make the laborer feel that he is no outcast or forlorn being, but a man, a brother and fellow-citizen, a child with his fellow-man of God and of Heaven.

But if the capitalist must be considerate of the laborer, the laborer must, in turn, be considerate of

Duty of labor to capital.

the capitalist. I am not sure that the laborer is always fair in his appreciation of what is due to the capitalist. The share of the capitalist in the profits of industry is to be measured by what he invests in the enterprise. The laborer invests his labor; the capitalist invests his capital, which is the result of labor, stored labor, as I have called it, the accumulation of the labor of many minds and hands, running through many years. This labor, the property of the capitalist, is to be rewarded in proportion to its value. The capitalist, moreover, puts into the industry his personal toil—he it is who plans and directs the enterprise; he it is who seeks out or creates opportunities for investments; he it is who is the very soul of the enterprise, and his thought and toil must be rewarded according to their value. Then, no slight consideration is to be given to the fact that capital takes upon itself the risks attending industry of every kind. Statistics show that an immense number of the enterprises launched by manufacturers and other investors sooner or later go to ruin, and the capital upon which they were founded is lost beyond recall. In every enterprise, even the most secure, there are times of depression as well as of prosperity. However capital may fare, labor at all times receives its pay; it is the first lien on all profits, on all investments; it is never totally without its reward. Losses, temporary or permanent, fall to the lot of capital, and, in strictest justice, the share of capital in profits must be such as

to make in a general manner those losses bearable. In any enterprise capital demands the larger share of the profits, and to such share it is in justice entitled; otherwise capital would hold itself aloof, and labor would be the chief sufferer.

In no country so much as in America should there be such a good understanding between labor and capital, such a willingness on the part of each to concede rights to the other, and to work in harmony for the welfare of both. In America the laborer of to-day is often the capitalist of to-morrow. We live in a glorious country, full of opportunities for all, where, as nowhere else, intelligence and faithful work lead to the highest station, and where fortune waits on merit and patience. In America the rail-splitter and the canal-boat driver may aspire to be president of the Republic; a messenger boy may in time become the millionaire industrialist. Away with anything that will hold down to a low level the American citizen, whoever he be, or that will restrain his ambition to rise even to the highest position in the land. I am proud of the restlessness of the American, who is ever coveting for himself greater and better things: it is the restlessness that renders social progress possible, and makes America the greatest nation of the world.

But, however well understood may be the principles that should rule the relations between labor and capital, there will often be room for dispute in the practical application of those principles; and at times doubt may arise as to whether there is any-

where willingness to bear them in mind and carry them out in practice. We do not live in an ideal world, and we must not look to see complete and abiding harmony established between two such elements as labor and capital, each of which is so solicitous for itself, and so ambitious of its own gain. We may, however, aim at the ideal, and the nearer we draw to it the more fortunate we may deem ourselves to be.

The industrial laborer, isolated from his fellows, is without power in presence of capital; he seeks strength in association. Hence the origin and growth of labor unions. Has labor the right to organize itself into unions? Undoubtedly it has that right. As the individual laborer has the right to secure justice to himself, both as to the kind of labor imposed upon him and the reward allotted to it, and to guard himself against the aggression of a superior force, if such aggression is to be feared, so have associations of laborers the self-same right. I spoke some moments ago of associations of capital, of huge syndicates and trusts, and I said that they must be allowed to exist. Why not, on similar principles, allow labor to form its partnerships, its syndicates and its trusts? History is witness that great benefits have accrued from unions both to labor itself and to society at large. During the Middle Ages unions or guilds brought together the members of the different trades, protecting the weak, encouraging the timorous, obtaining for all substantial jus-

Right of labor to organize.

tice and social recognition. Then came the French Revolution, with its wild worship of individual rights: the guilds were broken up, and every man stood alone in the battle of life. The economic doctrines of the so-called Lancastrian School authorized capital to see in the laborer only his output of labor, and to purchase that output at the lowest market price. Then it was that the operators of the "black fields" of England reduced their miners to the level of beasts of burden, and as, even at that level, men seemed still to cost too much, put women in their stead, and later, for a similar reason, substituted children for women. How very different is the condition of labor to-day? The change is due very largely to an improved public opinion, and an enlarged Christian humanitarianism in the whole social body; but it is due very largely, also, as facts could easily be adduced to prove, to the intelligent self-assertiveness of labor itself, and to the new strength coming to it from the aggregation of its scattered units into well organized societies. Labor unions have a noble mission, and are entitled to the sympathy and support of all intelligent men.

Perils that beset labor unions.

But, for the sake of the noble mission assigned to them, for the sake of the great good they are called upon to accomplish, I would guard labor unions against certain perils to which they seem exposed—perils that, if not carefully warded off, will surely be their ruin.

Labor unions must, at all times, and in all places,

hold themselves within the provisions of natural equity and of civil law. That unions as such do propose to restrict their acts and methods within those limits, I am quite willing to believe; that all members of unions are so disposed, frequent occurrences in labor disputes compel me to doubt. I allude to the opposition of union men to non-union men, and the efforts of union men, even by physical intimidation or actual violence, to prevent non-union men from working. No class of citizens can put themselves above the law of the land, and only the law of the land has the right to employ physical force. Speak as you will on behalf of your union; appeal as you will to what you believe to be the interests of workingmen; argue and plead, but do not use force. However wedded to your own ideas and methods you may be, you must respect the liberty of others who are not of your way of thinking. For instance, I have my religious creed, dearer to me than life: fain would I persuade you all to make it yours; but, surely, I have not the right to go out into the streets to intimidate or maltreat those who persist in differing from me. Every individual man must be free to dispose of his labor: to limit his liberty in this regard is to make him a slave. The law of the land protects every man in his right to dispose of his labor as he wills; and the law is supreme. Public opinion will ever uphold the law, and against public opinion no man, no association of men, can hope to act with ultimate hope of success. Lawlessness must be put down; it will

be put down; labor unions resorting to lawlessness are self-condemned, and are doomed to failure and disruption.

Peril, too, there is in certain measures now and then proposed to labor unions with a view to restrict the "output" of labor. It is sometimes thought that in order to elevate the weaker and less expert workingman the stronger and more ambitious should be held back from efforts which he is able and willing to put forth. But, in fact, by methods of this kind the laborer is despoiled of a natural right, and is grievously injured in his legitimate aspirations, while all society is made to suffer. If a man has ability, and is willing to put it to good use, he should be allowed to give to it fullest play. No one has the right to say to another: you must not be clever and ambitious. If this were tolerated, labor would be reduced to a dead level; there would be no room for the workingman to excel in his craft, or to rise in the social scale. We have before us the example of England. England, once the home of skilled labor, has lost its proud advantage, and is now forced to import its skilled labor from Sweden and Norway. It is the English unions that have brought this about by holding back the workingman and forbidding him to acquire special skill. In England the workingman cannot advance himself. To such restrictions the American workman will never submit. It is bred into his every fibre to be ambitious to improve his condition; he is to-day the ordinary laborer; to-morrow he will be the skilled

mechanic, next the employer, then the capitalist of means and social power. It is this personal ambition of the individual American that has made America a great and prosperous country. Let us have everywhere in America, in every stage of social elevation, men strong and ambitious, determined to uplift themselves, and with themselves to uplift all their fellows. If talent and energy are hampered and restricted in other countries let there be no such limitations in America, the land of high hopes and aspirations, the land of great opportunities, the land of man, of the poor man as well as of the rich man, where power of mind and strength of limb and hopefulness of heart are the conditions of being great, and of doing great things.

Above labor and capital is the law of the land, which both must respect and obey. America is the country of law; here no strong master is commissioned to hold together by force the several units and interests of the social organism; for this, law is sufficient. Whoever in America, be he laborer or capitalist, disregards law, is the enemy of the country and its institutions; he is the enemy of liberty; he invokes the reign of state despotism upon the land. Even less than the capitalist can the laborer afford to oppose law and liberty, for law and liberty are the strength of the poor man, the means by which his best hopes must be realized. For the sake of his most intimate welfare the workingman should be, above all other citizens, the faithful servant of the law, the earnest defender of public

order. But the question may be asked: How far is it permissible for labor to strive by legitimate methods to influence in its favor the legislation of the country, obtain laws that will assure its rights, and render its conditions more conformable to justice and equity? To this question I reply that all such aims and efforts are legitimate so long as they keep within the proper sphere of legislation, within the limitations of natural justice, and of the letter and spirit of the American constitution. The province of law is to defend and protect the natural rights of the people, of all classes of the people. Appeal to law when the conditions of labor are such as to endanger life or health; appeal to law when womanhood is subjected to work degrading to her sex, when childhood is doomed, through avarice of parent or cupidity of employer, to stunted growth of body or of mind; appeal to law in favor of the worthy poor to whom public support can give means of livelihood. But do not appeal to law for help for the indolent or the spendthrift; do not appeal to law for the repression of individual liberty or individual ambition. And do not appeal to law for measures that would reduce society to the condition of a machine, where every hand would be but as a lifeless wheel, without will or energy of its own, obliged to move or to be still according as the hand holding the lever gives direction. Such legislation, if it were ever put in force, would destroy manhood, undermine society, and render it impos-

Labor and legislation.

sible for America to be in the future what it has been in the past, the country of liberty and progress. It is individual enterprise that has made America. The country's rewards have ever been open to the best, the bravest and the hardiest. America has been, above all other lands, the country of manhood. Reduce the talent and energies of her citizens to a dead level—America is no longer the country that we have admired and loved, the country of opportunity and progress. Whatever may be done or tolerated under so-called paternal regimes in empires and monarchies, America must remain the land of personal freedom and personal initiative. Consequently, in the name of individual manhood and of national growth, I am opposed to the state socialism that is now and then preached as the panacea of labor grievances. State socialism means the decay and death of labor, as well as of industry and enterprise. When there comes up an undertaking to which individual effort is unequal, and which can be carried to a successful issue only by the combined efforts of social forces, let it be confided to the State; but whatever can be accomplished by individual prowess and skill should be left to private initiative. It is the very life, political and industrial, of America to foster individualism; it is the truest Americanism to guard against the advance of state control, to guard against the building up of a power above the citizen, which shackles his energies, and leads to servitude. Law within

due limitations is liberty: beyond those limitations it is despotism.

At times, even with best intentions on both sides, wage-earner and employer will fail to agree as to the wages to be paid, hours of work, or other conditions attendant upon labor. What is the remedy? Is the remedy to be found in strikes or lock-outs, in the refusal of wage-earners to work, or of employers to allow wage-earners to work? Strikes and lock-outs are measures of war, a source of serious danger for society, and of serious injury to the interests at stake. I shall not say that such measures are always and necessarily wrong; but I must say that only in extreme necessity should recourse be had to them, and that all possible precautions should be taken to avoid them. The frequency of strikes is one of the most alarming signs of the times. Those who suffer the most from them are the workingmen themselves. It is a fearful thing to have numbers of men who depend upon their wage put out of employment for weeks, even for months. It is a fearful thing to disturb, as is usually done by strikes, the whole social fabric, and to bring suffering and financial loss upon hundreds of thousands even beyond those who as wage-earners and employers are directly concerned in the industries that are brought to a standstill. Strikes drive capital away, or make it timid of investment. Strikes are opposed by public opinion, and public opinion is the one power in America which neither wage-earner nor

Strikes must be avoided.

employer can long resist. The country suffers too much from strikes; it has grown tired of them; it will not tolerate them. Wage-earners need more than aught else the sympathy and encouragement of public opinion; for this reason they should avoid strikes and seek more pacific means of redressing their grievances.

The remedy to be applied in disputes between wage-earners and employers is arbitration. Arbitration promises justice, so far as justice may be meted out in cases of disputes; it is a method of settlement that reason dictates, that public opinion approves. Arbitration may not in all cases give to all parties the satisfaction which they desire: but it makes for social peace and the general welfare of the country, and nothing better at the present time can be substituted for it.

The labor question is one of the most important we have to deal with to-day. Everyone should be interested in it; everyone should by word and deed contribute to its solution as far as circumstances allow. Let all frown upon acts or customs that lead to injustice, or that foster social discord. The capitalist or employer who is harsh or cruel, who shows no regard for the health, the comfort, the amelioration of his workingman, should be made to feel our blame; as should also the workingman who, in his way, shows himself selfish and unreasonable. How many there are who talk loudly of social justice, or the rights of labor and of capital, and who force both into distress by their own persistent efforts to obtain

the fruits of labor at intolerably low prices! There are women of wealth and fashion who demand their robes and millinery at prices that imply starvation wages for the poor needle-woman; there are workingmen who clamor for higher wages for their own labor while they insist that others work for them without adequate compensation. When laws are proposed that will raise the workingman to higher standards of living, or will make public peace more secure, selfish motives and short-sighted views control votes, and the needed legislation is defeated. A general awakening of interest in matters that affect the welfare of fellow-man, and a sincere resolve to prove that interest by earnest action, are among the great needs of the hour

And now let me tell you, workingmen, of your best and truest friend—the Church of the Divine Workingman of Galilee, Christ the Lord. Christ it was who sanctified, I might say, deified labor, making himself a toiler in the humble shop of Joseph, the carpenter. Christ it was who lifted up the son of labor to equal dignity with other men by proclaiming the brotherhood of man with man, and the fatherhood of God over all men. Christ it was, and the historic Church of Christ, who broke the manacles of servitude to which in days of paganism labor had been reduced. Christ it is, and the historic Church of Christ, who in all future times will teach and uphold the immortal principles of justice and of charity, that alone can bring labor and cap-

Truest friend of labor.

ital together in love and harmony, and establish between them relations of peace and amity. Now and then it is said that the Church is not the friend of the workingman. Never were uttered words so untrue. The Church, indeed, opposes, and will ever oppose, excesses and extravagances to which sometimes adhesion may be given under the sophistic pretense of advocating the interests of labor. In condemning such excesses and extravagances the Church defends and strengthens the cause of labor. The Church must ever condemn wrong-thinking and wrong-doing, no matter who are guilty, be they the weak or the strong, the poor or the rich; she is ever the representative of the Almighty God, supreme justice and righteousness, and must ever speak as He speaks. But so long as her sacred principles are safeguarded, the Church stands by preference with the poor man, as did her Founder, and, as did her Founder, she gives her heart in tenderness and pity to the "multitude." Never did there rise upon the face of the earth a more deadly foe of labor than this irreligious socialism which tells us that man is but a clod of clay, born without an immortal soul, that no living God reigns in the skies, that no living Christ breathes His divine spirit over the children of men. Workingmen, you, above all others, cannot do without God and His Christ, and without the Church of Christ. The powerful and the rich may, in a manner, satisfy themselves with earth only; this you cannot do—you are the weak; you will go down to ruin and

despair if justice and charity are not made to reign over matter and passion. Unless there is a God, and unless man has a soul, humanity is only a herd of wild beasts among which might is right, and the strongest rule for their own greed and ambition. And without a God, supreme justice and supreme love, whence will come to you hope to cheer you in the midst of your toil and suffering, the ray of sunshine gleaming through overhanging clouds and telling you that life is worth living because of the life beyond the present? Let all be done that can be done for the poor and the toiler, yet how many eyes will still be moistened with tears, how many hearts will still be rent with anguish and pain—and if God's Church is not nigh with its whisperings of solace and hope, what is there to bring surcease but the grave, and what is there to be prayed for but that the grave may quickly bring surcease? Take religion away—you deprive life of all charm and sweetness, and poverty of all joyousness; you doom men to be mere clods, forever soulless, forever hopeless. In the name of labor, I bid you, my friends, raise voice and hand against unbelief and irreligion; in the name of labor, I bid you nestle closely to the bosom of the Church of the God of justice and of love.

Workingmen, the cause of labor is sacred: uphold its dignity, stand for its rights. But in its defense use no arms save those of truth and justice: those and those only use that God and your fellowmen must approve and bless—and the triumph of

your cause is assured. To allow wrong-doing to sully the cause of labor, to permit the foes of truth and of justice to usurp its name and panoply, is to doom it to shame and defeat. Because I love the cause of labor, and give to it the deepest sympathies of my heart, I pray that it be ever honorable and honored, ever worthy of itself and of the high interests of humanity entrusted to its keeping.

RELIGION: DEEPEST INSTINCT OF THE HUMAN SOUL

On Nov. 18, 1903, the Parish of St. Patrick, Cleveland, Ohio, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation.

At the invitation of the pastor, the Reverend Francis T. Moran, the sermon was preached by the Archbishop of St. Paul, who took for the theme of his discourse, "Religion, Deepest Instinct of the Human Soul."

RELIGION: DEEPEST INSTINCT OF THE HUMAN SOUL

FROM the shades of the past, awakened by memory's wand, fifty years rise before us—fifty years of soul-service and soul-life in St. Patrick's Church.

It is fitting to hallow the closing days of those fifty years with solemn ceremony—to praise the Lord of Heaven for the harvests of divine love and grace garnered during those years—to take unto ourselves the holy resolve that with God's blessing the harvests of the future shall not be unworthy of those of the past in richness and in beauty.

Why are churches built? What use do they serve? Of what value are they to men?

We live in an age of positivism. Things are prized for their results, for their bearing upon human wants and their power to satisfy human needs. To dream and sentiment little room is left. Tell me, cries the age, what the things you speak of can do for me, and I will tell you what value I set upon them.

Thus this age of positivism, claiming to know only the needs of human life on earth, puts the question: What is the value of churches? The question I shall answer from the age's own postulates.

Build as you will, fellow-citizens, structures of a hundred other kinds: homes and shops, schools and halls of justice, factories and banks. They are all needed; they minister to the necessities of material life. But, fellow-men, are there not surging up from the depths of your being other demands, which matter and all the fashions of matter do not and cannot satisfy, and which, in their craving for satisfaction, impel you upward and imperiously bid you seek satiety in the realms of the invisible and supernatural? Written is it on holiest page, written also in man's nature, in characters that can never be effaced: "Not in bread alone doth man live, but in every word that proceedeth from the mouth of God." That the hungering soul may obtain from the skies food so necessary to man's truest life, build, fellow-men, churches, build temples sacred to religion and to the Most High.

The Church, the house of prayer.

The church may be defined: the house of prayer. Prayer is the rising of the soul to God in adoration and praise, in thanksgiving and petition.

The rising of the soul to God is the inborn instinct of the human soul. By native law the plant shut up in subterranean darkness speeds towards the light of day its restless vines, ever weak and colorless until they bask in the coveted sunshine. By native law the infant reaches out its tiny hands to its mother in search of love and help. In like man-

ner, by native law does the soul of man reach out after God.

That religion, the soaring of the soul towards Heaven, is a natural instinct of humanity is proved by the universality of its manifestations. Never has there been found tribe or people destitute of religion. The outward forms into which religion translates itself are various; not seldom are they rude and barbarous, betraying too surely the lowliness of the mind that formulated and fashioned them. But what the forms of religion are is a question irrelevant: my thesis for the moment is the existence of the religious instinct in the human heart under all circumstances and conditions, in all ages and beneath all skies. Forms of religion vary; religion remains unchangeable. Wherever we look around us we find ample evidence of this truth. There are to-day the multitudes who are willing to set aside Christ and His revelation; do they remain without religion? This they will not, this they cannot, do. They must, if not in one way, then in another, move towards the invisible and the supernatural. Veiled prophets come from out the mountains of farthest India; self-appointed teachers arise in our own cities and villages proclaiming themselves the bearers of a message from the skies; everywhere hungering crowds hurry to greet them. It is but another manifestation of the religious instinct in humanity. Men may abandon established forms of religion, however rational these forms may

be; religion itself they do not abandon. Religion is universal in the life of humanity.

What is so universal in humanity as religion cannot be a mere accident in its life, a mere ripple of whim or fancy upon the surface of its activities. Religion is a property of man's nature so fundamental that without it humanity would not be itself, even as the sun in the firmament would not be itself without the power to give forth light and heat.

Here and there individuals assert that they are devoid of the religious instinct; but this goes for naught in presence of humanity's universal trend towards the heavens. Such a fact merely suggests the question: Are these individuals normal types of human nature?

From God to God—such the everlasting scroll gleaming on the brow of humanity.

The soul and God.

Turn, I beg you, the calm eye of thoughtful observation in close introspection of yourself. Do you not find there, in the depths of your soul, a ceaseless feeling of dependency, a profound conviction that you are not from yourself nor from the being around you, which is no less fragile and fleeting than yourself? Whence, then, do you come if not from a Being eternal—the Author of all else—and, because the Author of all else, a Being infinite and incomprehensible, supremely good and supremely intelligent? Ponder well this feeling of dependency, and there must come with it the child's recog-

nition of its parents, the instinctive rush towards the eternal, in adoration and praise, in love, thanksgiving and petition. Such is the essential, resistless swing of the soul, and such is religion—from God to God.

To forbid the soul to yield itself to God in acts of religion is to smother the imperious utterance of its self-consciousness, to repress instinctive activities indispensable to its very life and growth.

The soul goes out in prayer and invocation to the Infinite. In return, it takes back into itself from the Infinite something of the Infinite's own life and power. The ascent of the human to the Divine, the descent of the Divine to the human—this the condition of the life and growth of the soul.

Mounting aloft on wings of love and worship the soul rejoices in the immediate presence of supernal truth, goodness and beauty. Close to the Divine, the soul participates in the blessedness of the Divine. Ideal truth illumines its understanding; ideal goodness tempers its will; ideal beauty sheds splendor over its whole being. The soul is transformed. It returns to earth, a new entity. It still moves on earth, but it dominates earth's possessions; it purifies earth's aspirations, and in repeated flight towards the Infinite it lifts other souls to heights of inspiration and of daring otherwise beyond their ken and beyond their reach.

Rich and varied are the gifts vouchsafed to the soul in reward for its acts of worship and invoca-

tion. "Better is one day in Thy courts, O Lord, above thousands." "For God loveth mercy and truth, the Lord will give grace and glory. He will not deprive of good things them that walk in innocence; O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee."

I appeal, children of God, to the facts of your own experience. When did you, on bended knee, ever salute the Infinite, murmuring, "Our Father Who art in Heaven," without feeling that you were rising into a higher and better life, that a new sunshine was shedding its blessed rays upon you, and kindling in you sweetest and purest ethereal love? When did you, in moments of trial and temptation, ever exclaim: "My help is in the name of the Lord; O Lord, hasten to my help," without knowing that strength and comfort, such as earth does not give, were descending into your heart, bringing to you joyousness and victory? When did you ever kneel in adoration within the sacred precincts of the temple of religion without a thrill, as it were, from the harmonies of Heaven passing through your soul, and attuning it to the music of eternal love? When did you ever depart from the temple of God on earth, without carrying with you fresh strength to do battle with sin and misery, and fresh ambition to serve God and fellow-man more faithfully?

The soul of man breathes forth worship and prayer in all places and at all times; wherever and whenever it speaks to God, God deigns to listen and

fails not to answer in responsive love and beneficence. But the place where Heaven comes nearest to earth, where the Father of all spirits meets in closest contact His children here below, is the church, which the Lord Himself names emphatically "the house of the Lord," "the house of prayer." There all conditions conspire to lift up the soul into the ecstasy of prayer; there soul lends to soul upbearing wing, and prayer is no longer the secluded act of a solitary heart, but the collective flight of humanity itself; there all the ties that link humanity to its Ruler and Father unite to bring man up to Heaven and to bring God down to earth. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them"—this, the promise of Him who came from Heaven and taught us to pray. When the temple in Jerusalem was being consecrated, "the majesty of the Lord filled the house;" the Lord set there in most special manner His throne of grace, thence to give generous answer to sacrifice and petition. And if this was true of the temple of Solomon, how much more true must it be of the Christian Church, where dwells in Eucharistic love God Incarnate, in order that poor, trembling, suffering humanity, clasped, as it were, in the embrace of the Divinity, may take into itself, as its very own, something of the richness and the power and the glory of the Divine!

Where men are, there churches, houses of prayer, must be built, if there human life is to be normal and complete. Whatever other buildings cover the

land, unless provision be made for man's higher and better life, man is not uplifted towards the skies: he is but part of the clay which his feet touch, a part of the matter which is his daily food; he is not man, as God created him, as his very nature fain would have him be.

The Church, the house of spiritual strength.

The Church may further be defined: the house of spiritual strength and spiritual health. Is it sufficient that a man have strength and health of body, in order that his life be truly human and that the noble purposes to which he feels impelled be safely reached? Assuredly not. Man is not like the tiger or the lion, a mere beast of the field; he is a moral entity, ruled by laws of moral righteousness, upon the due observance of which he is dependent for what within him and without him is not of the mere animal. Without morals the individual man is dehumanized; the home is robbed of its sacredness; the social organism loses its stability; the whole race of mankind is bowed to barbarism and ruin. All teachers of men proclaim the need of morals; all human institutions cry out for morals; all progress and elevation in humanity depend upon morals. Whence, then, do morals come? Moral acts are acts of free human will. The intellect propounds principles which guide and influence the will: the will yields assent to those principles. Force from without may at times restrain the will from carrying out its resolve; force cannot control the soul in its interior life where lies the source of human morality.

Decrees of legislatures and bayonets of armies can never create a system of morals.

Moral principles are required possessing power to reach into the sanctuary of the soul. Where are we to look for those principles? The philosophy of earth has formulated and declared its principles—idle theories, vain and futile barriers to the passions that slumber in the bosom of humanity. Now it appeals to the radiant beauty of virtue. But, to the eye fevered with passion virtue loses its radiance and evil puts on dazzling glow. Again it appeals to the welfare of society. But what cares he for society who is the outcast and victim, as he believes, of its customs and ordinances? At other times it appeals to the ultimate weal of the human race. But he who feels that he is nothing more than a mere atom in the mass is little disposed to do himself violence for the sake of other atoms, of which he knows nothing and for which he cares nothing. The atom is selfish and seeks self in all things; no promised vista of remote good to generations removed from it by long stretches of time will deaden in it the clamorings of exacting appetite.

Philosophers, seated in their chairs of ease, far away from the ills and fears of life, find little difficulty in propounding theories of righteousness; romancing men and women, whose surroundings guard them against the dire reality of temptation, find little difficulty in repeating those theories and

proposing them to the multitude. The touchstone of the value of such systems is the power they hold over troubled souls who wrestle with pain and misery, and to whom sin opens visions of peace and pleasure. To the youth with the wild fire of passion coursing in his veins, and safe, as he imagines, in solitude and darkness, what are theories of morals framed by the philosophy of earth? What to the victim of grinding penury, who sees plenty in artful robbery or well-planned murder? What to the shame-stricken and unfortunate to whom suicide is a welcome refuge from woes of life and remorse of conscience? What are such theories to slaves of pelf and power, irrevocably devoted to avarice and ambition, confident that cunning manipulation of men and things will not only shield them from detection, but even win them favor and applause? Such theories of morals as the philosophy of earth proposes are only formulas to be toyed with in playful discussions of the problems of life; in the practical solution of those problems they are entirely without weight.

Pitiable is it to hear on every side discourses on the need of morals, to witness the groping in search of enduring foundations on which a system of morality may rest. Men stand affrighted at the accumulating evils which daily grow more threatening as morals private and public weaken and decline amid the ever-active forces of materialism and the ever-increasing complexities of social and civil in-

terests. Sorely distressed, they cry out, in earnestness and sincerity: Whence will come to us salvation? Alas! too often they make the fatal mistake of turning whither salvation is not to be found.

How generous men are in building schools and universities, in endowing libraries and fostering by all possible means growth in knowledge of the laws and secrets of nature and of the movements of human history! Morals, it is thought, are in this manner made surer and safer. I am not one to belittle the value of knowledge or the agencies at work in its behalf; but this I shall say: morals do not come from knowledge of this kind; not even in all the wide realms of nature is their source to be found.

Human morals come from Almighty God; and inasmuch as men are ever in need of a code of morals, so are they ever in need of the Almighty, and of intimate intercommunion with Him.

Be there over men the living moral law—the Supreme Sovereign, imposing upon men, in His creative act, the moral law as the native law of their being, and by His omnipotent authority enforcing upon them the observance of that law. Abstractions do not dominate humanity: laws, whatever their form, do not command with the voice and force of authority unless behind the laws stands the Living Legislator and Lord to sanction them and sustain them with His almighty power.

The Creator, as His works demonstrate, is a God

of law. In creating man, He made him subject to law—in his physical being to physical law, in his moral being to moral law. In ruling men, the God of law rewards those who observe law, and punishes those who violate it.

Such the principles of eternal truth upon which a system of morality must be established. Teach men to know and remember these principles. Teach them, too, to seek from above strength for their souls that they have the power to follow these principles, for even in the presence of the Divine Legislator man is weak and stands in need of help if he is to keep the commandments. The philosophy of earth makes the mistake of overlooking the weakness of man—weakness which man in his inner consciousness feels and understands, and of which the story of humanity is an abiding confession. In vain, however, would the philosophy of earth recognize the moral weakness of man, since it holds no balm to heal his infirmities. Not so with the philosophy of Heaven. The Lord of Heaven is powerful "to strengthen the feeble hands and to confirm the weak knees;" to our petitions for His love and grace He ever gives gracious hearing.

You perceive, my brethren, why churches are built, why men are bidden to throng their portals.

The church is the school of divine truth, the shrine of divine grace. In the church sacred to the name of Jesus, the Saviour of men continues to speak to-day as of yore He spoke by the shores of Genesareth—He speaks through the ministry which He

commissioned to teach all nations and with which He promised to abide unto the end of time. In the church are repeated the lessons that God is sovereign, that man's lot in eternity is conditioned upon his conduct in the present life. In the church the moral law, as it is written upon the human conscience and as it is more fully explained and amplified by the precepts of supernatural revelation, is read out in all its bearings and obligations, so that no uncertainty is allowed as to its meaning or its application. In the church there descend upon the soul, in answer to its longing, the streams of divine mercy and the riches of divine life that once flowed down from Calvary's cross upon suffering and sinful humanity.

The Church, the school of divine truth.

The church is the shrine of grace. There, upon the altar, the sacrifice of the cross is daily repeated in propitiation and impetration—the victim that is offered being no other than He Who, because of the reverence due Him, is always heard by the Father. There the sacramental founts are opened that all who are athirst may drink, and be refreshed and invigorated with the very nectar of Heaven. There the bruised and wounded soul harkens to sweet pardon, and the food of angels becomes the food of the soul, that the strength and purity of angels become the soul's own strength and purity.

Often and often have we turned away from the

battle-fields of life, when the vision was growing dim and the moral energies were growing faint, and, entering into the temple of the living God, felt new strength passing into our souls that quickly restored them to vigor and health, and evoked within them new aspirations and new impulses to scorn the deadliest attacks of sin and vice, and to bear off in every battle-field the palm of victory for virtue and righteousness. The facts which we witness in ourselves and in others around us are the facts of universal history: wherever the religious life was freshest and strongest, there morality always reached its highest level.

That now and then men to whose footsteps the threshold of the church is not unfamiliar, succumb to the temptations of life is, alas, too true; but, surely, no argument against the moral power of religion can be drawn from their fall. Free will ever remains in man; men do not always avail themselves of the spiritual power that religion offers, nor do they always exercise due caution in shunning the occasions of evil that lure men from the path of righteousness. The question is—what is the rule, not what is the exception? And the rule is that religious influence gives moral strength; the rule is that where the influence of religion is not sought, moral weakness prevails, and defeat in moral warfare strews the ground with ruin and death.

The church may, once more, be defined: the house of hope.

A deep-seated need of the human soul, as it

struggles along the highway of life, is hope. O, how arduous is life's long march! It is never-ending effort, never-ending struggle! Barriers block the way at every turn; danger lurks at every step; clouds ever hover upon the horizon; misfortune and misery continually assail the pilgrim. Moments of calm sunshine come but seldom, and when they do come, they are of brief duration. And then, awaiting all, stands inevitable death, scythe in hand, and before him all, whoever they be, however they be armed, must sooner or later fall to the ground.

The Church, the house of hope.

What is it that sustains man in this wearisome march, nerving him to the efforts that he is daily called upon to put forth? Hope, and hope only, the vision of a goal to be reached, beckoning him ever onward despite all obstructions, offering to his troubled soul a prize worthy of his labor, and by the promise of this prize begetting comfort amid sorrow, peace and sweetness amid agonizing pain.

Man is so constituted that to live he must have in life a purpose that makes life worth living. If the purpose be not real and abiding it must, at least, be the illusion of a purpose, the irridescent tints which he mistakes for the hues of reality, the fitful warmth of the winter day that he vainly imagines to be the long wished for summer. But illusions do not last; and when they vanish, the world is more gloomy than before, and the despair that takes the place of hope is more destructive in its ravages.

Is life worth living? The question is often asked, and if no satisfactory answer is at hand, either life comes to an end, or, if it still drags on, it is bereft of courage and buoyancy. It may still be called life, but it is only the anticipation of the silence and stillness of the grave.

Pessimism, the despair that takes possession of life when hope is lost, is the death knell of all the cherished ideals of the modern positivist world—of joyousness of heart and social beneficence, of the growth of human power and human culture. And pessimism is a dread evil of our day. It is stealthily inoculating society with its deadly poison. In the horrid atmosphere in which it thrives souls are benumbed, happiness and progress cease, life itself is despised and thrown aside as a burden that cannot be borne.

Blessed hope! What is it that will beget thee and keep thee in the souls of men? I answer—religion and religion alone.

Things of earth, the fairest and the best, do not satisfy the soul of man. However plentifully they are given, they leave vast voids unfilled in the human heart; they last but a day; they are never offered apart from ill and pain; and, such as they are, the multitudes never attain them—the multitudes are left ever thirsting, ever hungering for them. Illusions are all the things of earth. Only by constant conjuring of shadows to enrapture and deceive can earth retain its hold on men and stir in them a hectic flush of effort and of life.

An Omnipotent Father above us, bidding us toil and suffer for His sake and the sake of eternal righteousness, and holding out, as the prize of victorious struggle, the supreme bliss of the skies—this it is that begets in man's soul unconquerable hope, and gives to human life a purpose and a meaning. With Heaven awaiting us, what matters the emptiness of things of earth? What matters poverty or suffering? With Heaven awaiting us, where are the terrors of death itself? With Heaven awaiting us, it is easy to wrestle with temptation and to put forth effort to live and to make life profitable for ourselves and for others. With Heaven awaiting us, pain is changed into pleasure, and darkness into light. The foregleams of Heaven robe earth with the reflected glory of eternity's light.

Why build churches? That Heaven be brought down to men; that hope abide upon earth.

It is, I have said, an age of positivism. Well, strictly on the grounds of positivism, is there not value to churches? To the believer, the supreme value of the church is that it is the door-way to eternal life. But useful is the church to all things: "It has the promise of the life that is, and of the life that is to come." It has the promise of the life that is, and, because of this promise, to an age that measures all things by their effect upon this life and by their power to satisfy its needs, I say: be there churches in the land.

America, queen of nations, queen of our hearts' love, may I speak to thee a word of warning? Build churches and see that thy people often cross their thresholds. A giant thou art in all that makes for material development and prosperity; a giant thou art in the ambition to be in all things that make for social growth and grandeur the leader and the teacher of the world. Then let religion be the foundation upon which thou buildest. Never did a nation grow and retain its strength and vigor without religion. History is witness that the measure of a nation's power to bless its people, to bless mankind, the measure of its power to live and to endure, has ever been the measure of its religious convictions and its religious practices. Rome grew with its temples. Even the religion of the gods of Rome had power for the uplifting of the soul, the propagation of morals, the begetting of hopefulness—power that mere secularism has not and cannot have. If I were to choose between the religion of false gods and the arid agnosticism of modern times, I would choose for my country Jupiter and Minerva; for, at least, the deities of paganism bespoke a supernatural world to which they bade men lift up their eyes, while agnosticism commands men to see naught but black, cold clay, and to believe themselves mere atoms of matter. But, loving and potent Jesus, Whose pure teachings and sweet influence have given us religion stainless and undefiled, Thou

Religion and the nation.

reignest over America and in Thee America will live and prosper!

A last word to the positivism of the age, in answer to an objection which it will not fail to raise.

Granted, it will say, that the needs you speak of lie deeply embedded in the human soul; granted also that God and Heaven satisfy them, if a God and a Heaven there be; yet, if God and Heaven be only dreams, then religion also is a dream and nothing more, and there is neither salvation for men, nor satisfaction for the longings and the aspirations of men's souls.

The existence of God.

That our God and our Heaven are not dreams, arguments without number, from reason and history, give sufficient proof. But, for the moment, I seek no other argument than that which positivism itself affords. The argument may be thus briefly stated. That the needs and instincts of which I speak are facts, facts which cannot be denied, positivism confesses. That such needs and instincts are not satisfied except through God and Heaven, positivism also admits. Therefore, I say, God and Heaven are facts, no less than the needs and instincts which call for them.

Is it not the rule in this world, this cosmos, as it is so rightly called, that where needs and instincts exist, the goal towards which they irresistibly tend also exists? What is there that the physical nature of man requires that is not forthcoming? What is there that the plant or the tree in the field,

the mineral under the ground, the orb in the firmament requires for its development and completion that is not somewhere within reach? Is it in the spiritual parts of the cosmos alone that this law fails? Is there to be in the soul of man a thirst for something that has no existence, a hungering for food which it is never to taste? Is the soul of man to be forever idly distressed by an impetus of itself towards something which has no existence and without which its moral life is not possible? Is it credible that in the heart of man there is such depth that the void must never be filled, its ambitions never be satisfied? If so, then this cosmos is for man naught but chaos and confusion; man has no place within its realms of order; man is the one creature in it that its laws do not reach.

The soul would never have been what it is, with needs and instincts and tendencies such as it has, if those needs and instincts were not to be satisfied, if those tendencies were not to find their goal. Nature never fails in its design. When it fits a being for something, when it makes this being such that without that something its life is incomplete, that something is sure to be within reach.

The facts and laws of nature are the favorite appeal of positivism; the facts and laws of nature are our argument for God and Heaven, our argument for the church, the home and the shrine of religion.

How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts! My soul longeth and fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Thy altars, O Lord of hosts, my

King and my God! Blessed are they who dwell in Thy house, O Lord; they shall praise Thee for ever and ever.

I need not speak further to tell you what significance there is in fifty years of soul-service and soul-life in St. Patrick's Church; to tell you why we should mark with solemn ceremony the closing days of those fifty years.

Here during half a century divine truth and grace have been poured out upon souls, fitting them for the battle of life, fitting them for conquests of heavenly bliss. Must you not thank God for the wonders that have been wrought, and rejoice that they were wrought in favor of souls near and dear to you? Here worshipped your fathers and your mothers, your friends and your neighbors. Here were they consoled, strengthened and sanctified. To-day from the courts of the Lord in Heaven they mingle their joy and thanksgiving with your joy and thanksgiving, they unite their prayers with yours, that the reward which is theirs may one day be your reward also.

Here ministered unto the flock entrusted to them noble priests and bishops. Their names you hold in deepest veneration—the Conlans, Vincent and James, Father Mahoney, the holy and apostolic Rapp, the heroic and indomitable Gilmour.

Will you be worthy of former pastors and teachers? Will you be worthy of your forefathers, the pioneers of the faith in St. Patrick's Parish? To you is it to give answer.

Theirs was the deep, undaunted faith of the early Catholic immigrants in America. Poor were they in goods of this world but rich in the graces of Heaven. Hard did they struggle, amid opposition and prejudice, to hold aloft the standard of the faith, to transmit to their children the high-born traditions of Catholic faith which they had brought with them as their most precious inheritance from their olden homes. Noble warriors of the faith were our early Catholic immigrants. Well is it for the Church of Christ if their sons are loyal to their lessons and example. Time and conditions have changed. Opportunities and wealth are ours; prejudice against us has vanished; the tasks awaiting us as Catholics are comparatively easy of accomplishment. How much religion may expect from us if only there remains to us the old fervor in the old faith which was the very life of our pioneer Catholics! That the old fervor in the old faith be ours to-day and to-morrow is the prayer which the jubilee of St. Patrick's Church bids us send upward to the skies with deepest earnestness of soul.

JESUS CHRIST, YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY; AND THE SAME FOR EVER.—*Heb. 13, 8.*

THE Church of St. Patrick, Cleveland, Ohio, was dedicated on April 14, 1901. At the invitation of the pastor of the parish, the Reverend Edward Hannin, Archbishop Ireland preached the sermon, taking for his theme: "Jesus Christ, yesterday, and to-day; and the same for ever."

JESUS CHRIST, YESTERDAY, AND TO-DAY; AND THE SAME FOR EVER

JESUS CHRIST, yesterday, and to-day; and the same for ever!" Be this our profession of faith, uttered with deepest conviction and most ardent piety at this solemn midnight hour, as a century, the nineteenth from the coming of Christ, rolls up its scroll and departs into the shades of the past, and a new century enters to illumine humanity with the rays of its rising sun, and to unfold before the world its ambitions and its hopes.

"Jesus Christ, yesterday!" For nineteen hundred years Jesus Christ has been the Saviour and King of mankind, ruling the destinies of the civilized world, inspiring its grandest deeds, and enriching it with its sweetest joys.

"And the same for ever!" Shall not this be our cry of faith, as we welcome the new century and enter upon the duties it imposes, and hearken to the promises with which it heralds its coming? Men need in the future as they needed in the past a Saviour and King, in whom they may trust for light and guidance, for courage and comfort, who shall be to them "the way, the truth, and the life." Shall

another claim the allegiance that mankind has heretofore given to the Prophet of Galilee? Shall Jesus take His departure with the old century, and leave the new century to a new prophet in whom men will place the trust they so long reposed in Him, and upon whose brow they will place the crown they so gladly awarded Him in past ages? Not so shall it be, O Jesus: with us Thou must remain, over us Thou must reign, to-morrow as well as to-day and yesterday—"and the same for ever!"

Is there need that I show forth the claims of Jesus to the allegiance of mankind? I appeal to the story of nineteen hundred years.

For nineteen hundred years Jesus Christ, His teachings and His works, have been before the eyes of men, summoning all to see and to judge. The verdict of nineteen hundred years must be heeded. Time tests all things; it puts an end to pretence and falsehood; it proves by results origins and causes; it authorizes comparisons and affords measurements of values; it lays bare the human in the work of man, the divine in the work of God. Time has tested the teachings and the works of Christ: what, we ask, is the verdict of the ages?

None is so high above earth as Jesus; none so near to the All-perfect Who reigns in the Heavens. Jesus is the "Son of Man:" the noblest that ever sprung from the bosom of humanity; He is the "Son of God:" the loftiest embodiment of the Godhead ever seen of men. Such the verdict of ages as

recorded, not by the worshippers of His deity—these for the sake of my present argument I refrain from quoting—but by writers who stripped Jesus of the splendors shed upon Him by miracle and prophecy, and presented Him to the cold fancy of unbelief as pallid and as human as it is possible to make Him under penalty of disobeying the clearest canons of historic certitude. The deity of Jesus has encountered ruthless assailants; in order to rob Him of divinity men have worked with ceaseless study and research to lower Him to the lowest possible plane. We seek Him where they leave Him, and we find Him on the most exalted summit of humanity's greatness and goodness.

Witness of the ages to Christ.

It is Strauss who says: "Christ must remain for us the highest that we know in relation to religion, as that one without whose presence in the mind no perfect piety is possible."[1] It is John Stuart Mill who writes: "Religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man (Christ) as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now, would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life."[2] And these the words of Ernest Renan as he finishes his "Life of Jesus:" "But whatever may be

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[1] From his Essay, Vergängliches und Bleibendes in Christentum.

[2] Essays on Religion, p. 254.

the surprises of the future, Jesus will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will melt the noblest heart; all ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."[1] And it is Professor Harnack who, making the words of Goethe his own, says: "Let intellectual and spiritual culture progress, and the human mind expand, as much as it will; beyond the grandeur and the moral elevation of Christianity, as it sparkles and shines in the Gospels, the human mind will not advance."[2] Professor Harnack admits, furthermore, that "no one who accepts the Gospel, and tries to understand it, can fail to affirm that there the Divine appeared in as pure a form as it can appear on earth, and to feel that for those who followed Him, Jesus was Himself the strength of the Gospel." "No criticism," he again tells us, "has altered the main lineaments of the personality of Christ and the true fount of His sayings." Our judgment of Him rests on His personality and sayings, as admitted beyond all controversy by severest hypercriticism.

Behold our Christ. Behold Him rising above all who went before, or who came after, immeasurably higher than Himalaya's farthest reaching peak towers above the hill-tops nestling around its base.

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[1] Vie de Jesus, 7th ed., 1864, p. 325.

[2] What is Christianity, translated by T. B. Saunders, 2d ed., p. 4.

Christ is sinless. How much it is to say of one who walked upon earth, that he was sinless! Of none other of humanity's heroes was this ever said, or could this ever have been said. Humanity has its heroes, its conquerors and sages, its teachers and benefactors, but everywhere, even where greatest virtues shed their brightest lustre, we are confronted with evidences of obliquity and moral weakness. As, one by one, those heroes pass before us, we are forced to exclaim: "There is not anyone just." Not so, however, of Jesus. Of Him the disciple who lived with Him in closest intimacy wrote: "In Him there is no sin." And He Himself did not fear to challenge His enemies, saying: "Which of you will convince me of sin?"

Witness of Christ's holiness.

Rich is He above all men in the virtues that bring upon earth the reign of the All-holy Who is in Heaven. Ever wrapt is His mind in the thought of the Eternal Father; ever bent is His soul in doing the Father's will. Tender and merciful is He to men. "He passed by, doing good," helping the needy, comforting the afflicted, instructing the ignorant, recalling the sinner to pardon and holiness. Especially gracious is He to the lowly and the outcast, whom others so readily shun. Thrown into the most diverse situations, amid all classes of people, now praised and honored beyond the sons of men, now calumniated and persecuted as the vilest of mankind, He is ever the "Son of God," ever God-like and perfect. Humble is He, yet self-re-

specting; patient, yet powerful; magnanimous to those who had known sin, yet jealous of God's rights and justice. In the frightful ordeal of Pilate's Hall and of Calvary's Mount, how heroic is He in strength of soul, how celestial in sweetness of temper! How forbearing towards His enemies—reviled and not reviling, smitten and not provoked to smite, exclaiming from the cross, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do"! It is at all times and in all circumstances the unalloyed fragrance of purest innocence and sublimest virtue that distills from His life and words; it is, as never before or since, the radiance of Heaven shedding itself upon earth.

Christ, the light and the life of the world.

Christ proclaimed that He bore a message from God. Long and painfully had humanity been groping amid clouds of dense darkness, calling, with agonizing earnestness, but ever in vain, for answers to the eternal questionings of the soul: Whence do I come? Whither am I going? What am I to my Creator, and what is He to me? Must he who has sinned lose hope for ever? Is mercy an attribute in the Supreme Lawgiver of the world? To these questions answers had, indeed, been essayed, but so empty were they of conviction, so contradictory were they of one another, so impotent to give hope or comfort, that to distressed humanity nought was left save the despair of ignorance. Plato, the best that paganism produced, was forced to declare that a God was needed to teach men,

that of themselves men could not discover divine truth. Even the religion of the Hebrews, pure and undefiled as far as it went, spoke only vaguely and obscurely on matters most vital to peace of mind and of heart. It was, moreover, a local religion, without influence upon the great family of mankind; its incompleteness and insufficiency stood self-confessed by its age-long search of a Messiah to be given to Israel. At last Christ speaks to men. They who hear Him are amazed, and exclaim in wonder: "Never did man speak as this man speaks." A new teacher, indeed, had come upon earth, shedding upon it the very light of God's countenance and the very sweetness of God's love. "When you pray, say, 'Our Father, Who art in Heaven:'" at once men are lifted into sonship with the Creator, and through this bond of divine sonship every man is the brother of his fellows. Under the spell of a clear and definite announcement of a life beyond the grave, earth is no longer an abode of sorrow; it sparkles with hope, and finds comfort for its sufferings in the vision of future happiness. The sinner receives the joyous tidings that the burden of his iniquities is borne by Christ Himself, and that with due contrition of heart he is sure of forgiveness. Christ came to save and redeem. A Saviour to redeem it from sin was the world's greatest need. A religion without a plan of redemption could never have satisfied humanity; and a plan of redemption Christ brought to it, a plan most merciful to man, yet most just to the holiness and sover-

eignty of God. The principles of conduct taught by Christ, of which His own life was the perfect embodiment, form the ideal moral code for the purification and the elevation of humanity. Men and nations faithful to it grow into purest virtue and highest moral perfection. What sublime inspirations there are in the Sermon on the Mount! What sublime inspirations there are, I might say, in every page of the Gospel story! Truly, never did man speak as this man spoke, never was there teacher of souls like Jesus of Nazareth.

The four Gospels picture Christ as He lived and spoke. The Christ of the Gospels is evidence of their historic truth. Had the writers not seen Jesus with their eyes and heard Him with their ears, never, in their loftiest flights of fancy, could they have risen to the conception of the ideal prophet of whom they have written.[1]

Is not Jesus Christ—the undisputed Jesus—one whom God might have chosen to be His envoy to men? Is there aught in His life or teachings to make Him unworthy the title? If it were ever in the divine counsels to send an envoy with mission to speak in the name of God, could one be sent more fit than Jesus to make God's love and truth

[1] Cf. J. S. Mill, Essays on Religion, p. 253: Who among his disciples was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul. * * * Still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed it was derived, from the higher source.

manifest to the world? If ever the Creator broke His eternal silence to rescue men from darkness and sin, when was this done, if it was not done through Jesus? Aye, if God were to robe Himself in human nature and were to come down upon earth, would He have lived more divinely and spoken with more exalted wisdom than did Jesus, the Prophet of Galilee? And now, since Jesus is the best and wisest that the world has ever seen, and since He claimed for Himself a divine mission, declaring Himself one with the Father, the Father's Only Begotten Son, must we not believe His words, and bow before Him as Lord and Master?

If Jesus is not all that He claimed to be, then, we are forced to confess that the Supreme Moral Sovereign of the universe allowed error and deception so to mask themselves under the semblance of religion and truth that the person in whom they were embodied was able to impose himself upon men as the best, the holiest, the most exalted of mankind. Either Jesus Christ is what He claimed to be, Teacher, Redeemer, God's messenger, God made man, or in the high Heavens there reigns no just, no omnipotent Deity.

The work done by Christ.

We pass to the work done by Jesus. Its field is the world; its measure of time is nineteen hundred years. Surely the opportunity has been given to Jesus to show what He is able to do; and the opportunity has been given to men to judge Him by His work.

"It was reserved for Christianity," writes Lecky, "to present to the world an ideal character, which, through all the changes of eighteen centuries, has inspired the hearts of men with an impassioned love; has shown itself capable of acting on all ages, nations, temperaments and conditions; has been not only the highest pattern of virtue, but the strongest incentive to its practice; and has exercised so deep an influence that it may be truly said that the simple record of three short years of active life has done more to regenerate and to soften mankind, than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists."[1]

Nineteen centuries ago, a force, utterly new in kind and in intensity, unparalleled in its mode of working and its results, entered into our intellectual and moral world, thence never to depart. That force was Christ! Its manifestations are the marvels wrought in the name of the Christian religion.

A brief ministry of three years in a remote province of the Roman Empire, a dozen obscure Hebrews, mostly fishermen, charged to continue His work after He Himself had died upon an ignominious cross—such the visible means adopted by Christ to establish a religion that was to embrace not only Rome's vast empire but also regions extending far beyond the remotest flight of Rome's victorious eagles, aye, the entire world. And such a religion! It was "unto Jews a stumbling block,

[1]History of European Morals (Appleton), Vol. II, p. 8.

unto Gentiles a foolishness." Radically opposed to all existing religions and philosophies, it made war on pride and passion; it drew upon itself bloodiest persecution, both from lawless mob and from Caesar's state. How exalted and daring the purpose that it had in view! How weak and contemptible the means that it employed! And yet what happened? The religion of Christ, of Christ crucified, engaged in battle with the religions of Judea and of Rome, with the philosophies of Athens and of Alexandria, with the armed power of the Empire, with the fanaticism of pagan worship, with the vindictiveness of popular vice; and over all the forces leagued against it, it gained the victory. After three centuries of struggle the day dawned when, at the Milvian Bridge, the cross was made the ensign of the legions of Rome, and was raised aloft in triumph on the Capitoline Hill. Another fierce struggle awaited it, and another marvelous victory. Innumerable hordes of barbarians overran the provinces of the Roman Empire, laying waste its cities and plains, demolishing its power and its institutions. Nought of the past survived, save Christ and His cross. Christ survived, and soon Goth and Vandal, Frank and Lombard were His disciples, and were at work with Him to bring into life and form modern Christendom and modern civilization.

And, meanwhile, what marvelous changes were wrought in souls and in society! Between the world created by Christ and the world that preceded Him there lay an immeasurable abyss. Instead of the narrowness and localism of the Hebrew Synagogue, there was the spiritual religion of God's Fatherhood, to which all tribes and nations are convoked, in which God's love for man and man's love for God inspire and dominate conduct. Instead of the grovelling errors and the sensual morals of paganism, there were purest conceptions of God and of the human soul, and exuberant blossomings of most exalted virtues. There came the awakening of the individual conscience, the realization that righteousness is a personal duty, to be sought because it is God's will. There came the exaltation of soul to attain union with God by loving Him and by laying hold of Him as ideal and pattern. There came a moral beauty unheard of, undreamt of, before. There came purity, tinted as delicately as the petal of the lily; and humility, trembling in fear of vain-glory and ambition, but lion-hearted where duty speaks; and sweetest and most unselfish charity for the suffering and the poor, in whom Christ was seen and succored. New virtues sprung up, to express which new words were brought into use, or new meanings given to old words; and a state of soul—a sanctity and nearness to the Divine—utterly unknown to the best and most religious of Greece or Rome, became the

Christ and the individual soul.

endowment of multitudes of men and of women. Human nature was transformed even into the very likeness of God's own life and holiness.

With the purification and the elevation of the individual there came a moral revolution in the family and in civil society. The family obtained security through the Christian law of the unity and the indissolubility of the wedding contract; the wife found her prototype in the queen of the Nazareth household, and rose into equal dignity with her husband; the child was robed in the sacredness of Mary's Son, and became secure in the love and respect of mother and father. Civil society throbbed to the core beneath the whisperings of God's universal love. It recognized the dignity of human nature and the obligation of charity and justice to all men. What a change there was from past conditions when Paul bade Philemon to receive even as his brother the slave Onesimus, and when Lawrence exhibited the blind and the maimed as the choicest treasures of the Church! As society was christianized, the poor and the wretched were sheltered, the toiler won respect, the slave was freed from his shackles. It was the religion of Christ, with its teachings concerning human dignity and human rights and its ceaseless effort to free conscience from outward control, that loosened the iron grasp of state despotism over subjects, overthrew the ownership of the many by the few, opened the way to the spread of popular liberties, imposed upon

Christ and civil society.

civil government, as its legitimate purpose, the greater welfare of the greater number, and developed in the world all those principles of human dignity and human equality, of unselfishness and love of others, of beneficence and mercy, of charity and justice that constitute Christian civilization and give to Christian nations their manifest moral and social superiority over the nations that have remained outside the wide circle of Christ's influence.

We have remarked the glaring disproportion between the visible means at the disposal of Christianity and the marvelous effects accomplished by them. What, then, we ask, was the real life-giving force of Christianity? As the apparent means did not suffice, there must have been behind them an invisible but more potent force, the true adequate cause of all that followed. What that force was we may learn from the reading of Christian souls along the lines of Christian action. It was the personality of Christ; it was the grace and power given by Christ.

Real life-giving force of Christianity.

It was the personality of Christ—not His personality as it is reflected in the written pages of the New Testament, or recalled to memory by the traditions of past centuries, but the personality of Christ, living and acting, age after age, just as it lived and acted upon the apostles and disciples in Galilee and Judea. At no time was the Christian religion considered a mere congeries of doctrines and precepts, a mere external organism of ministry

and discipleship. Doctrines and precepts there ever were; an external organism there ever was; but they were of value only in connection with Christ and as an emanation from His love and grace. Christ alone was the life of the Christian religion and the soul of Christian action. This is the singular feature of the Christian religion. Wherever non-Christian schools of philosophy or of religion produced results, those results were proportioned to the intrinsic value of their doctrines and precepts; as to the founders of such schools, whatever personal power they ever wielded, it was buried with their ashes—it never survived their presence on earth. How different with Christ! His personality was ever living, it laid hold of souls, drew them to Him, and lifted them with Him to the skies. Doctrines and precepts derived their efficacy from Christ; only to Christ were assent and obedience given. The history of the Christian religion is a history of love, ardent, passionate, moving to utter sacrifice of self. From Paul and Ignatius to Thomas and Teresa, it was the anguish of love that created Christian saints and heroes. "I judge not myself to know anything among you," said Paul, "but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The prayer of the martyr Ignatius was that he be ground by the teeth of the wild beasts of the Roman amphitheatre, so that he be made the wheaten flour of Christ. "Nothing for me, O Lord, but Thyself alone," exclaimed Thomas. "Let me die if I do not suffer for Thee,"

was the cry of Teresa. And so with all the legions of Christian apostles and martyrs, of virgins and confessors; and so with all its countless hosts of men and women whose high-born virtues established and perpetuated Christ's kingdom on earth. But love, passionate and effective, is given only to a living and ever present lover; Jesus rising from the grave on Easter morning knew death no more; He lived and wrought in the souls of men.

The active force in the Christian religion was the grace and power of the Saviour, continuously flowing upon souls from the ever-living Christ. To all who are willing to follow Christ there comes a supernatural strength enabling them to perform miracles of virtue, acts so difficult to flesh and blood, so far above the native powers of the human will, as to be utterly beyond the reach of unaided humanity. This is what Christian faith calls divine grace. It is what St. Paul coveted in order to battle successfully with passion and sin: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? The grace of God, by Jesus Christ our Lord." It is what we are taught to ask for in our daily prayer: "and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." A non-Catholic lecturer recently criticized the Christian religion for demanding too much of men, for aiming so high as to be beyond men's reach. The lecturer knew nothing of the grace of God, which makes all things easy, however difficult in themselves, and which is never denied to the earnest seeker. His

criticism would be well founded were not supernatural grace an abiding fact in the Christian world. But it is an abiding fact: the achievements of Christian souls are the proofs.

It is urged as an objection against Christianity that the growth of Christ's influence over men and society has often been slow, that now after nineteen hundred years of existence Christianity sways only a portion of the globe, and that peoples who do profess the Gospel not seldom in practice fall short of its principles. We must remember, however, that men are free to accept or to reject Christ's most pressing invitations, and that Christ's usual manner of acting is not by sudden revolutions, but rather by the institution of germinal principles which with time and human co-operation gradually reach efflorescence. The point at issue is, not what Christ has not done, but what He has done, what in due conditions He is able and ready to do again. Now this is what Christ has done: wherever man interposed no obstacles He uplifted their moral and religious life to an elevation never before attained or attempted; and even when men did interpose obstacles, He reduced immensely the sum total of moral evil in the world; so that all things said, the greatest force for goodness and truth that ever penetrated and ruled the spirit of mankind is, manifestly, the Christian religion.

Christ's mode of action in the world.

As was recently written by an eminent French

writer, Paul Bourget, who proved the sincerity of his language by his return to the faith of his baptism, "Christ is the highest ideal ever presented to men, and the Christian religion holds within it the purest individual morals and the most comprehensive social truth ever seen or ever known in the world." Behold Christ's credentials. Are they not sufficient? What more is needed to show forth the claims of the Christ of Palestine? Will it be said that this Christ is a myth, that the religion founded by Him is a dream? Myths are not the levers upon which human nature is raised to the altitudes of the skies; dreams are not the stuff out of which such a world as Christendom is fashioned. Are not Christ's achievements worthy a divine agent? Are they not such that only through the agency of divine power they could have been accomplished? And since the Christian religion and all its works presuppose and proceed from the belief that Christ is not only a divinely sent envoy, but even the incarnation of the Divine, God made man, we must confess Christ's divinity, unless we are prepared to believe that the best, the purest, the most God-like and most efficient power for the religious and moral regeneration of mankind ever seen or felt on earth was one long enduring falsehood, that during nineteen centuries the infinite power of God allowed and still allows falsehood to mock men in the name of truth and goodness. We must confess that Christ was divine or resign our belief that a moral power reigns in the universe.

Jesus Christ yesterday: and if yesterday, why not to-day, and to-morrow? To-day, as in the past, men need truth and salvation. The new century no less than preceding ages needs a teacher and a guide. Jesus, the past is Thine: why not the present and the future? "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

To whom shall we go? Not surely to other teachers of religion or morals, such as have risen before the eyes of humanity. Of all such teachers time has made void the claims. The wise men of Greece and Rome survive only through their names —names which few pronounce—or upon pages of history which yet fewer read. The great law-maker of Israel was only the leader of the people, and only for one period of time. As to Buddha, Confucius and Mohammed, to whom millions in oriental regions still adhere, no one in Christian lands will be willing to feed his soul upon the Pantheism and the Nirvana of India's prophet, upon the mere moral teachings, vague and low-toned, of the Chinese philosopher, in whose creed there is scarce mention of a God or a future life, or upon the fatalism and sensualism which are vital elements in the Arabian's Koran.

To whom shall we go if we go not to Jesus? I hear the answer of contemporary unbelief: neither to other masters, nor to Jesus Himself; to-day we need no teacher, no Saviour; to-day science is master and guide; science unlocks all needed knowledge,

and provides a secure and sufficient foundation of morality. Before the rise of science, it is said, a teacher was necessary, and Jesus was rightly welcomed by humanity; to-day there is no place for Him in the world of men; His reign is at an end.

The new religion, the would-be religion of to-day and to-morrow, is science. The new religion has its priests, a Comte, a Spencer, a Huxley, a Harrison; it has its troops of devoted followers; and, to judge from recent occurrences in an American city, it has even its ritual and its sacraments.

Within its sphere science deserves and attains all praise; it is organized knowledge, the knowledge of the phenomena of nature. But to venture beyond the domain of phenomena is not the function of science: those who make such venture cannot do so in the name of science.

Science is not religion, and can never take the place of religion. Science maintains absolute silence in regard to the awful questions which for ever fret the human mind, the fitting answers to which can be given by religion alone. "Whence come we: whither go we?" asks a leader in science, Professor Tyndall. The question, he replies, dies without an answer, without even an echo, upon the infinite shores of the unknown. "Let us follow matter to its utmost bound: let us claim it in all its forms to experiment with and to speculate upon. * * * * * Having thus exhausted physics, and reached its very rim, the real mystery still

Science cannot take the place of religion.

looms beyond us."[1] And thus it will ever loom beyond the bourne of knowledge. Beyond the phenomenal order of things, Mr. Spencer, speaking for science, finds only an "infinite eternal energy," of which "the unknown" and "the unknowable" must be predicated. "The search for cause, first or final," Comte assures us, "is something utterly inaccessible and meaningless." "Think only of matter, and see all things in it," is the advice of Professor Haeckel. And so runs science: so it speaks when asked to solve the great problems which reason and conscience refuse to consider insoluble. The promise has been made that science would remove from the universe "all mystery:" science has lamentably failed to keep the promise.

Science gives no adequate basis for morality.

Science affords no rational basis for morality, no sufficient motive or sanction for right-doing. Morality means the repression of the animal in man, the subjection of the lower appetites to the rule of the higher life within him; morality aims to establish the reign of righteousness, and, for that reason, demands that interest and pleasure be sacrificed without regret or hesitation upon the altar of duty. How painful the effort that man must make to enforce within himself the laws of morality! When we remember how strong are human passions, how violent in their protest against the voice that restrains them, we easily realize that they will have

[1] Saturday Review, August 4, 1860.

their way unless it is shown beyond all doubt that the satisfaction for which they clamor is clearly prohibited, and unless powerful motives are urged why the wrong must be shunned and the right followed. If we have only science, to what shall the appeal be made? Shall it be to "the unknown and the unknowable" of Mr. Spencer? But this were to invoke what Mr. Frederick Harrison says is "in effect on the public a mere everlasting no. "For," as this well known apostle of unbelief adds, "to ordinary men and women an unknowable and inconceivable reality is practically an unreality." Shall the appeal then be with Mr. Frederick Harrison and his master Auguste Comte, "to the great being, humanity," whose general and ultimate welfare, we are told, is best served in the self-denial and the virtue of the individual? But what cares the individual, quivering under temptation, for the mass of humanity, of which only a few of the atoms are known to him? And what is humanity's worth, even in the eyes of other masters of unbelief? Mr. Spencer calls it a "bubble," "a dull leaden-hued thing;" and to Sir James Stephen, "it is a stupid, ignorant, half-beast of a creature." Shall the appeal be to the individual's own good, which, in due course of time, is found in righteousness? But the unfortunate man who is struggling with temptation will reply that the certain present cannot be overlooked for the sake of an uncertain and shadowy future. If we follow Professor Haeckel, who tells us there

is nought in and around us but matter, we are in a still worse plight: for then the law of determinism holds sway; there is no free will in man; each one is morally good or bad just as he is physically tall or short, and effort to resist appetite is futile and absurd. But it is useless to question further the men or schools who attempt to give us morals based on mere science. Morality is secure only when there reigns in the world a living arbiter of right and wrong, whose arm is extended to reward right and to punish evil doing. Morality is secure only when it is based upon a religion that is pure and elevated in its teachings, as is the religion taught by Jesus Christ. To Jesus Christ, then, let the men of to-day and of to-morrow turn for light and strength. The needs and the ills of humanity are the same to-day as they were yesterday. Material conditions may have changed; steam and electricity may have annihilated distance, made earth's hidden treasures tributary to our industry, and increased a thousand fold our sovereignty over nature. But with all this the mind within us ceases not its questionings, and the heart within us still quivers beneath the wild storms of passion. If, with the material progress around us, any change has come to the human soul, the change is that the mind is more earnest in its inquiries, and the battle of virtue is more fierce. To-day, more than ever, is humanity in need of Christ. Fortunately for hu-

The world needs Christ to-day.

manity, Christ remains. "My words," He said, "shall not pass away." "And behold I am with you all days, even unto the end of the world."

Therefore, let there be Christian temples; let the music of bells summon to their sanctuaries the men and women of the land; thence let inspiration go forth that will purify and sanctify private and public life. In the Christian temples of America lies the salvation of society as well as of individuals. Whatever else America has, she is doomed to failure if she has not Christ and His Church. Houses of commerce, forges of industry, railroads and steamboats increase physical comfort and material wealth; they will not bring moral health. Schools, colleges, libraries spread knowledge of nature and of its laws, of men and of their doings; they will not subdue passion and extirpate sin. Armies and navies enable the nation to win in battle; they will not beget self-restraint, honesty, charity, the cementing principles of the family and of the social organism, the vital elements of liberty and of social order. The barriers against barbarism, the props of family and of nation are sound morals: and sound morals are had only by a belief in and by dependence on a living God, by faith and trust in the ever-living Christ.

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